Miss America

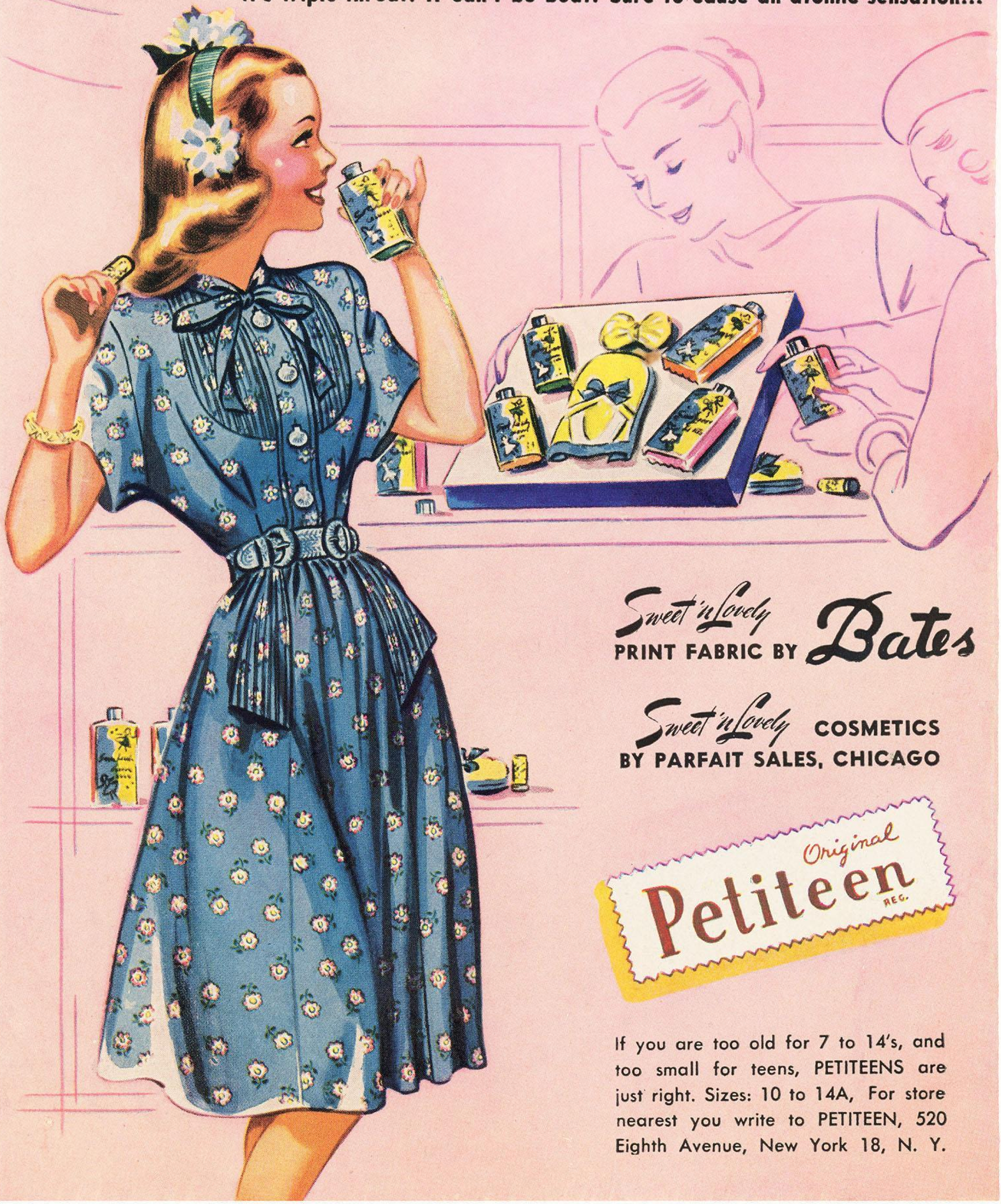
TEEN-LI

May—10¢

MORE THAN
1 MILLION COPIES

Dance Your Way to Popularity— by **ARTHUR MURRAY**
Dance Master

Sweet 'n Lovely **Miss Petiteen, So fresh in her daisies by Bates,**
Trim 'n chic Miss Petiteen, she's always sure of the dates!
So come on gals, be on the beam, in this super, terrif combination,
It's triple-threat! It can't be beat! Sure to cause an atomic sensation!!!



Sweet 'n Lovely
PRINT FABRIC BY *Bates*

Sweet 'n Lovely **COSMETICS**
BY PARFAIT SALES, CHICAGO

Original
Petiteen REG.

If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small for teens, PETITEENS are just right. Sizes: 10 to 14A, For store nearest you write to PETITEEN, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Tri Angler

A triumph of modern design from every angle! **GRACE NORMAN** has taken a trio of colors in TEGRA a Labtex Rayon Fabric and angled them to just the right degrees. Maize, aqua or lime with papaya and luggage; pink with cherry and navy. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About **$9.** For name of nearest store, write to TEEN-TIMERS, INC., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Teentimer
OHRIGINALS

Hear Johnny Desmond and top name bands on the Teentimers Club, every Saturday morning over your local station.

May Mann and THAT MAN Johnson sit one out at the Atwater Kent party. She tells you all about it this month.

Sweet and lovely Ann Blythe and Turhan Bey talk things over. Ann has just recovered from an automobile accident and is catching up on good times fast.

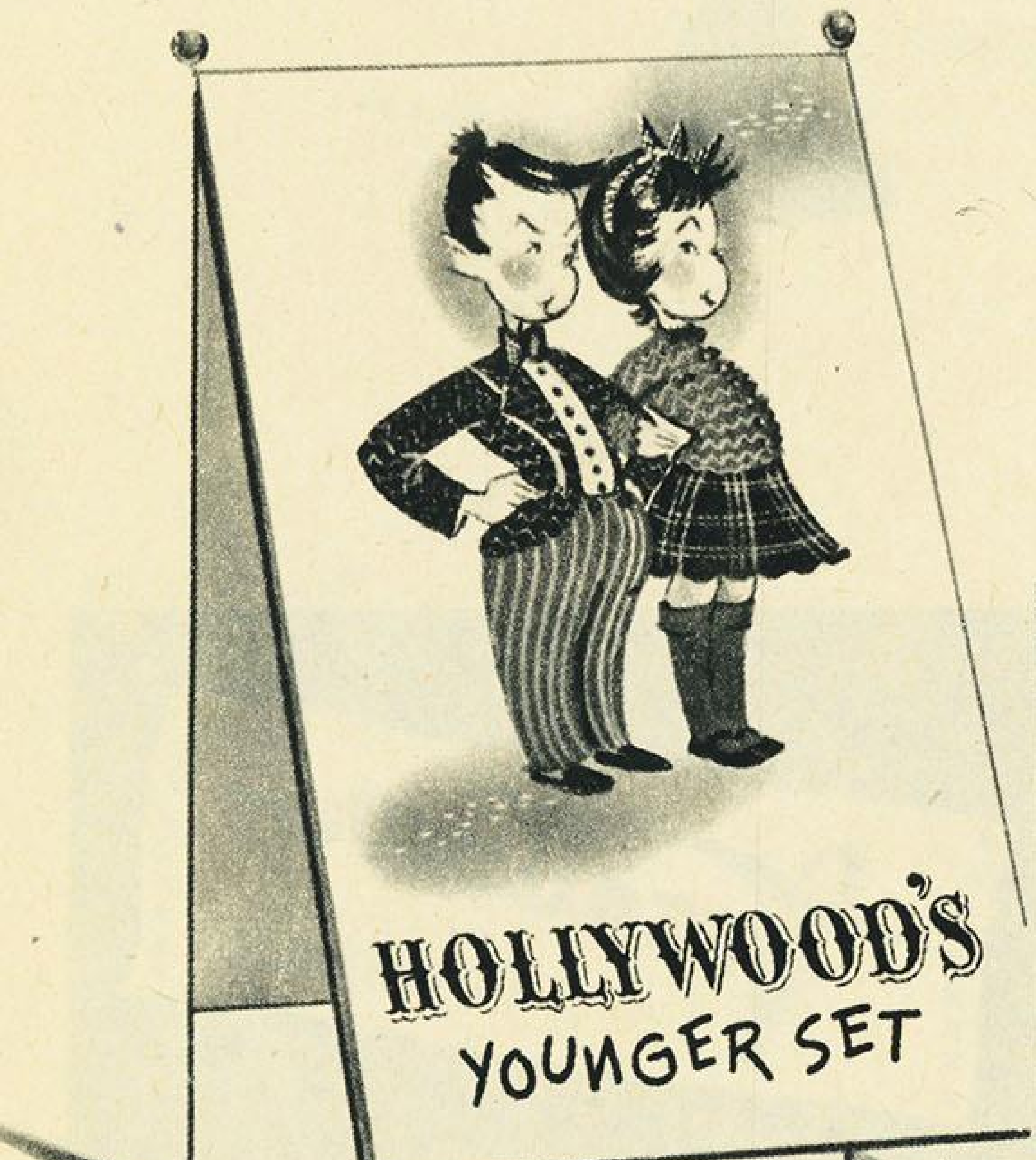
Tall, dark Lawrence Tierney gets decorated by charming Janet Martin. Think he'll be wearing a bachelor's button long?

ROSS HUNTER came calling recently with pretty brunette Anne Stewart. She's the new 20th Century-Fox starlet in "Centennial Summer." We three sat by the fire consuming pounds of the luscious chocolate covered almonds given me by the president of the Hollywood Fan Club. Yum! Yum!

Ross is lucky in dating the loveliest girls. Twice he's brought gorgeous Adele Jergens to my house and once stunning Audrey Totter. Audrey's starring in M-G-M's "But Not Goodby." He said he's planning a party for his fans, who've done a lot to boost him to his newly acquired A-1 Stardom at Columbia. Did you know he's now No. 2 on the fan mail poll at that studio, and second only to Rita Hayworth?

Anne and Ross had just left. when the door bell chimed and there was Turhan Bey. Yes, in uniform, and very certain that he's going overseas. He's so charming that you sigh when you think of him.

All the way around this was a sort of miracle month. For Atwater Kent invited me to his party, and who was there but Van Johnson! (*Continued on page* 36)

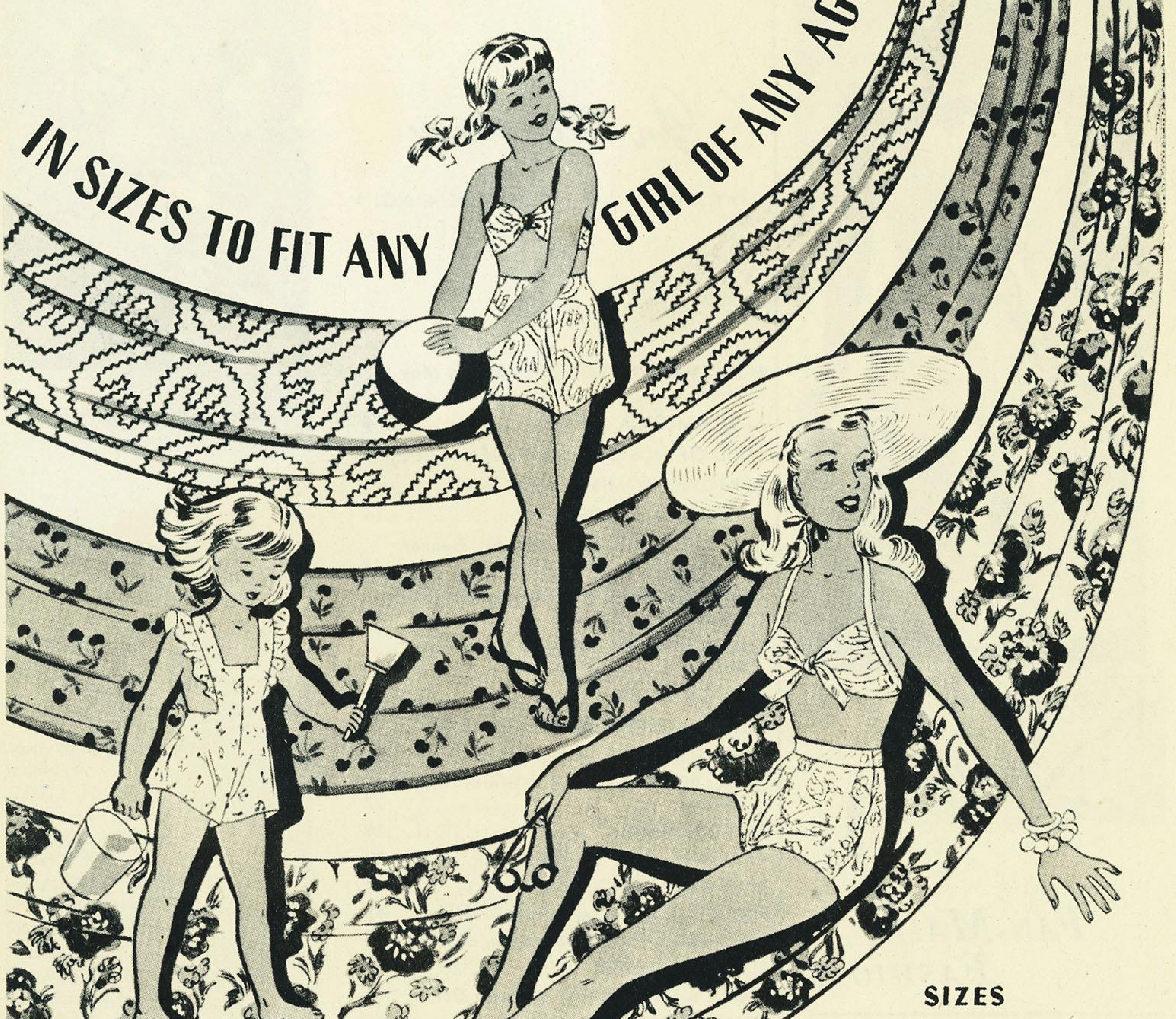


HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

The days, the dates, the dreams of young Hollywood—all recorded for you by our keen-eyed reporter . . .

By May Mann

"Teen-Age" Swimplay-Suits


IN SIZES TO FIT ANY GIRL OF ANY AGE

SIZES

2 TO 6X
7 TO 14
11 TO 17

AT ALL SMART STORES. WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST ONE.

Teen-Age
BEACHWEAR CO. 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Tab

Frentimer
OHriginal

Kresge
·Newark

FAN-MAIL
FASHIONS

Double Corsage!

—for a double dose of charm in this dainty date-bait. With cap sleeves, whirl-around gathered skirt and buttony-button back. In rayon and cotton Kawella, a linen-type fabric by Labtex. Maize, aqua, pink or lime with black. Teen sizes 8 to 16, $8.98

"Teen Age Corner" Third Floor

Mail and Phone Orders
State Second Color Choice

KRESGE • NEWARK, NEWARK 1, N. J.

Miss America

In this issue

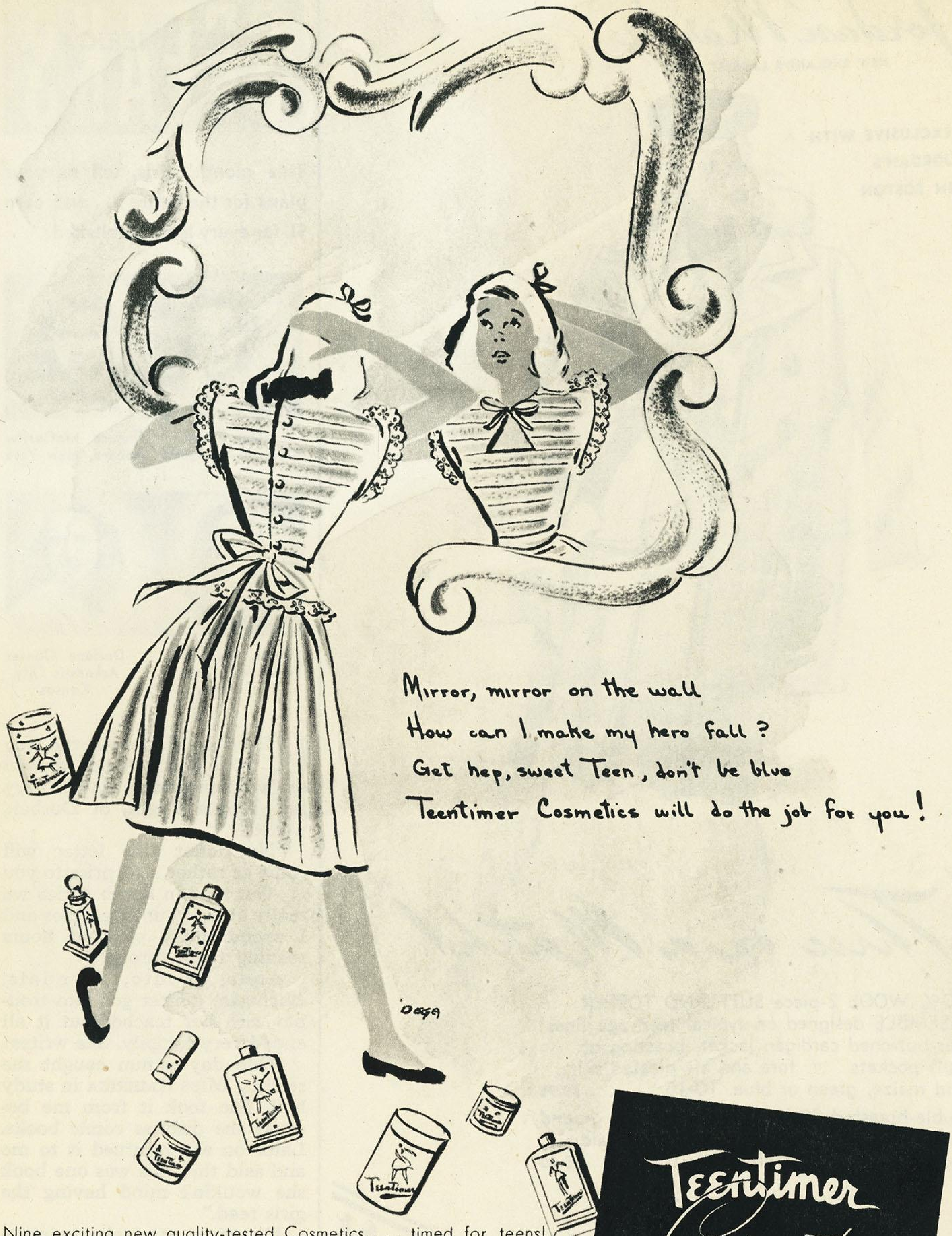
MAY, 1946 VOLUME 4, NO. 1

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET by May Mann 4
MISS AMERICA SPEAKS 8
MAID OF MUSIC by Ben Gould 10
APPROVED BY MISS AMERICA 12
JAM SESSION by Pat Parks 14
OUT OF THE MALE BOX by Eleanor Hiteshew 17
IF WISHES WERE HORSES by Adele De Leeuw 18
THE PUNCH IN JUDY by Alice Craig Greene 20
COTTON TALES 22
LOSERS WEEPERS by Carol Clark 24
A LOVELIER YOU by Nancy Lake 26
DEAR BETTY ANN by Victoria Allen Dunford 27
PATSY WALKER 29
WORKING GIRL by Ibbie Bryan 38
MISS AMERICA CLUBS 40
FOR GIRLS ONLY by Laraine Day 41
AH! MEN! by Lenore Glickman, aged 13 42
BLOUSE CONTEST 43
A GAL NAMED GINNY by Tugar DePass 44
HELLO, GIRLS by Jean Goodman 46
STITCHIN' TIME 49
BACKSTAGE MYSTERY by Vera Lawson 52
MERRY MAY-KERS 54
FACE THE MUSIC by Arthur Murray 56
SUBJECT: AMERICAN YOUTH by Irene Dunne as told to Jack Holland 58
KNIT-WITS 64
LARAINE DAY'S DANDY DISH 66

Kodachrome by Larry Gordon

MARTIN GOODMAN,
Publisher
BESSIE H. LITTLE,
Editor
MELVIN D. BLUM,
Art Director
JEAN GOODMAN
Supervising Editor
ETHEL BALLER
JOAN LIST
ANNETTE BLACKMAN
Editorial Assistants
AILEEN FOGARTY
Director of Public Relations
EDITH BALFOUR DUNN
Merchandise Editor
MAY MANN
Hollywood Representative
PAULINE O'SULLIVAN
Fashion Editor

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy. $1.00 per year. $1.20 in Canada. Vol. 4, No. 1, May, 1946 issue. Copyright 1946 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., September 7, 1944, under Act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Chicago Advertising Office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising Office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A.


Mirror, mirror on the wall
How can I make my hero fall?
Get hep, sweet Teen, don't be blue
Teentimer Cosmetics will do the job for you!
Dega

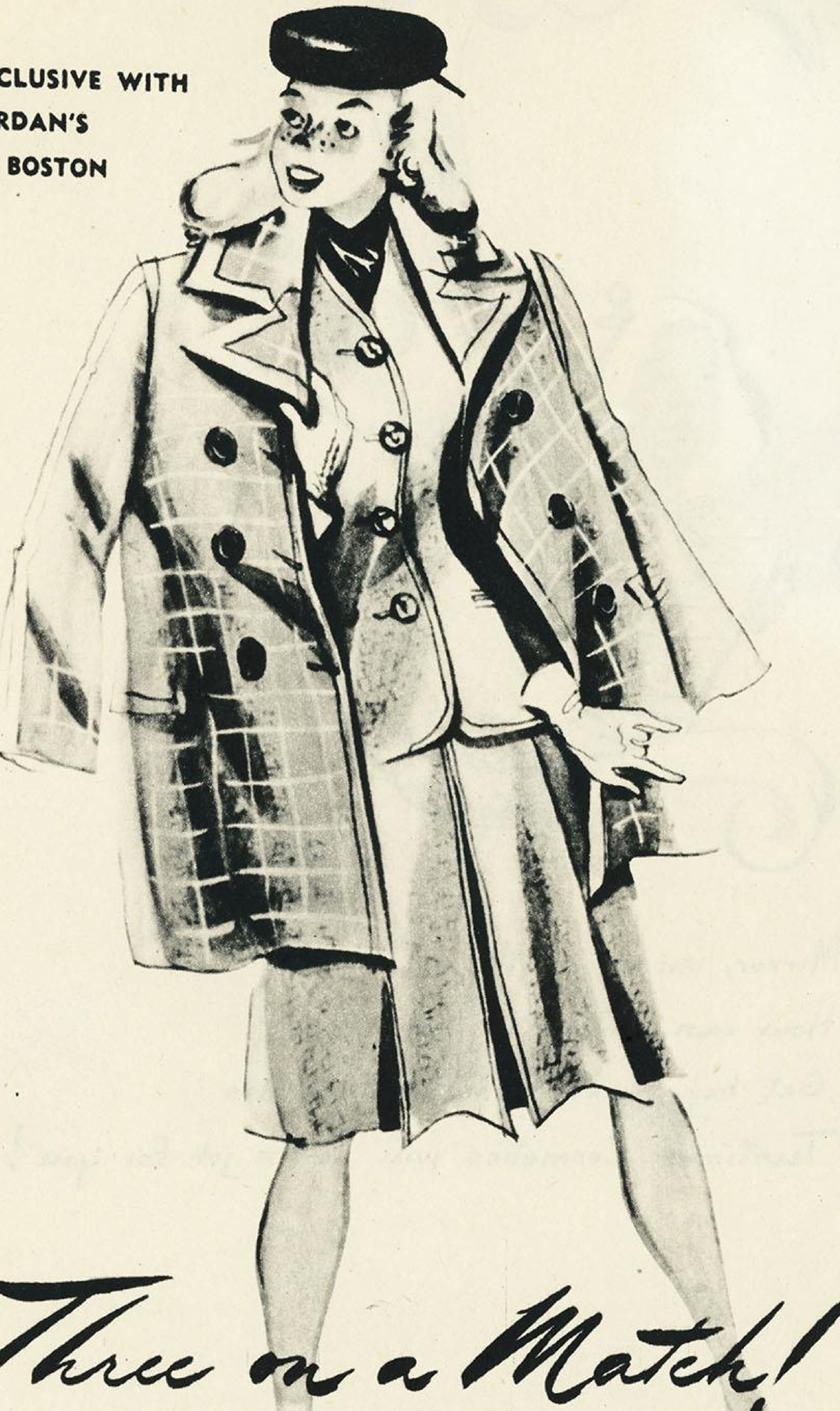
Nine exciting new quality-tested Cosmetics . . . timed for teens! There's lipstick, perfume, cologne, dusting powder, bubble bath, shampoo, all-purpose cream, hand lotion and deodorant. All are yours for the asking at your favorite store. For name, write to:

. TEEN-TIMERS, INC., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Teentimer
Cosmetics

Jordan Marsh
NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

EXCLUSIVE WITH
JORDAN'S
IN BOSTON



"Three on a Match!"

100% WOOL 2-piece SUIT AND TOPPER ENSEMBLE designed on typical teen age lines! Four-buttoned cardigan jacket, boasting of 2 slit pockets . . . fore and aft pleated skirt. Solid maize, green or blue. 10-16 .... 19.95

Double-breasted ¾-length topper. Solid ground (to match suit) maize with cherry overplaid, green/pink or blue/maize. 10-16 .... 15.40

THE MARSHA JORDAN SHOP
FOURTH FLOOR — JORDAN'S MAIN STORE D-109

STYLED BY teencraft
Collegian

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

This month, girls, tell us your plans for the future . . . and earn $1. for every letter published.

Helen Brown
Quebec, Canada

Therese McCarthy
Auburn, New York

Grace Meewes
West New York,
New Jersey

Darlene Conser
Arkansas City,
Kansas

HERE is a letter all the way from South Africa so you see *your* magazine travels very far. Moyra Flight, of Durban, writes:

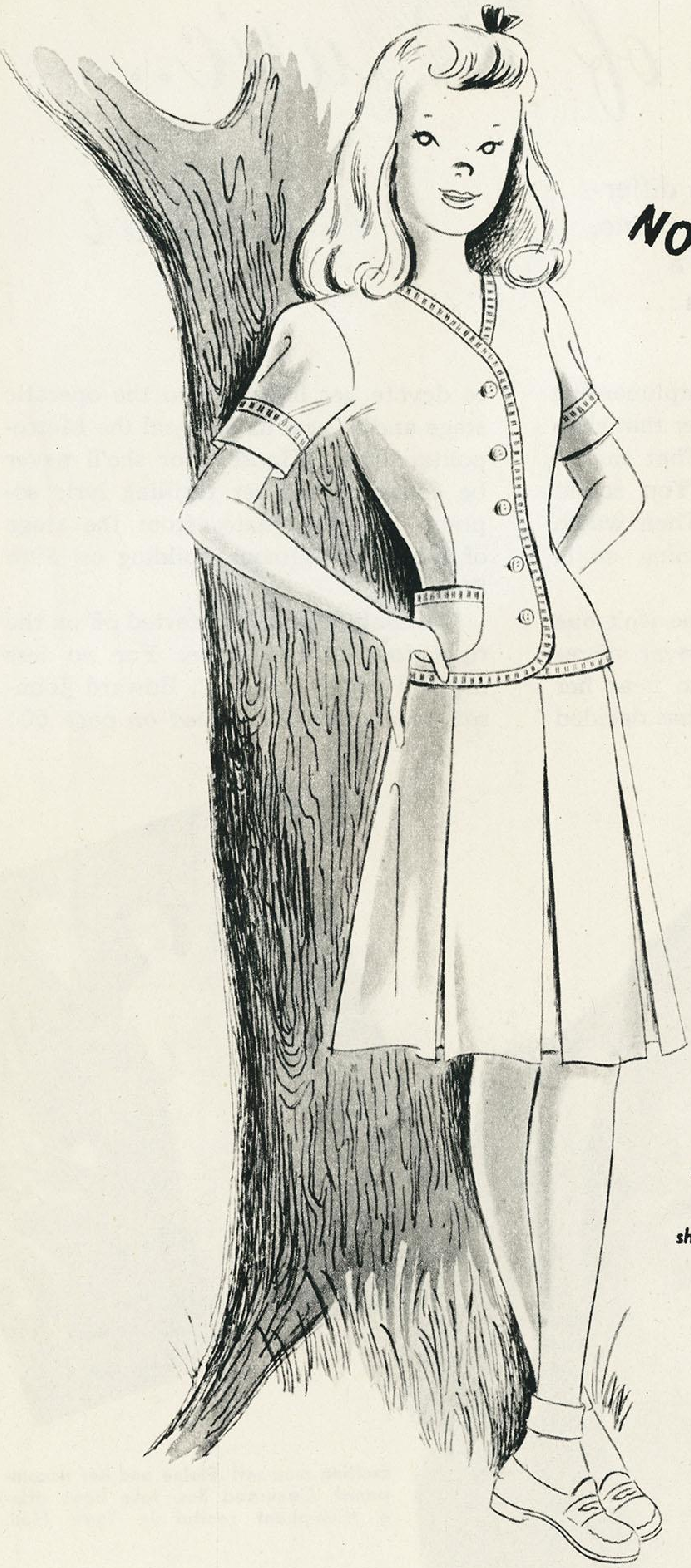
"No doubt this letter will come as rather a surprise to you . . . Out here in South Africa we really enjoy your magazines and I spend many pleasant hours reading them through."

Anna Caputo, Ferndale, Michigan, almost got into trouble with her teacher but it all ended very happily. She writes:

"One day a nun caught me reading MISS AMERICA in study hall. She took it from me because she dislikes comic books. Later on she returned it to me and said that this was one book she wouldn't mind having the girls read."

Do you want to take a picture of yourself? Anna Belle Praetorius, Baytown, Texas, tells you how:

"Some bright day carry a large (*Continued on page* 50)



NOW—HER VERY OWN LABEL

A knock-out, knock-about suit of cotton gabardine by Vandam. And it's "dreamed up" by Teenard of Dallas, that wonderful designer who knows what wide-awake 10's to 16's like. In lively shades of blue, pink or maize. Sizes 10 to 16. Under $11.00.

Teenard of Dallas

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE • NARDIS SPORTSWEAR • DALLAS 1, TEXAS

Maid of Music...

Here's a typical high school girl ... with a difference. Elaine Malbin, fifteen-year-old lyric soprano, has a great talent; dreams ahead toward a brilliant career in the Metropolitan Opera ...

by Ben Gould

THE wrong way of complimenting Elaine Malbin is telling her that she's another Deanna Durbin. That makes her freeze up. Just say "You sound just like Rosa Ponselle." Then watch for that bright, heart-warming smile and a hearty "Thank you."

Not that 16-year-old Elaine isn't one of Deanna's admirers. She never misses any of her pictures, loves to hear her sing. Rather it's that Elaine has decided to devote her life work to the operatic stage and has set as her goal the Metropolitan Opera House. For she'll never be content until her thrilling lyric soprano voice emanates from the stage of that world-famous building on 39th Street.

Certainly Elaine has started off on the right foot in her drive. For no less musical personages than Edward Johnson, managing (*Continued on page* 60)

Exciting moment! Elaine and her accompanist, Coenraad Bos, take bows after a triumphant recital in Town Hall.

Elaine can smile indeed! Maestro, music critics, and the all-important public have cheered for her lovely soprano voice.

Teentimer
OHRIGINALS

we call our cotton "CANDY"

Teentimer's sweet confection with angelic eyelet trim. Melt-in-your-mouth colors and yummy lines. As much fun as Cotton Candy on a stick . . . and twice as sweet. That's why we call this cotton "CANDY".

Sizes 10-16 $8.95
Teen Town · Third Floor

Edwards

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Two are better than One

The bumps are smoother, the sun is sunnier when that rugged character's around. The air is friskier, the scene is dreamier when you're together. It's *double* the fun! And the new improved *postwar* Arrid gives you almost *double* the protection of any other deodorant, makes it a cinch for you to keep your glamour rating.

If your date's a whiz at parquet polishing, you'll have to know your steps. First step is Arrid—thirty seconds to smooth this gentle white cream under your arms and it's bye-bye to perspiration and odor. Then no matter how dizzy the pace, how hot the music, you'll float through the air with the greatest of ease and stay sweet-to-be-near-to.

The dogs are tastier, the mustard's tangier when you're a twosome. The talk is wackier, the comebacks snappier when your poise is perfect. That's why Arrid's a must on your daily grooming list . . . it stops perspiration and odor . . . keeps a girl in her guy's Dream Department.

There's no date shortage for the gal whose charm is *always* refreshing. Thanks to the new improved *postwar* Arrid, perspiration and odor can be scientifically and safely outlawed! For all the latest know-hows on charm and beauty send for your copy of "*Look Lovely, Angel*"—a beauty and good-grooming bulletin that's bound to boost your Eye Q. Department 867, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.

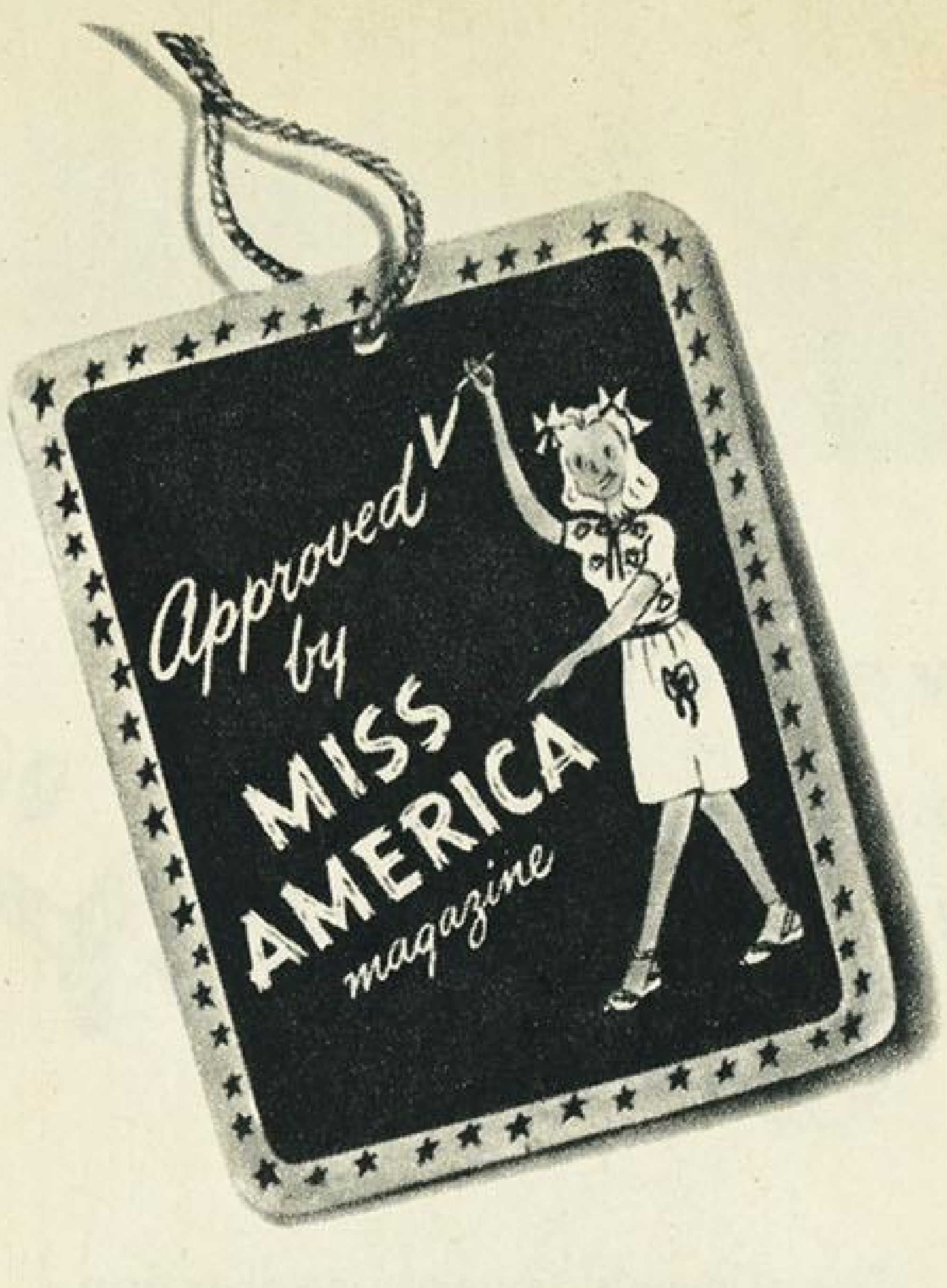
39¢ plus tax
also 10¢ and 59¢

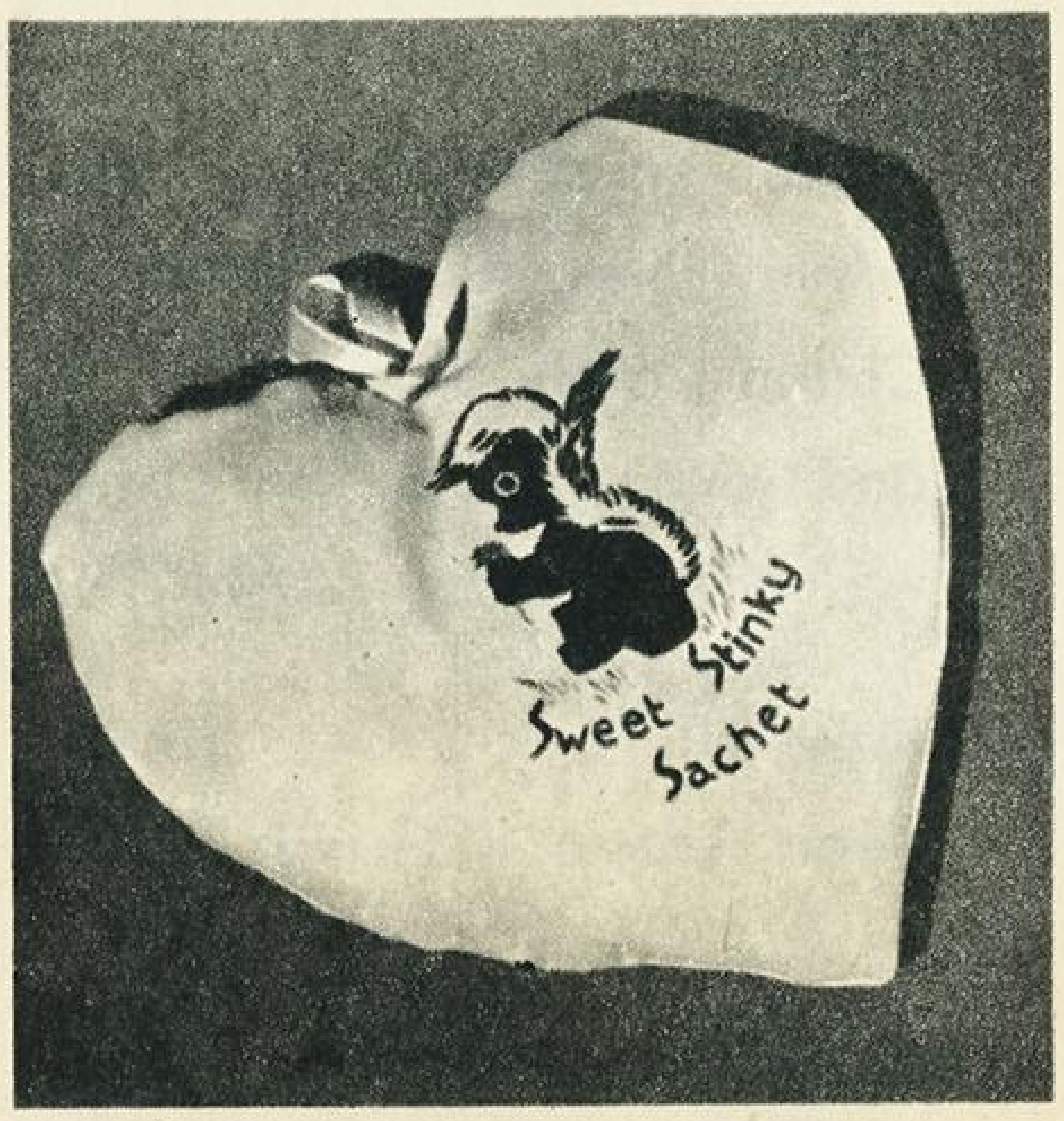
Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.*
2. Nearly *twice* as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. Safe for skin. Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy...easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry

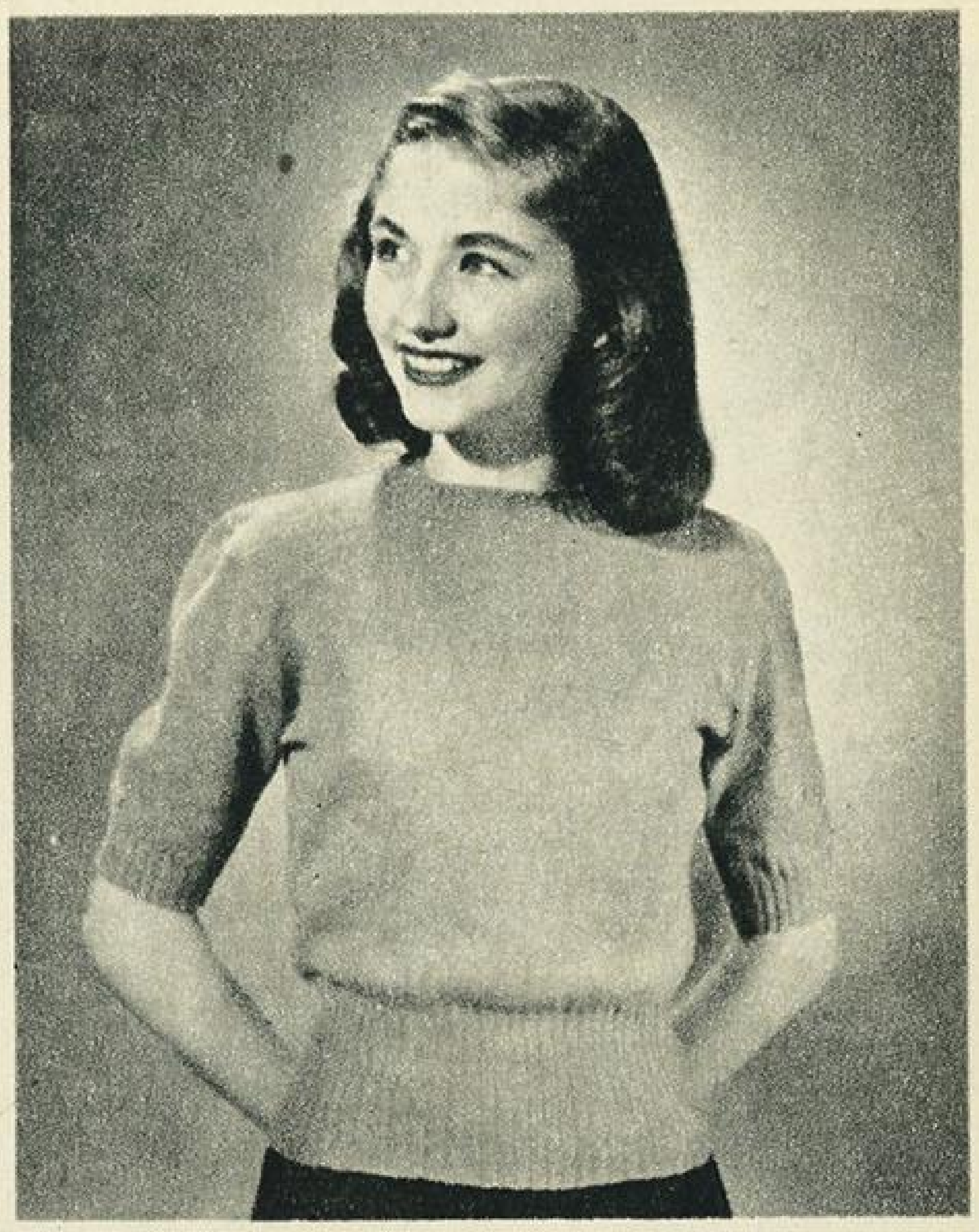
NEW . . . IMPROVED
Postwar
ARRID

**Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

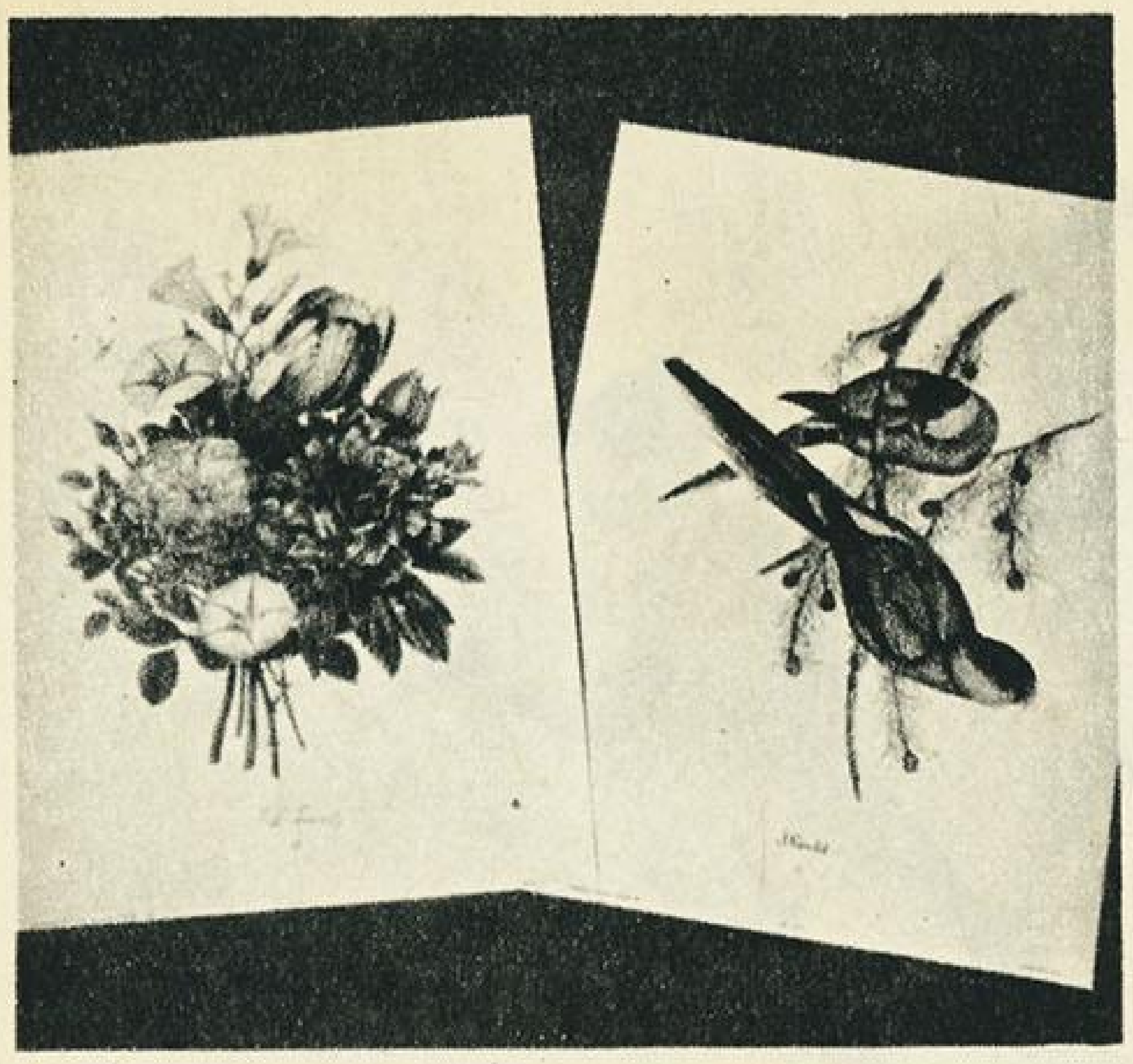




When is a skunk an ol' sweetie? That's easy—when he's Oscar Schreyer Co.'s Sweet Stinky Sachet. Tearose satin, ribbon trimmed for slipping on a hanger, and fragrant as all get-out. Best of all—"Stinky's" own portrait hand-painted in black. You'll be able to buy it for $1 plus tax at leading department stores.

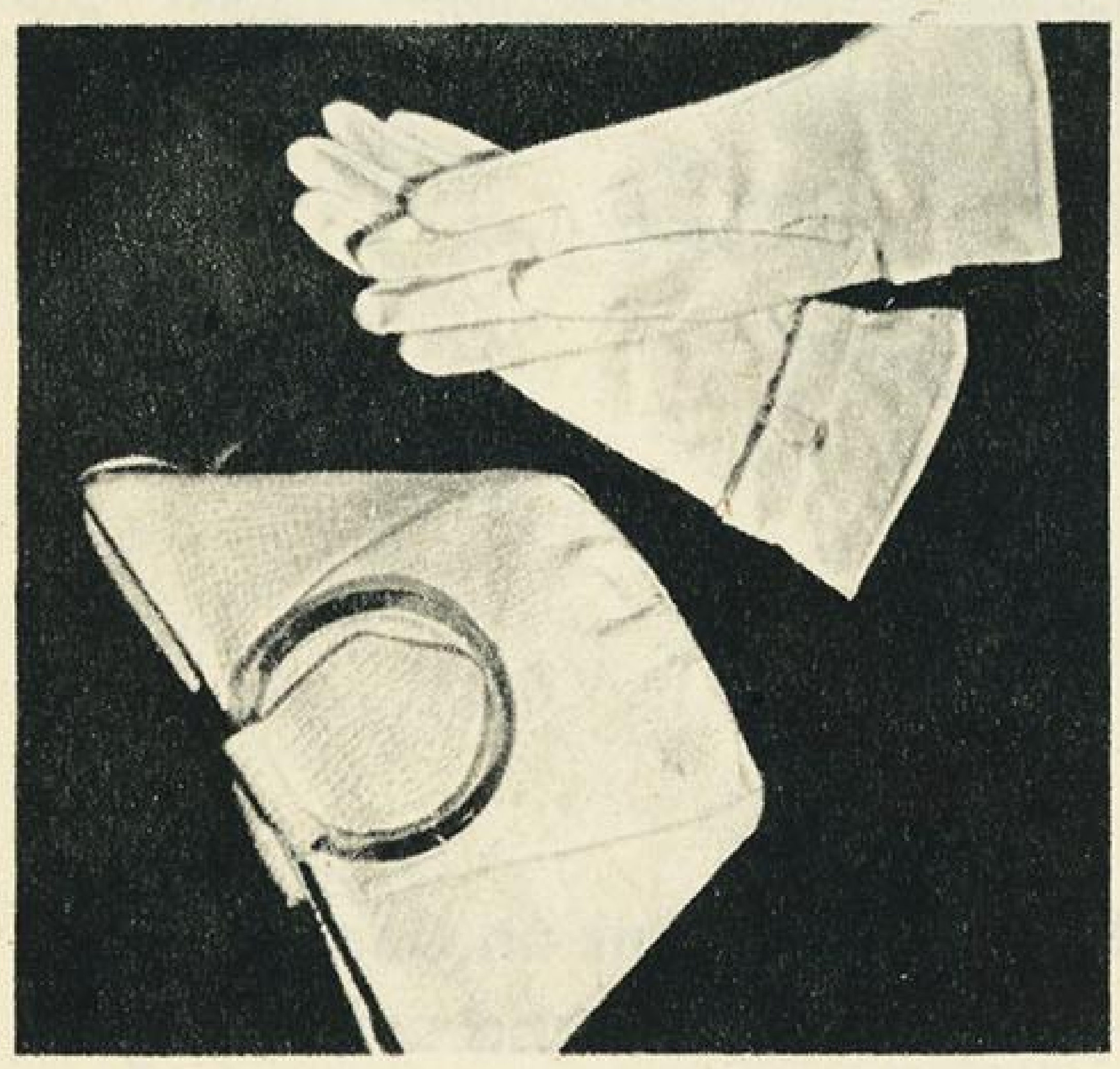


Koru Sportswear presents the sweater perfect. 100% wool to combat chilly little evening breezes; in all the colors you could want. The sleeves are short and the style is classic and casual but not sloppy—just right to top dirndl skirts or summer dresses. In sizes 32-40. $4 at Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Here's something special to give your room an air of spring about it always—bird prints by J. Gould or flower prints by T. L. Prevost in full color and frameworthy. $2.50 for a set of ten assorted birds; $1.95 for a set of six flowers and —good news—Creste-Andover Co., New York, N. Y., will accept your mail orders.*

Lovely, luscious, *so* effective—"Melinda" cosmetics for teens, by Helene Pessl, will be the pride of your dressing table and first aid to your good looks! Here are some of the fragrant "Melinda" family: Creme Cologne, $1.50, Herbal Lotion, $1.50, Hand Lotion, $1, and Sachet—plus flower spray—$3 at Stern Bros., N.Y.



Daisy white for graduates or just for good old summertime. The fabric gloves have smartly belted tops and the bag, real leather, boasts mock shell handles and long-wearing nylon lining. Both are by Nolan Glove Co. and washable. Perfect present for your favorite senior. $4.50 set at The Hecht Co., Wash., D. C.

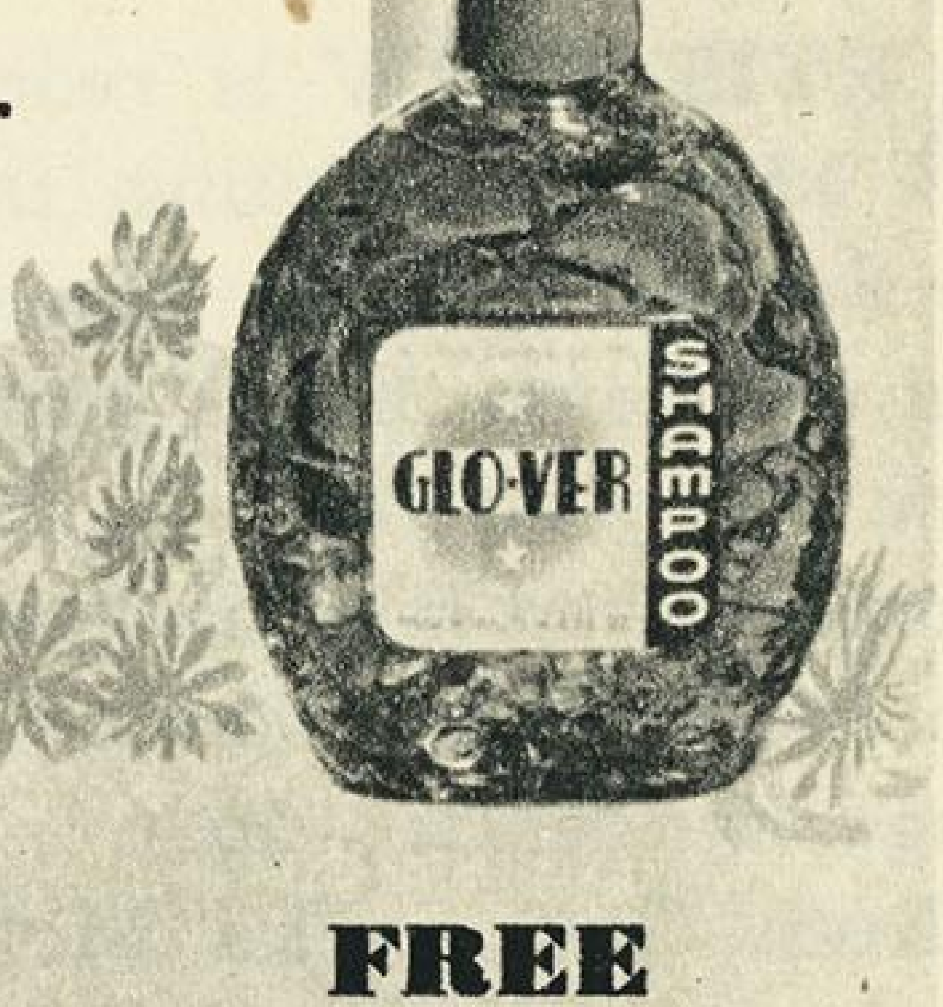
*For address, write this magazine, c/o Dept. 36A.

GLORIA JEAN
popular young singing starlet

For Your Hair

SPRING FRESHNESS

the year 'round...



Daintily Soft... Swiftly Cleansing
...with* Blended *Vegetable Oils

Do as thousands have done—*test* GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo this easy, interesting way! Be convinced that it's quicker, easier . . . and so satisfying!

No other shampoo can claim more natural-looking beauty for your hair, more lustrous sheen, smarter radiance and sparkle, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, *instantly!* Not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—and, best of all, leaves your scalp so *clean*, your hair soft as springtime and amazingly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each—with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

GLO-VER

Beauty Shampoo

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 235, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

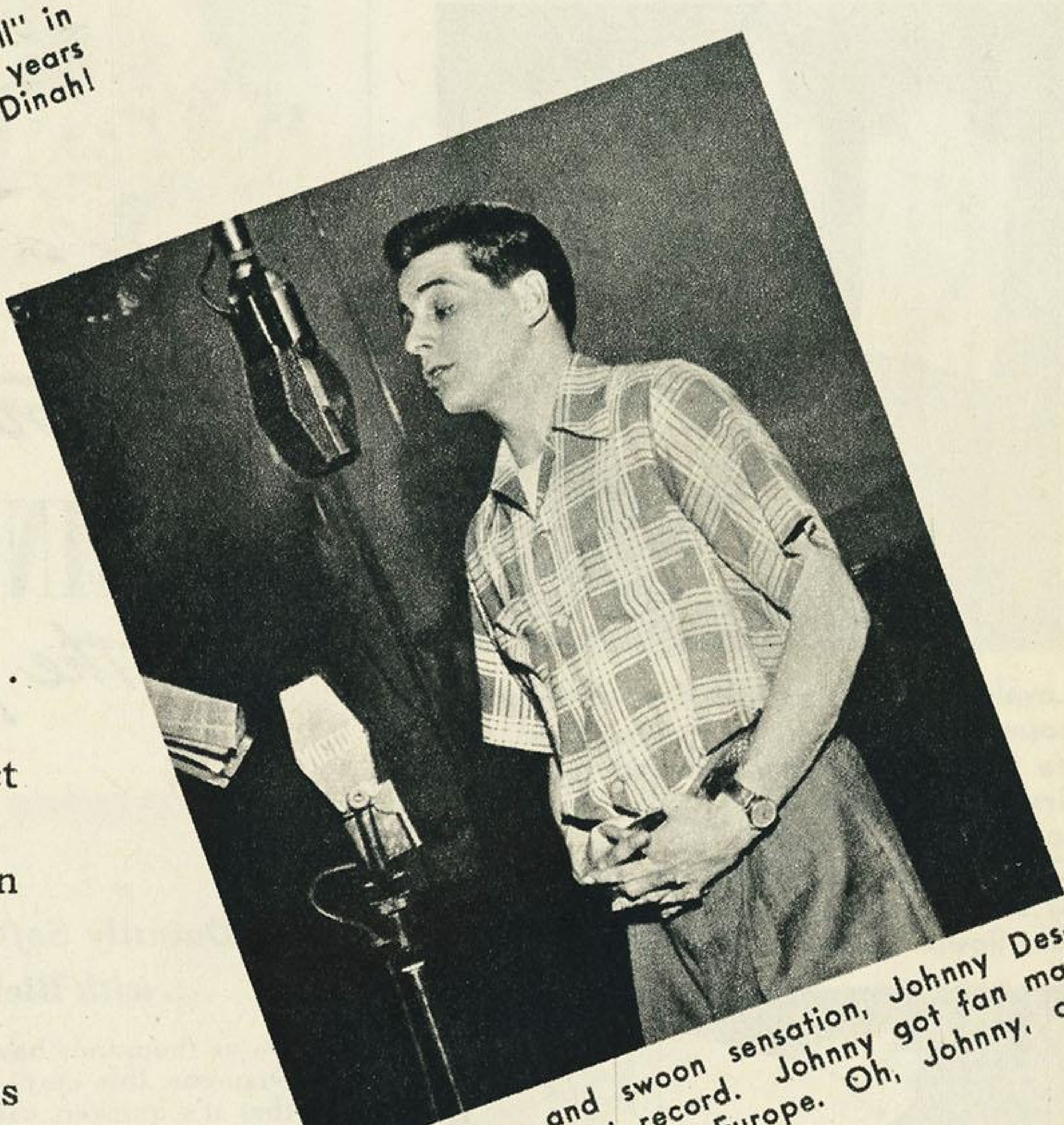
Name..
Please print plainly

Address..

City..............................*Zone*..........*State*..............

Jam Session♪♪

Lovely Dinah Shore, the songstress with "yo'all" in her drawl, is moving over to Columbia, after years of recording for Victor. Good luck, Dinah!



New civilian, and swoon sensation, Johnny Desmond cuts his first record. Johnny got fan mail in three languages in Europe. Oh, Johnny, oh!

ARTIE SHAW is reorganizing his band. . . . Margaret Whiting, the "It Might As Well Be Spring" gal, has signed a CBS radio contract and will be on the air with her own show by the time you read this. . . . Harry James' band is on 'vacation' and may have died by the time this bundle of MISS AMERICA'S is thrown at your magazine dealer's door.

Ruth Gaylor, Hal McIntyre vocalist who has left to remain with her hubby (just discharged), will radio air her voice during the coming year. She also expects a record contract. . . . Meanwhile McIntyre has signed with a new record firm, Cosmo.

Dinah Shore will record for Columbia, after years and years with Victor. And Betty Hutton moves from Capitol to Victor. . . . Johnny Miller, bass player with the famous King Cole Trio, hands-down winners of all music polls last year, was rushed to the West Coast for an operation. Several engagements were canceled!

Bing Crosby is being sued because he won't resume his radio show. Bing's getting madder by the minute. . . . (*Continued on page* 67)

Pat's *note*-able comment on dance discs, top-drawer tunes and solid singers, for the musically inclined . . . So listen here!

by Pat Parks

Pepsi-Cola
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. **Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.**

Smart American girls are buying MELINDA toiletries, that dreamy new line of cosmetics for teens. In better stores from coast to coast. MELINDA booklet on request.

helene Pessl INC.
785 Fifth Avenue, New York

OUT OF THE MALE BOX...

by Eleanor Hiteshaw

We hope Eleanor hasn't given you the idea that she's anti-male . . . Oh, my! No! She's a discerning, discriminating femme and—well, we wish you'd be too . . .

USUALLY, when you're going to toss a party, you sit yourself down and stew around over who to ask. Doodling over our guest list we got bored with this procedure and decided it would be a lot speedier to dope out a roll call of the types we wouldn't ask. We would flinch if any one of the following rang our doorbell. . . .

The character who has delusions of every girl in the room practically falling on her face the minute he makes his entrance. To him, he's sensational. He devastates himself with his mythical charm and seems oblivious to the fact that girls date him only when they're desperate and that there's rarely an encore. He's an ersatz edition of several male movie stars rolled into one, and he hasn't been himself for so long, he's probably forgotten how.

* * *

And we're allergic to the type who goes around with his fingernails in mourning. We're baffled as to why anybody can consider a nail file too revolutionary to use. Hands are amazingly accurate clues to a person's character, and grimy, run-down nails not only make us lose our appetite, but automatically cause us to decide that their owner is not our dish.

* * *

We're against the species who takes you to a party and then *(continued on page* 63)

If wishes were Horses...

by Adele De Leeuw

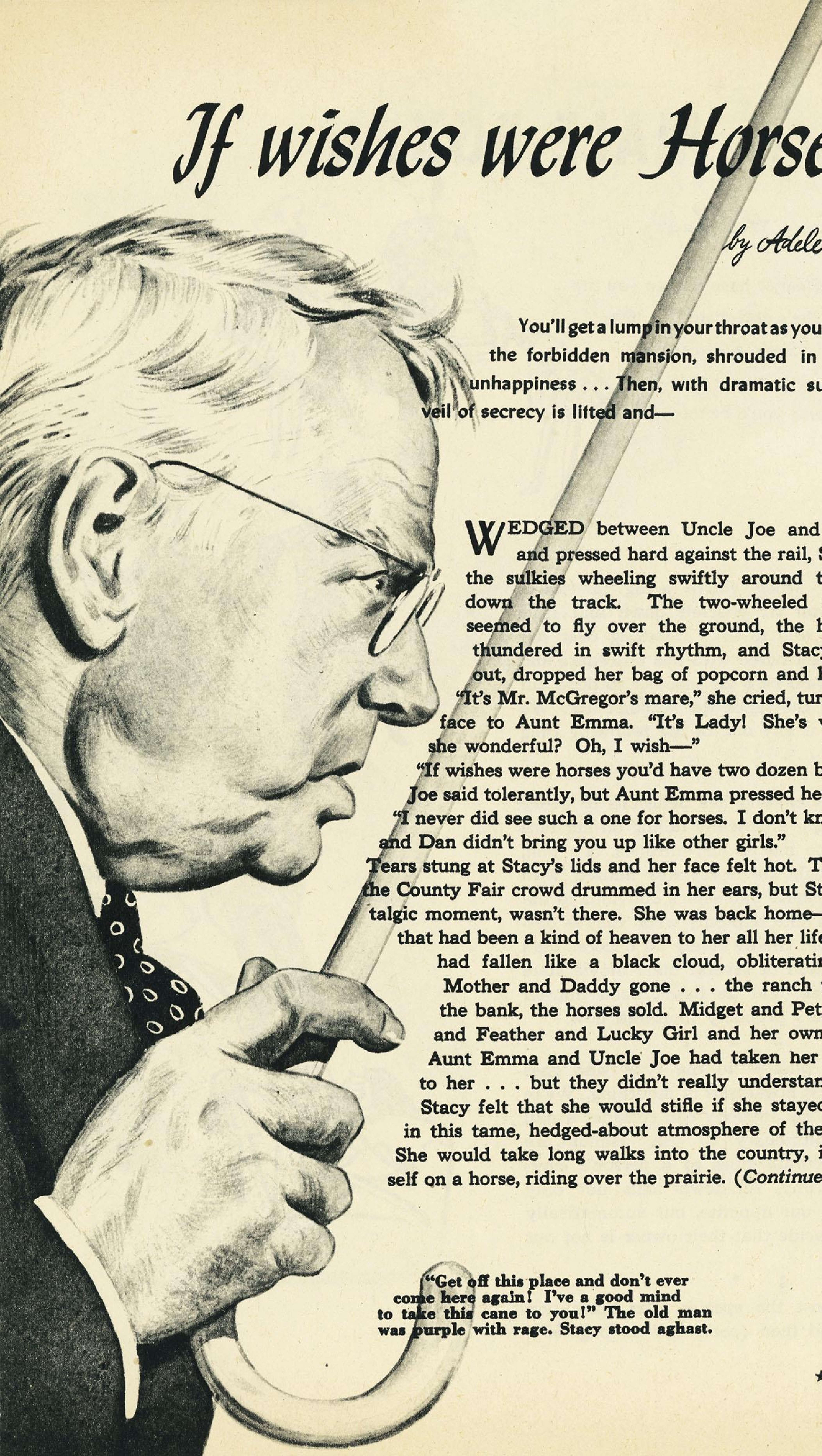
You'll get a lump in your throat as you follow Stacy to the forbidden mansion, shrouded in mystery and unhappiness . . . Then, with dramatic suddenness the veil of secrecy is lifted and—

WEDGED between Uncle Joe and Aunt Emma and pressed hard against the rail, Stacy watched the sulkies wheeling swiftly around the bend and down the track. The two-wheeled spidery carts seemed to fly over the ground, the horses' hooves thundered in swift rhythm, and Stacy, leaning far out, dropped her bag of popcorn and her purse.

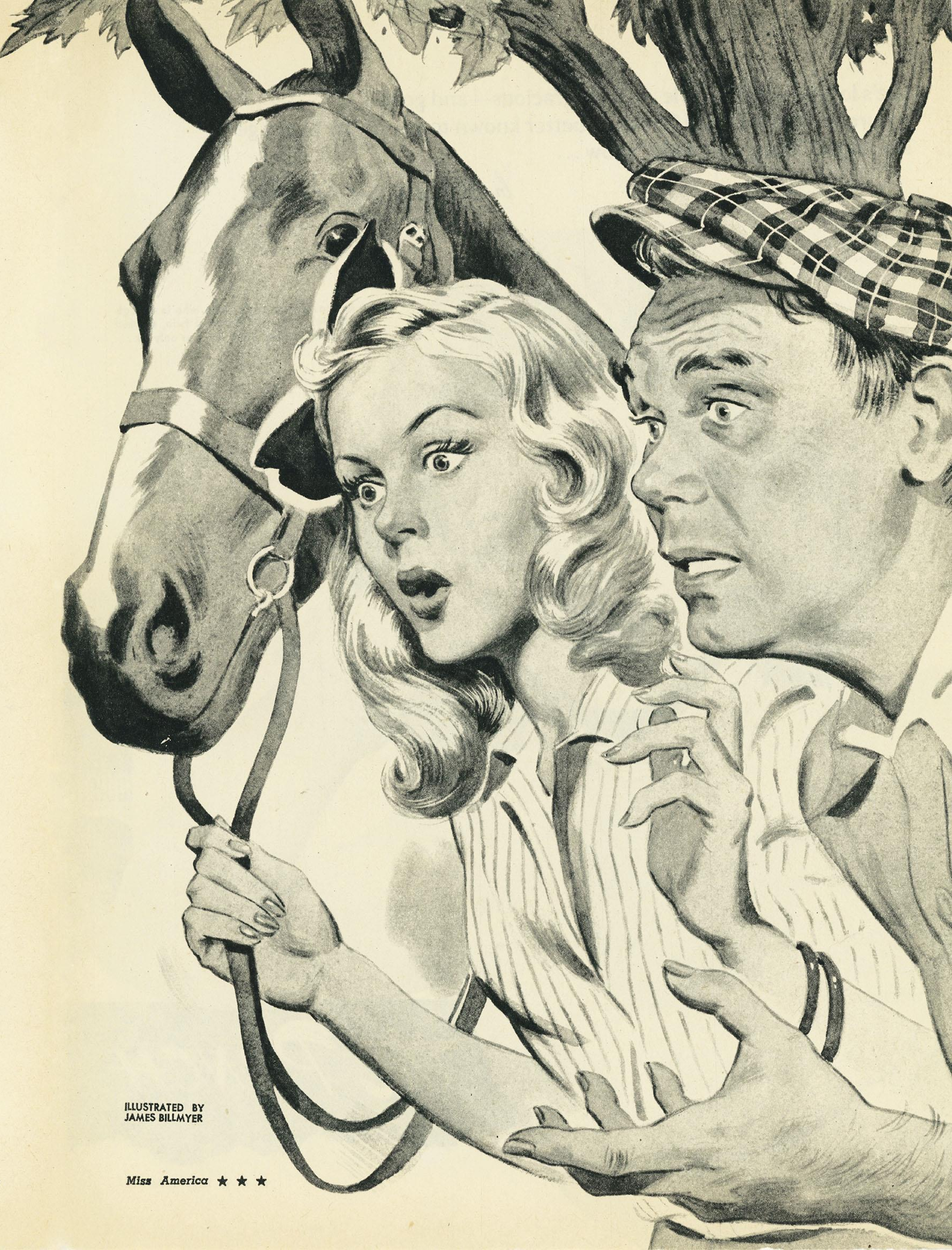
"It's Mr. McGregor's mare," she cried, turning a radiant face to Aunt Emma. "It's Lady! She's winning! Isn't she wonderful? Oh, I wish—"

"If wishes were horses you'd have two dozen by now," Uncle Joe said tolerantly, but Aunt Emma pressed her lips together. "I never did see such a one for horses. I don't know why Clara and Dan didn't bring you up like other girls."

Tears stung at Stacy's lids and her face felt hot. The cheering of the County Fair crowd drummed in her ears, but Stacy, for a nostalgic moment, wasn't there. She was back home—on the ranch that had been a kind of heaven to her all her life until tragedy had fallen like a black cloud, obliterating everything. Mother and Daddy gone . . . the ranch taken over by the bank, the horses sold. Midget and Pete and Saracen and Feather and Lucky Girl and her own sweet Janey. Aunt Emma and Uncle Joe had taken her in, been good to her . . . but they didn't really understand. Sometimes Stacy felt that she would stifle if she stayed much longer in this tame, hedged-about atmosphere of the quiet village. She would take long walks into the country, imagining herself on a horse, riding over the prairie. (*Continued on page* 72)



"Get off this place and don't ever come here again! I've a good mind to take this cane to you!" The old man was purple with rage. Stacy stood aghast.



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES BILLMYER

the PUNCH in JUDY...

She's lovely—and lovable . . . She's gracious—and good-natured . . . She's Louise Erickson, better known to you as the teen-age star of the "Date with Judy" show . . .

by Alice Craig Greene

Sweet and lovely Louise Erickson, who is enough like "Judy" to be an identical twin, started her radio career, when she was only six . . .

IN CASE you've wondered just what "Judy" is really like when you listen to the weekly "Date With Judy" teen-ager program, here's satisfaction for your curiosity.

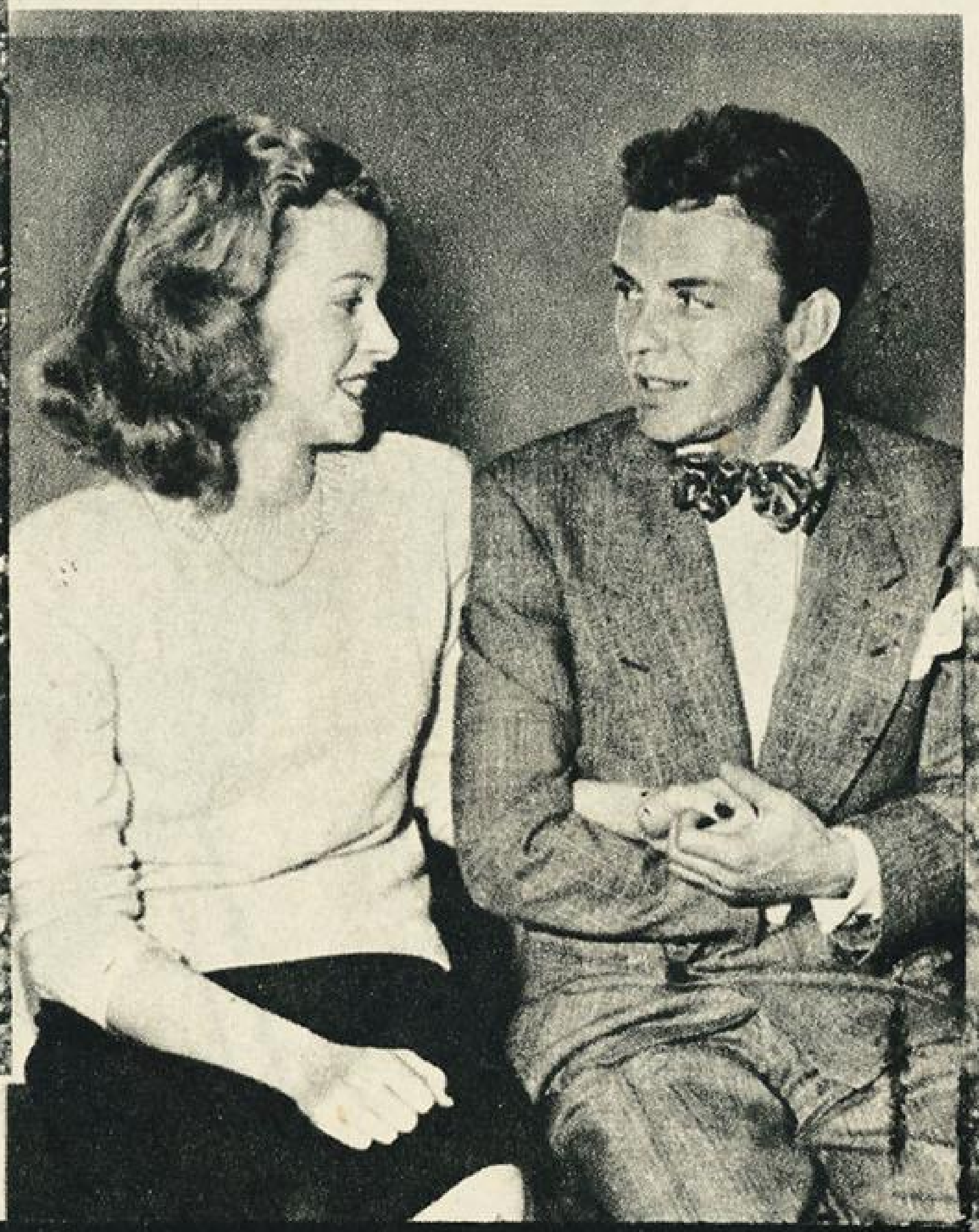
She's Louise Erickson, seventeen, and as much like "Judy" as an identical twin. She's definitely a dream-chick with a dream-job. Blonde and yummy, she looks as if she should be topped with whipped cream and eaten. Her Swedish ancestry shows in that blonde hair, those wide-set gay blue eyes, and her pink-and-white coloring. She's tall and slim, but nicely rounded. She wears little make-up and she uses colorless nail polish.

She's gracious and charming and good-natured, and she's currently learning to get over having a fly-away temper and being too sensitive. She's full of energy, and occasionally gets into scrapes that parallel her radio alter ego—but she gets out of 'em okay.

Louise is the kind of girl most 15-year-olds dream of being when they're 17, the kind of girl most moms hope their 18-year-old sons will ask to wear their fraternity pins.

When she was only six she got started on her way to this radio success of hers—portraying "Judy" to several million listeners. The family moved from her home town of Oakland to Hollywood when she was six, and her mother had a friend in radio there with a program known as "Uncle Whoa Bill." Louise got into that, had eight months' experience, and soon joined the "Dramas of Youth" stock company which dramatized the childhood lives of famous people. She stayed with that group till 1940, and then started auditioning for shows at NBC and CBS. Between jobs (*Continued on page* 65)

Louise makes this pretty picture trying to make her garden grow . . . She tends it conscientiously, tries to get as much outdoor exercise as possible on days off . . .

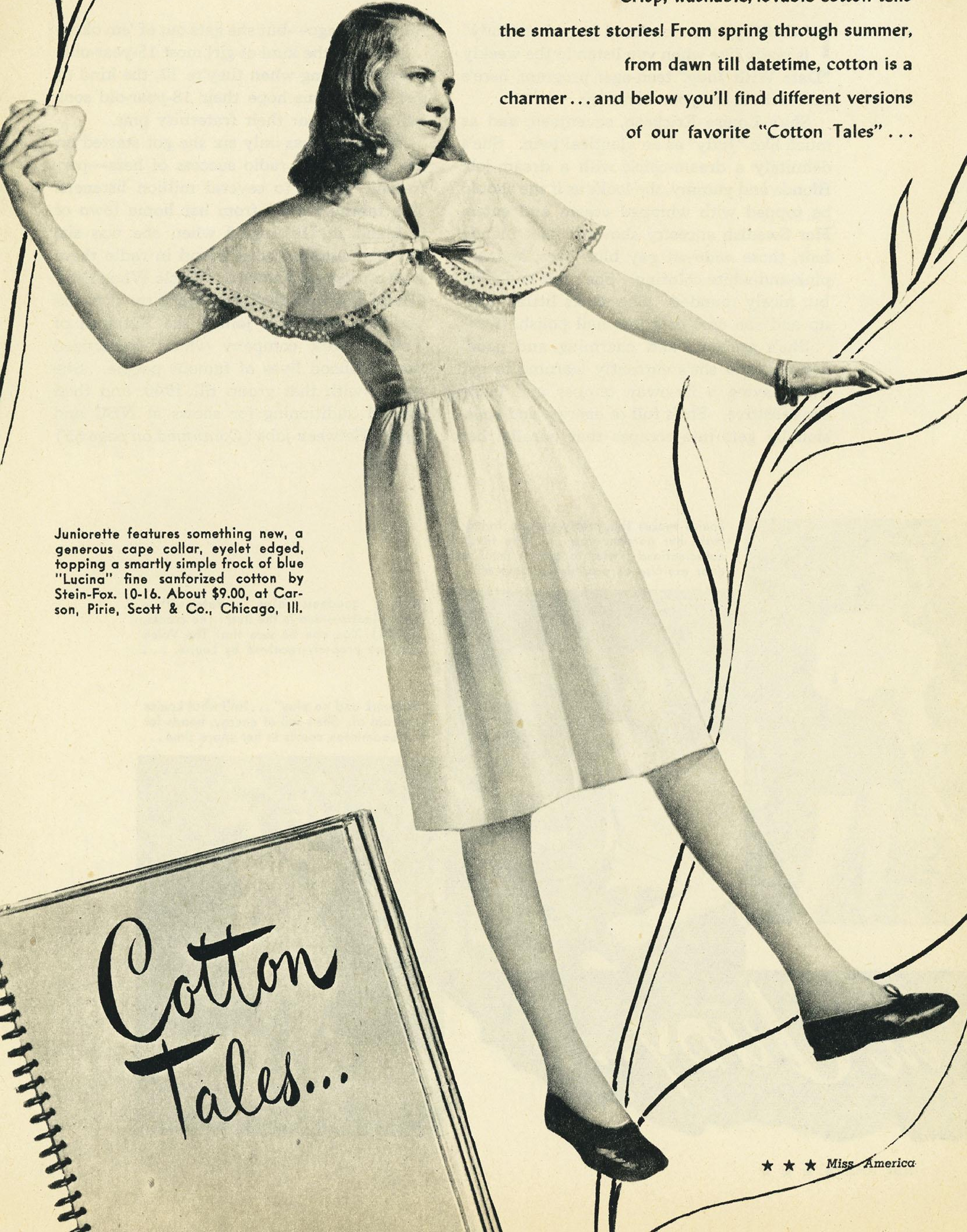


Well, f' goodness sakes, a date with—Frank Sinatra—and in the flesh! (no cracks, please!) You can be sure that The Voice was very properly received by Louise. . . .

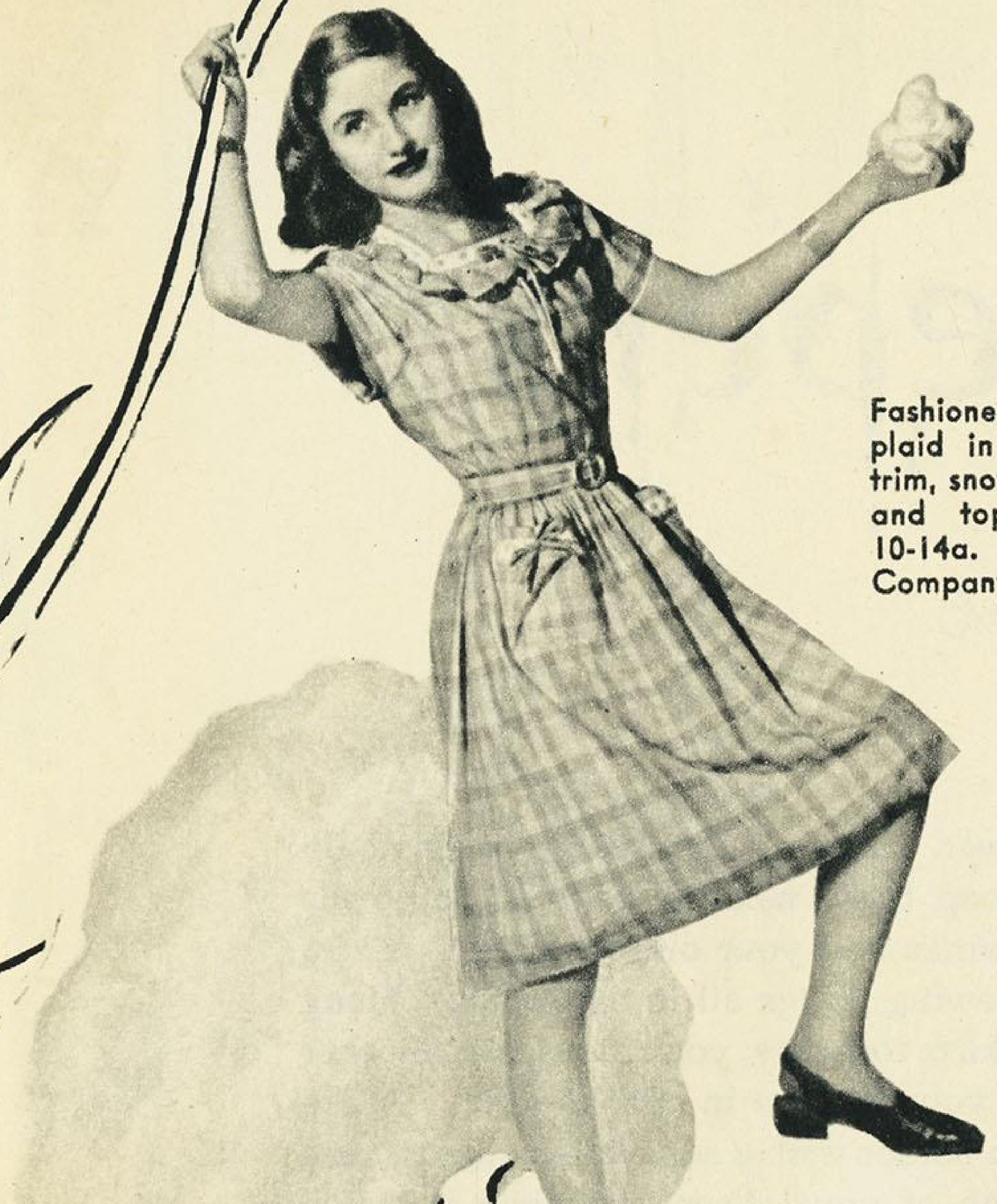
"All work and no play" . . . isn't what Louise is afraid of. She's full of energy, heads for the badminton courts in her spare time . . .

Cotton Tales...

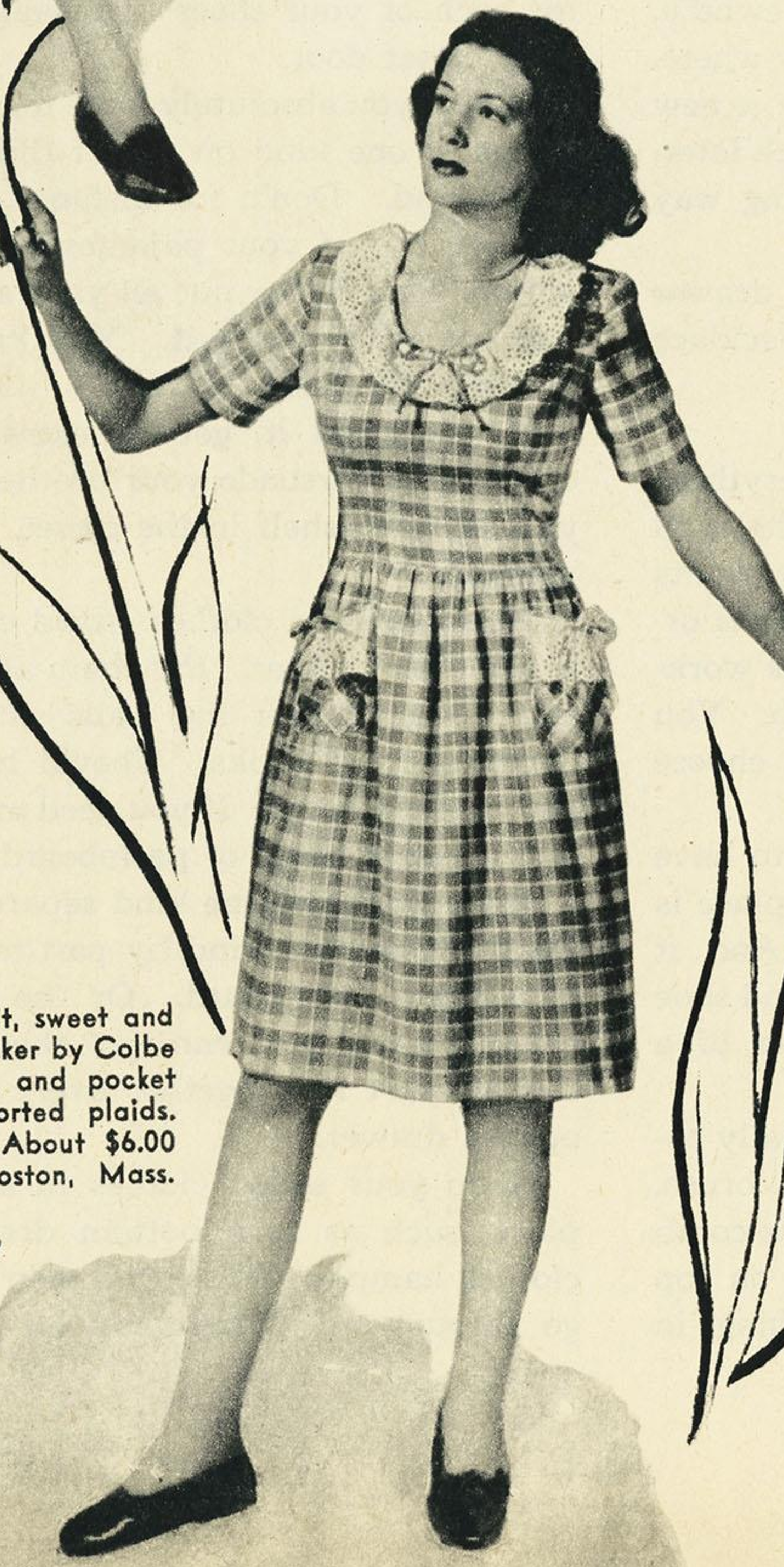
Crisp, washable, lovable cotton tells the smartest stories! From spring through summer, from dawn till datetime, cotton is a charmer . . . and below you'll find different versions of our favorite "Cotton Tales" . . .



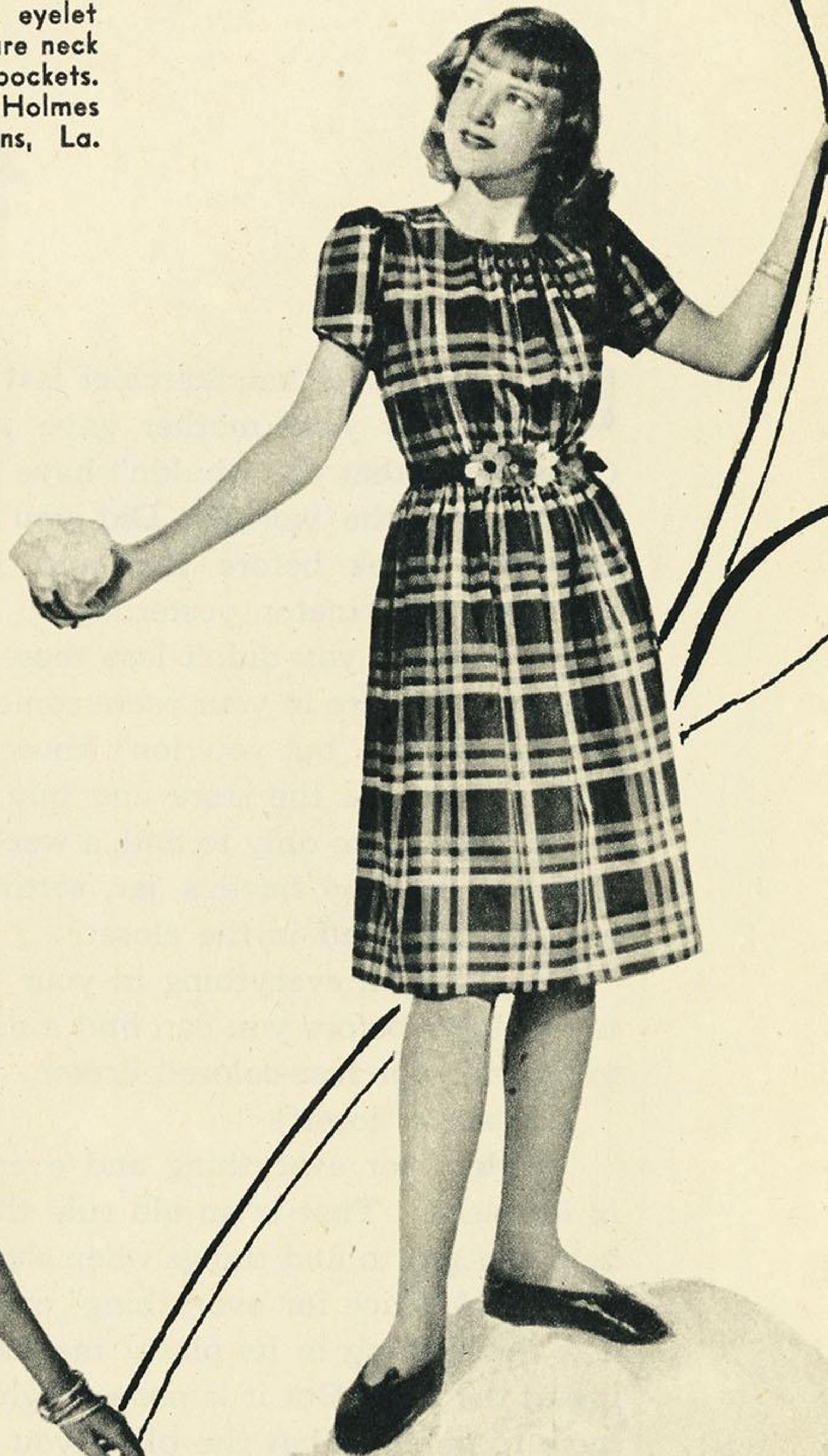
Juniorette features something new, a generous cape collar, eyelet edged, topping a smartly simple frock of blue "Lucina" fine sanforized cotton by Stein-Fox. 10-16. About $9.00, at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.



Fashioned for fun—Petiteen's cotton plaid in pink and blue with eyelet trim, snowy white, around square neck and topping the bowed pockets. 10-14a. $7.95 at D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd., New Orleans, La.



Teena Paige* made it, sweet and neat in cotton seersucker by Colbe Fabrics. Eyelet neck and pocket accents on gay assorted plaids. In sub-junior sizes. About $6.00 at R. H. White, Boston, Mass.



Cotton goes a-trottin' in Sandra Lee's pleasingly peasant creation in multicolor Galey and Lord gingham plaid. Felt flowers cluster on the ribbon belt. In your young 10-16 sizes. About $6.00 at Franklin Simon, New York.

*Reg. Pend. U. S. Pat. Off

losers Weepers

by Carol Clark

DID you lose a handkerchief last week? The one your mother gave you for Christmas—that you wouldn't have lost for anything in the world? Did you lose a book the week before that and, maybe, your blue fascinator yesterday?

Or, perhaps, you didn't lose these things exactly. They're in your room somewhere, you're just sure, but you don't know where.

Do you go to the store and buy a new jar of cold cream only to find, a week later, that you already have a jar, setting way back on the shelf in the closet?

Do you turn everything in your drawer topsy turvy before you can find a necklace to match your rose-colored dress?

You are a "loser"!

"A place for everything and everything in its place." That is an old rule that will help any girl to find things when she wants them. "A place for everything" means order; "everything in its place" means working at the job. But it is not enough. You have to be sure that the place you choose for each thing is the *right* place.

For instance, it will do no good to have a place for your toothbrush if that place is beneath mountains of lingerie! And it won't do to put combs and jewelry and shoe blacking all together in one corner of a bureau drawer.

Put the things together that naturally belong together—hair curlers, comb, brush, hair bows, shampoo, etc. Or keep the comb and brush with your hand mirror on top of your dresser and put the other things in a drawer. Put all your slips in one pile and keep them next to your night gowns or pajamas and your other lingerie. Keep your sewing things all in one place. Hang your skirts together; your blouses in another place; your dresses in still another. Make a cloth holder with a separate compartment for each of your shoes and hang it inside your closet door.

Unless you absolutely have to, never pile things of one kind on top of things of another kind. Don't, for instance, put your slips on top of your pajamas. You won't always want to lay out all your slips when you get ready for bed. You know what will happen then!

If you need it, get an extra chest of drawers, or persuade your brother to build you an extra shelf in the closet. Or do it yourself.

Don't let your clothes crowd each other in the closet, either. Put them all on hangers. Don't clutter the walls with clothes dangling from hooks. They'll be sure to get knocked down. If you need more room, add a closet made of pasteboard or wood.

Keep things of one kind separated from things of another kind by partitions made of wood or cardboard. Or use boxes, or cake tins—if you can get them. Then things won't run together every time you open a drawer.

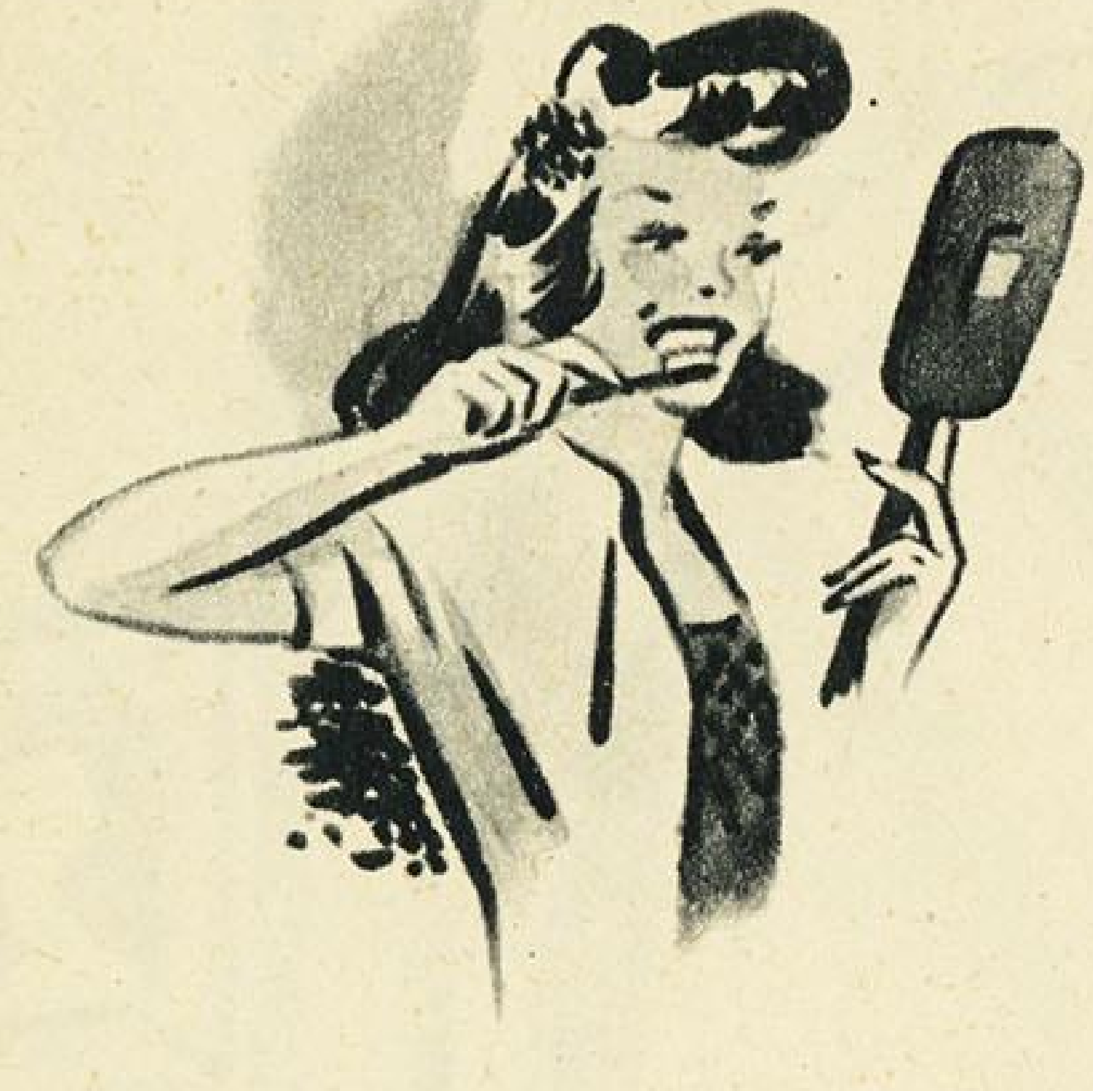
Keep your soiled clothes in a separate place, such as in a bottom drawer or a clothes hamper. Then you won't have to go through all

(*Continued on page* 67)

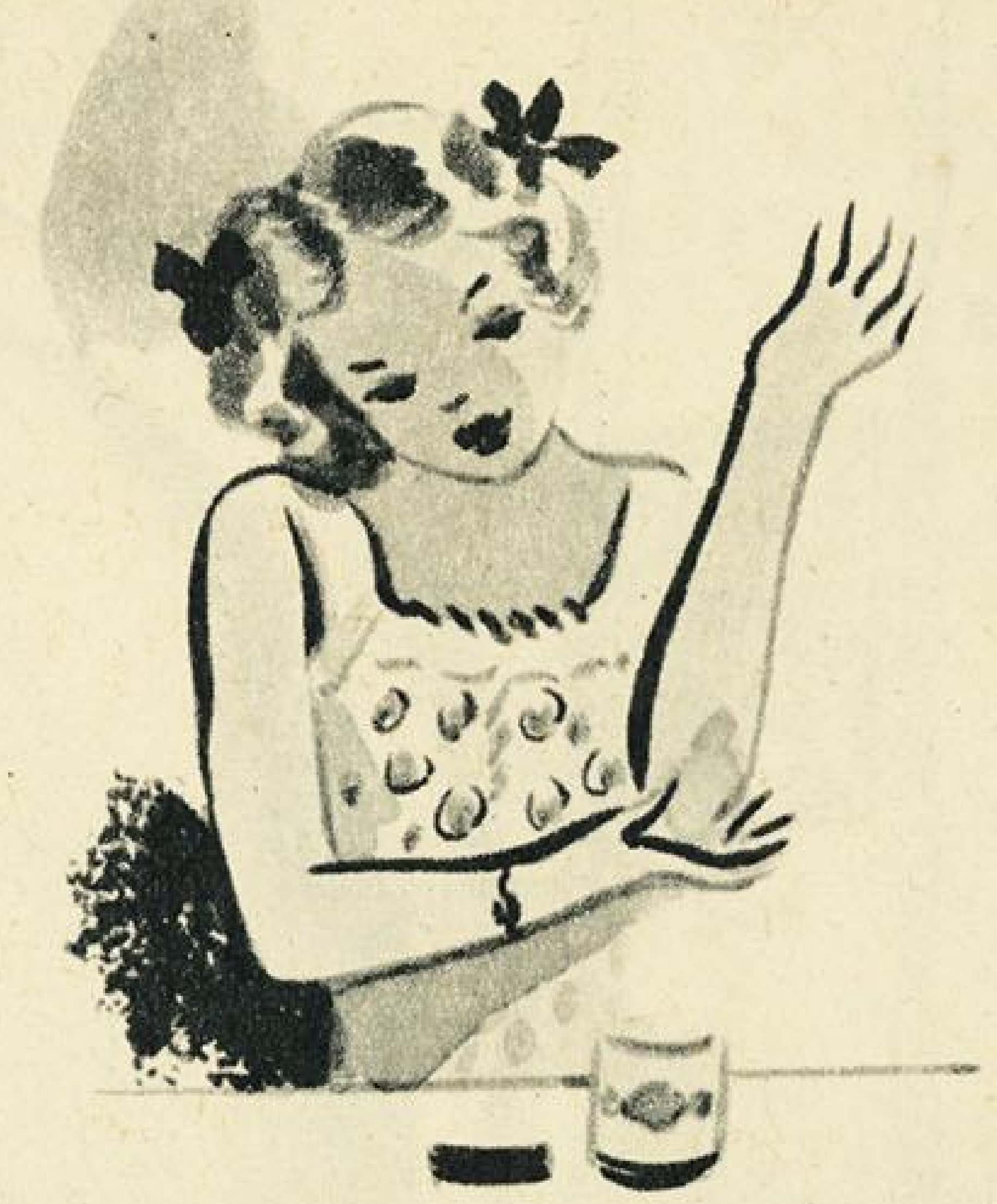
This may sound "preachy," but there's keen satisfaction in getting things organized . . . Make it a habit and it will pay dividends for all times to come . . .

a lovelier you...

by nancy lake



Teeth need sturdy brushing.

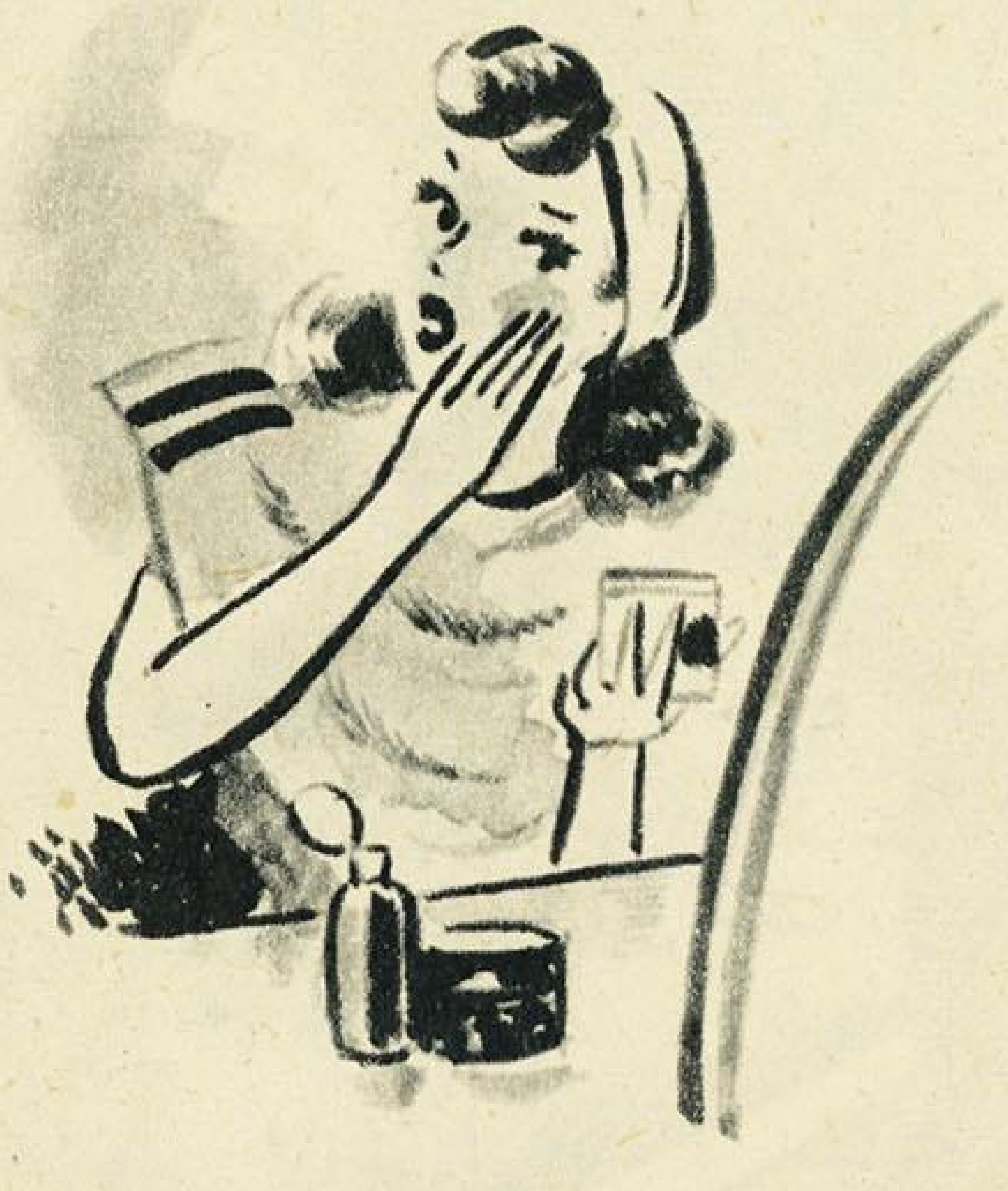


Cream will soften rough elbows.

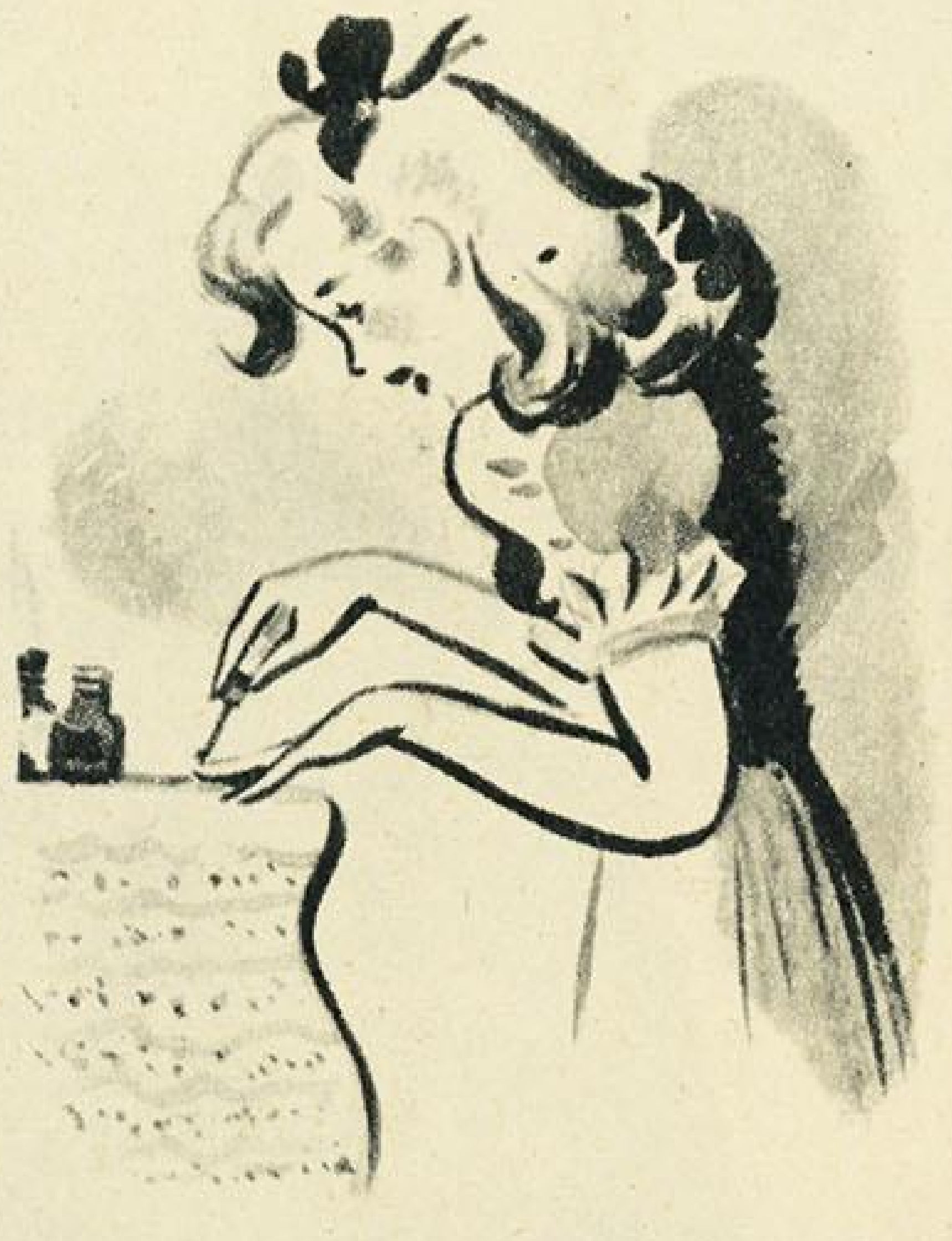
Here it is, in black and white, on matters closest to your young hearts—good looks . . .

NO MATTER how lovely your complexion, beautiful your figure, gleaming your hair, or sparkling your eyes, don't take yourself for granted. Nature is on your side when you're in your teens. But in order to keep her there when you grow out of those wonderful years you have to help her along. Sometimes nature needs more help and coaxing than others. But never let her take care of you on the assumption that she doesn't need your cooperation.

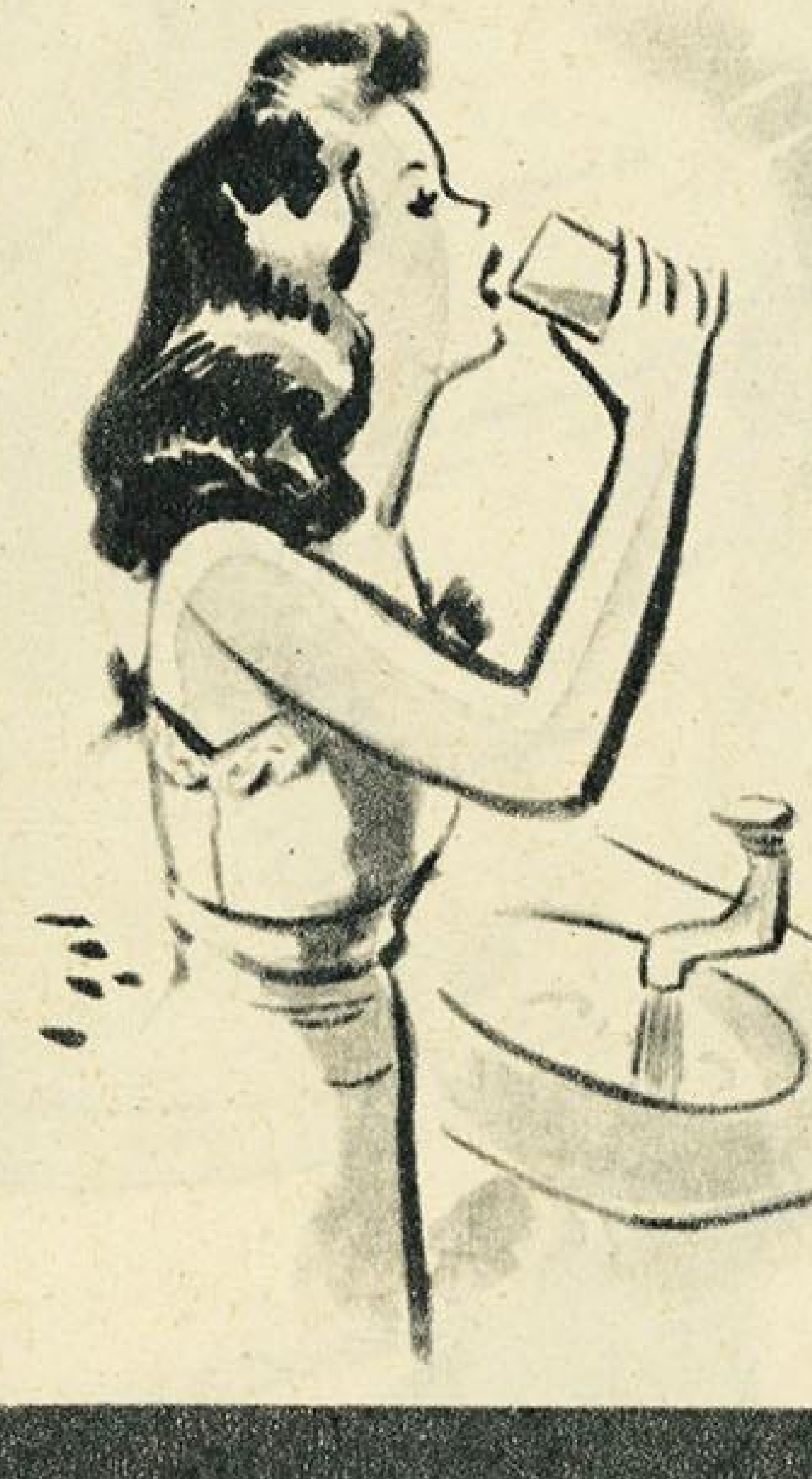
There are several ways of aiding and abetting nature in giving you a healthy complexion, a good strong body and the charm appeal you want. Although you may be a complexion brush and soap enthusiast, always have a jar of cold cream on hand to use when your face gets dry or scaly. An all-purpose lubricating cream does wonders. You *(Continued on page 48)*



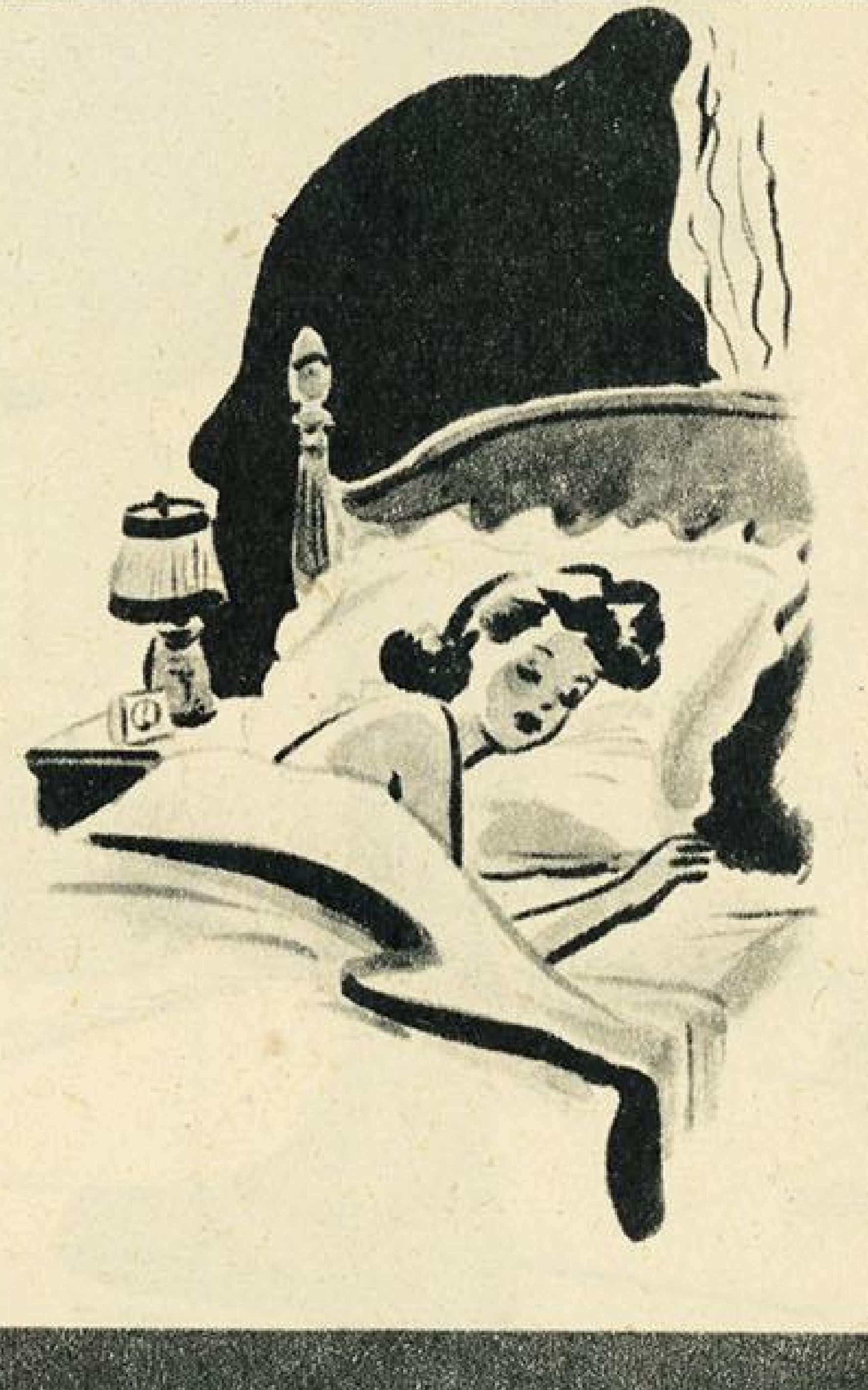
Keep your puffs fresh and clean.



Trim nails mean attractive hands.

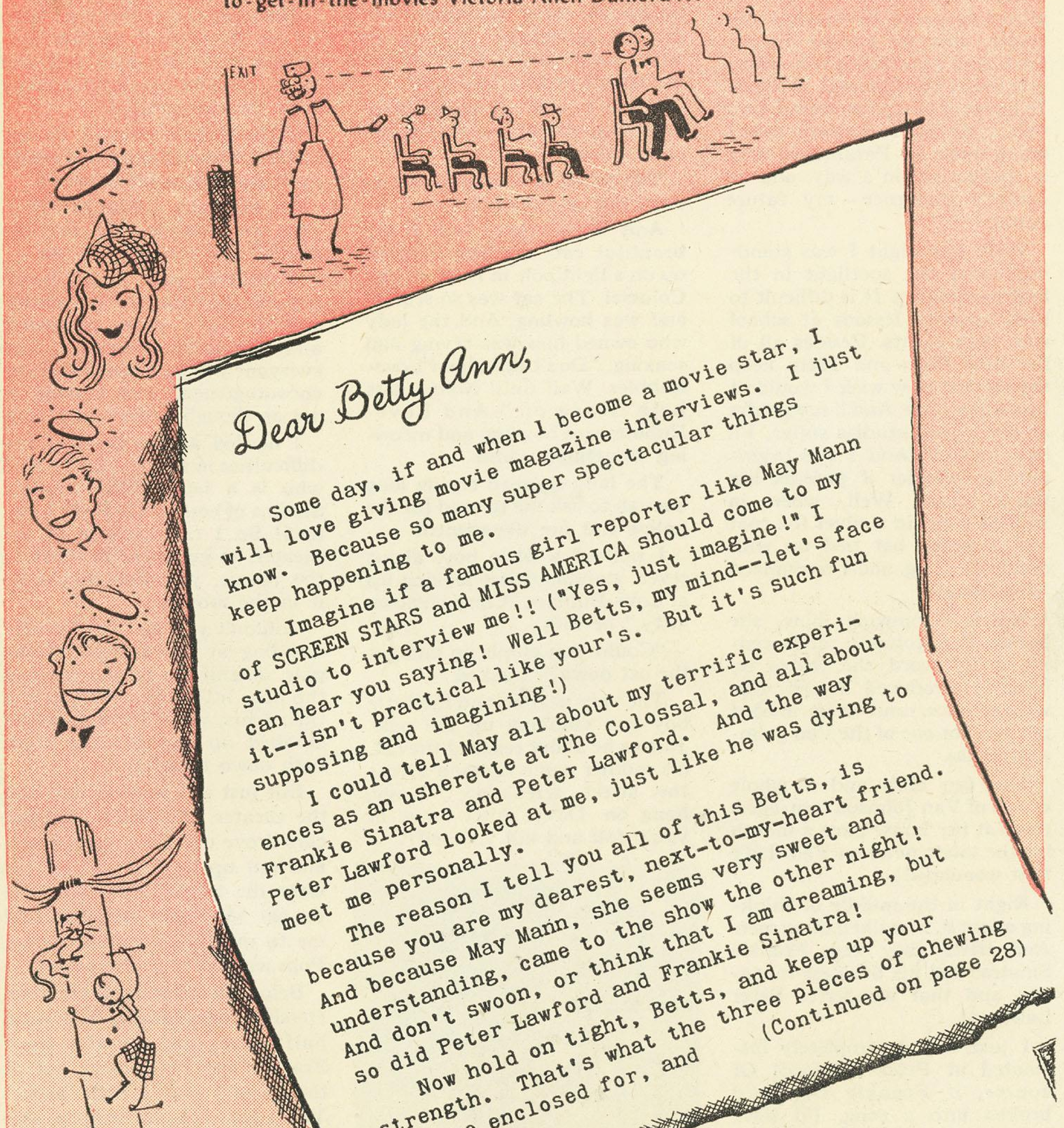


Water aids poor complexions.



Sleep 8-10 hours each night.

Misadventure piles on misadventure for the ever-so-ambitious-to-get-in-the-movies Victoria Allen Dunford . . .



Dear Betty Ann,

Some day, if and when I become a movie star, I will love giving movie magazine interviews. I just know. Because so many super spectacular things keep happening to me.

Imagine if a famous girl reporter like May Mann of SCREEN STARS and MISS AMERICA should come to my studio to interview me!! ("Yes, just imagine!" I can hear you saying! Well Betts, my mind--let's face it--isn't practical like your's. But it's such fun supposing and imagining!)

I could tell May all about my terrific experiences as an usherette at The Colossal, and all about Frankie Sinatra and Peter Lawford. And the way Peter Lawford looked at me, just like he was dying to meet me personally.

The reason I tell you all of this Betts, is because you are my dearest, next-to-my-heart friend. And because May Mann, she seems very sweet and understanding, came to the show the other night! And don't swoon, or think that I am dreaming, but so did Peter Lawford and Frankie Sinatra!

Now hold on tight, Betts, and keep up your strength. That's what the three pieces of chewing gun are enclosed for, and

(Continued on page 28)

Victoria Allen Dunford
Hollywood,
California

Miss Betty Ann

listen to this.

As you know, I am "Hollywood High's (unofficial) Candidate for Movie Stardom," and Lester Hunt, that nice boy at school is going to manage my career, once we get me discovered. And I am doing this usherette job at The Colossal, in hopes. In hopes of being discovered. And this is all due to Lester's talent scout uncle at Paramount who is sponsoring—in a way, and on Lester's insistence — my future career.

Well, last night I was standing under the spotlight in the lobby—thinking. It is difficult to keep up with lessons at school and work nights. Besides all of the time Pops and Mom keep saying that they wish I wouldn't be an usherette. And if my grades or my school studies suffer, I'll have to quit. And I was beginning to wonder if parents are right, when! Well, when in walked a girl in a silver fox coat and a perky hat tied up with dreamy veiling, and I recognized May Mann!

Natch — knowing how she knows Van Johnson, and reading every word she writes on him, I introduced myself. She was so nice, and even invited me over for one of the Van Johnson seshes.

Her fan club and a whole crowd of Van Johnson teen-agers meet at her house once a month for the latest news on Van. Isn't that wonderful!

Right in the middle of thinking about it, in walked three men And Betts, they were Frankie Sinatra, and his business manager, and that wonderful Peter Lawford!

I just stared completely fascinated at Peter Lawford! Of course, if Frankie Boy had broken into a song, I'd have swooned. But since he kept his mouth closed, I was overcome by Peter's magnetism.

I was so excited that I ushered them to a row, and asked them to sit down. And they did, on three other people's laps. It caused quite a commotion. If those ladies had only known they were holding Frankie Sinatra and Peter Lawford they wouldn't have objected I know.

I found a pencil so I could get their autographs on the way out I couldn't help but wonder if Frankie remembered me from last year when I used to go out to MGM every afternoon and get his autograph Remember when Sally and I were in the autograph selling business?

Well, I was standing there dreaming, when I heard a terrible commotion!

The ticket girl buzzed me to come out into the foyer

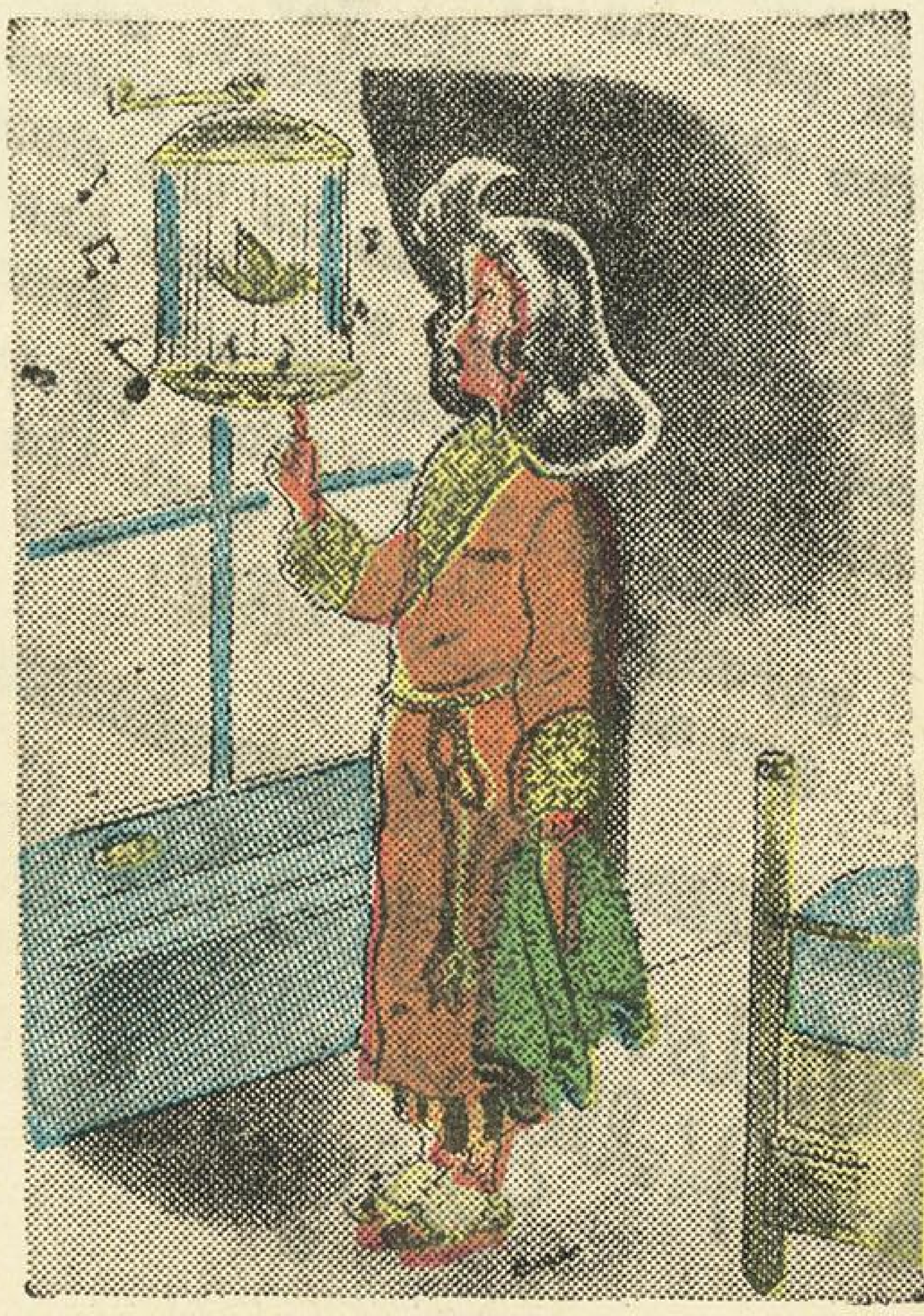
And Betts, there was a big beautiful cat, a silver Persian, up on a light pole in front of The Colossal The cat was so scared, and was howling. And the lady who owned him was crying and coaxing, "Don't fall down Love-Bubbles Wait until Mama gets help. Hang on" And Love-Bubbles was howling and meowing something awful

The lady stopped crying long enough to ask me to send for the police and fire department

I noticed a little boy, about seven, standing there looking up at Love-Bubbles. "Come on down kitty," he said

"Could you climb up and get the cat down?" I asked.

The very next second the little boy was climbing up the pole Just as he about reached the cat, his mother came running across the street screaming, "Davy, hang on Davy, don't move or you'll fall and kill yourself!"



How can you be so cheerful on exam day!!!

Davy, who hadn't been scared, looked down and saw all of us 20 feet below looking up, and his mother scared, so he got scared too, and began to cry.

His mother was furious. "Who let my Davy climb up that dangerous pole? He may fall and be crippled for life. Why, he may even be electrocuted!"

A little boy pointed to me. Betts, I wished the ground would open and just swallow me up.

"If my baby is hurt or killed, you are responsible for his death," she screamed at me.

There they were, the cat howling and the little boy screaming, and the cat's owner screaming and the mother crying, and everyone yelling instructions and encouragement, and looking at me as though I were to blame.

I needed a hero to solve my difficulties in a hurry, Betts. And who is a hero? Why Frankie Sinatra of course! Or Peter Lawford! So I ran back in to the theater, to get them to come to the rescue, just like they'd do it in the movies.

Couldn't you just see Frankie standing at the bottom of the pole, singing up to the cat and the poor little boy, and quieting their fears, while Peter Lawford climbed up and brought them both down to safety?

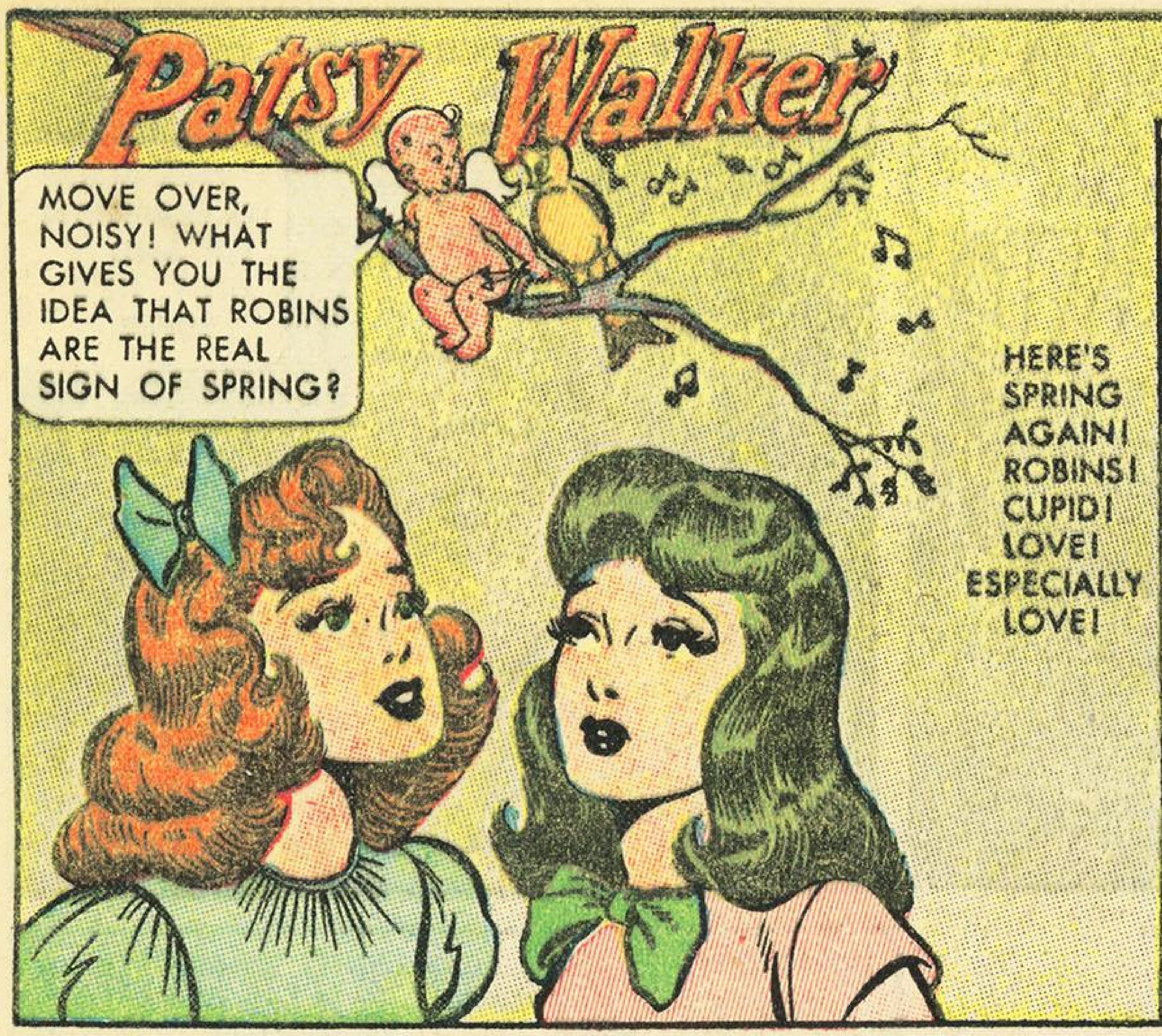
But just as I was rushing into the theater, the police and fire cars drove up They spread nets and put up ladders and started after the scared little boy and the cat My better judgment told me to quietly disappear, before Pops was called and was sued.

Being so nervous I ate four Hershey bars during the next half hour, and by the time Frankie and Peter came out of the show I was a little better. Yes, I got their autographs, and the way Peter looked at me was just wonderful

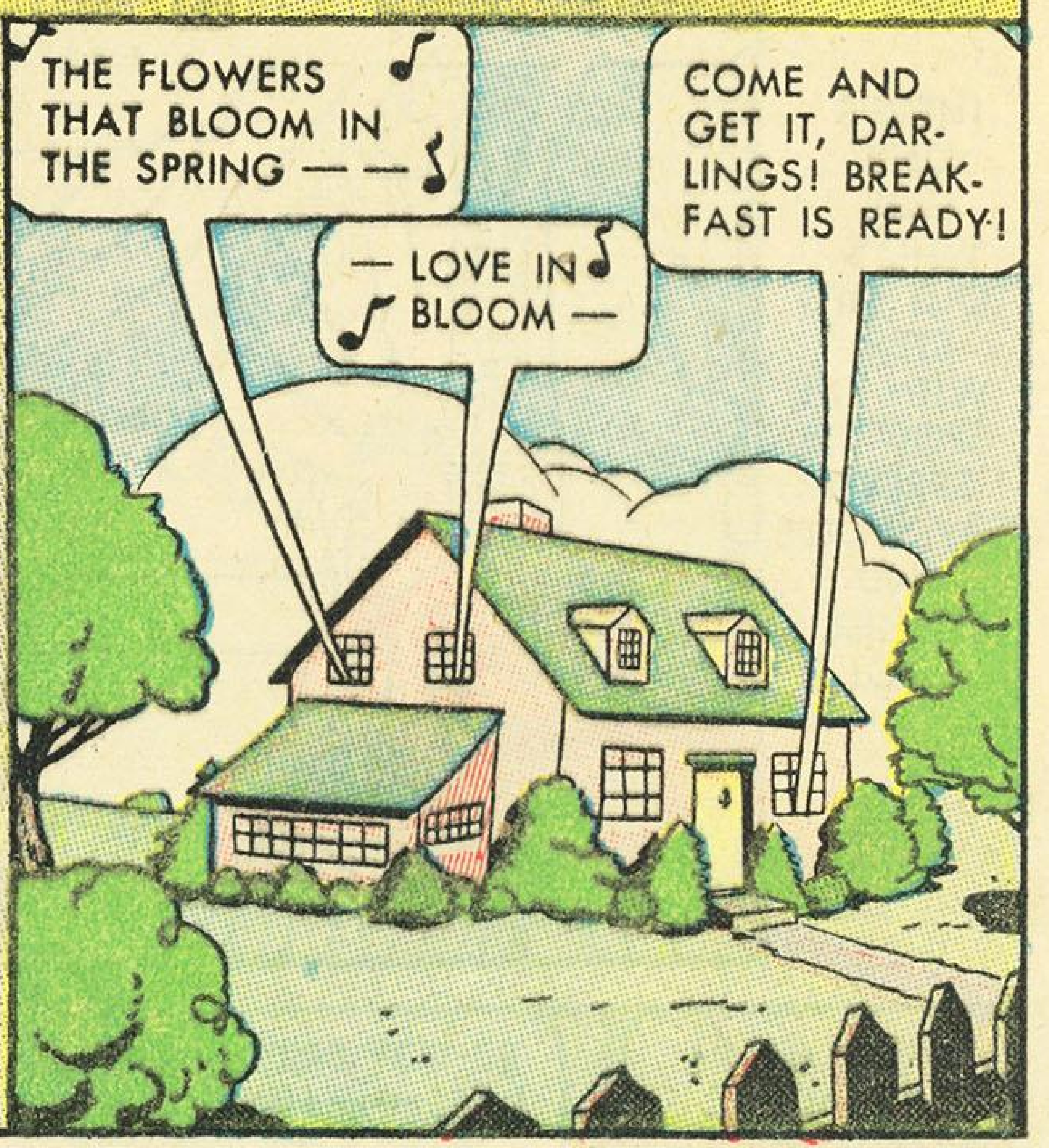
But, if I'd asked Frankie and Peter to dash to the rescue, and May Mann to witness it all, wouldn't that have been terrific?

Maybe it was my golden opportunity and I let it slip through my fingers. What do you think?

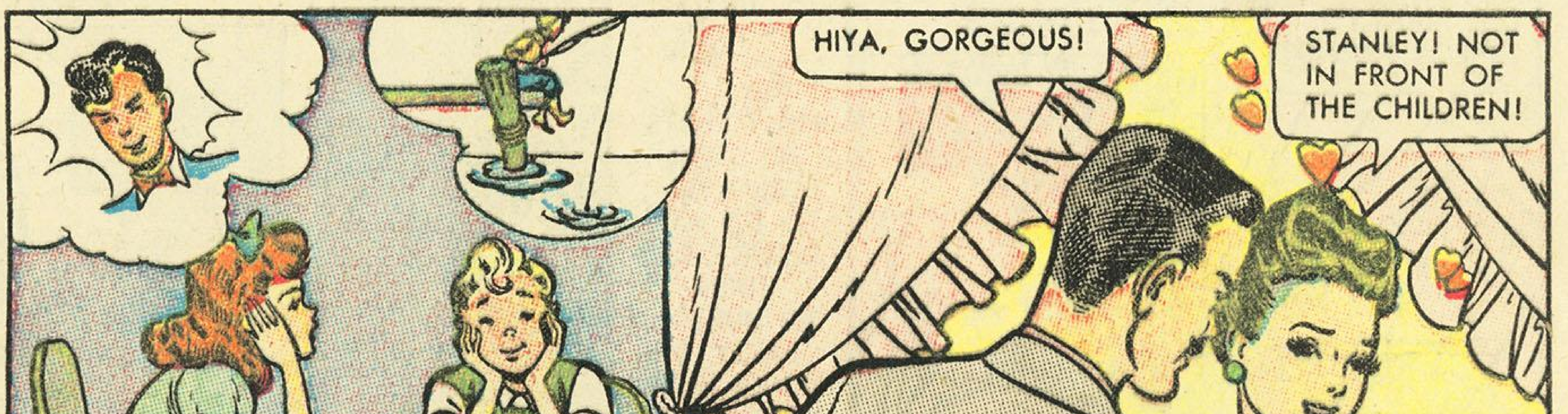
Your devoted friend,
Vicky.


Patsy Walker
MOVE OVER, NOISY! WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT ROBINS ARE THE REAL SIGN OF SPRING?
HERE'S SPRING AGAIN! ROBINS! CUPID! LOVE! ESPECIALLY LOVE!

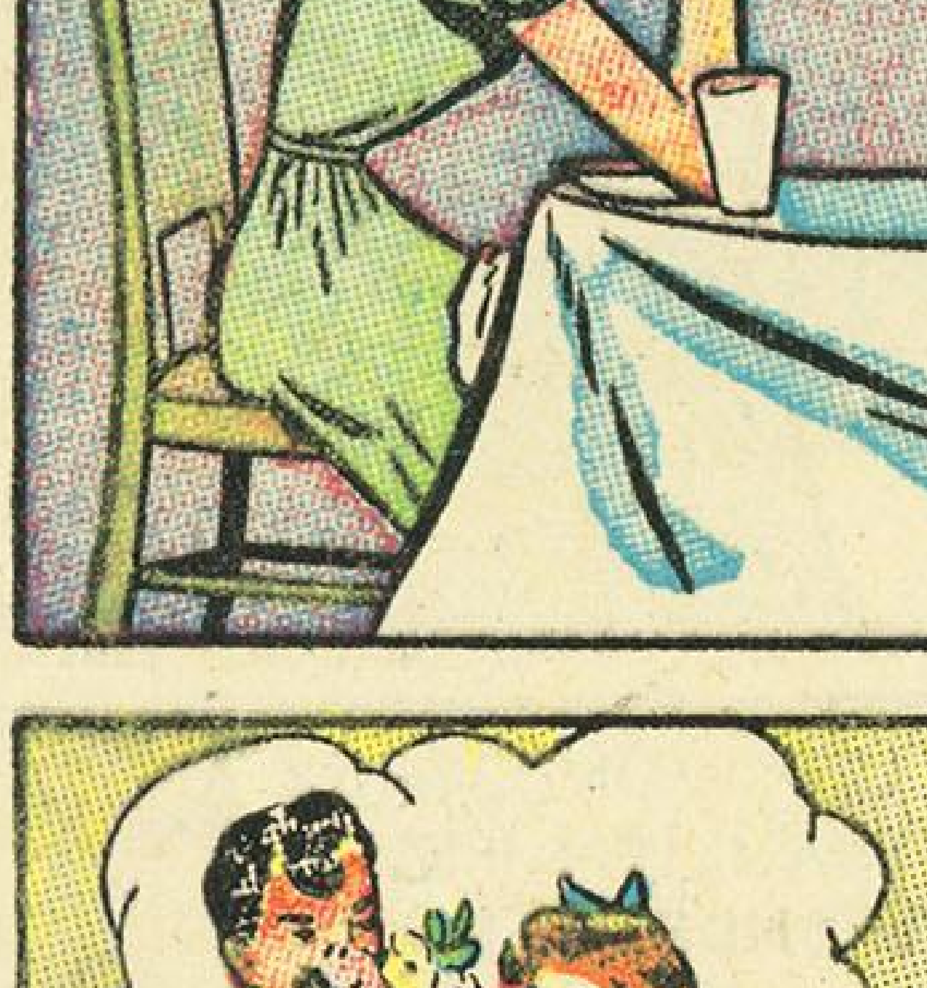
ONE BEAUTIFUL SPRING MORNING AT PATSY WALKER'S HOUSE — — — — — —


♪ THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING — — ♪
— LOVE IN ♪ ♪ BLOOM —
COME AND GET IT, DARLINGS! BREAKFAST IS READY!

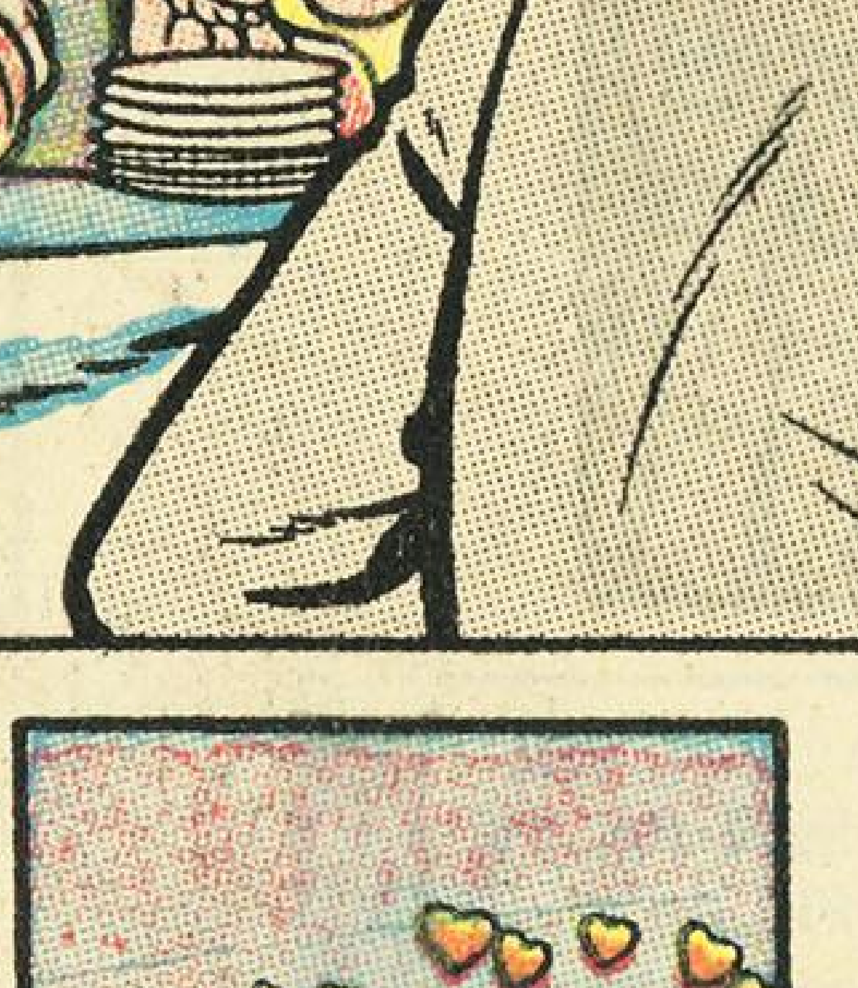
YEP! IT'S SPRING AT PATSY'S HOUSE.


HIYA, GORGEOUS!
STANLEY! NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN!

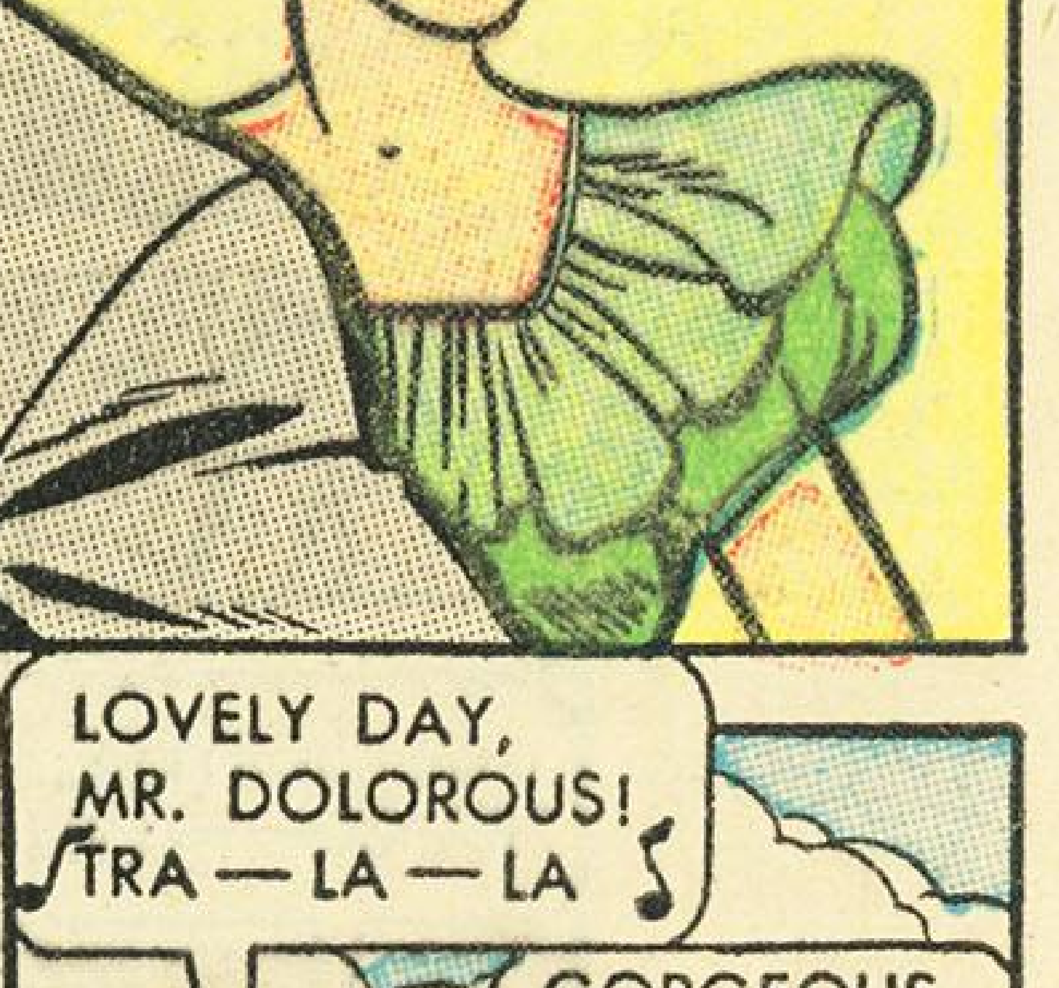
IT'S SPRING IN BUZZ BAXTER'S HEART, TOO.



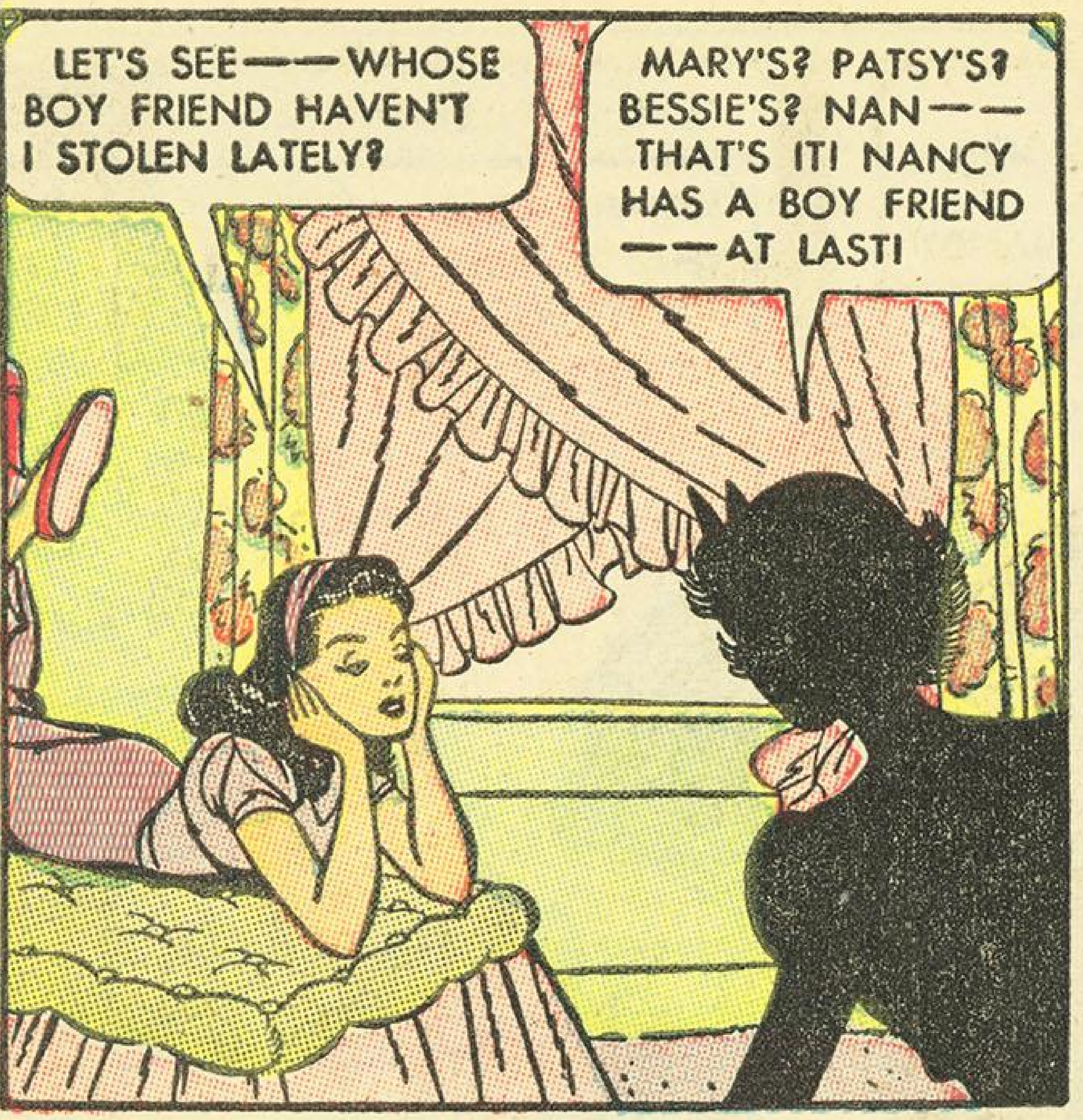
MOST ESPECIALLY IT IS SPRING FOR NANCY AND HER FIRST BOY FRIEND, HANDSOME FRANKLYN LEE.

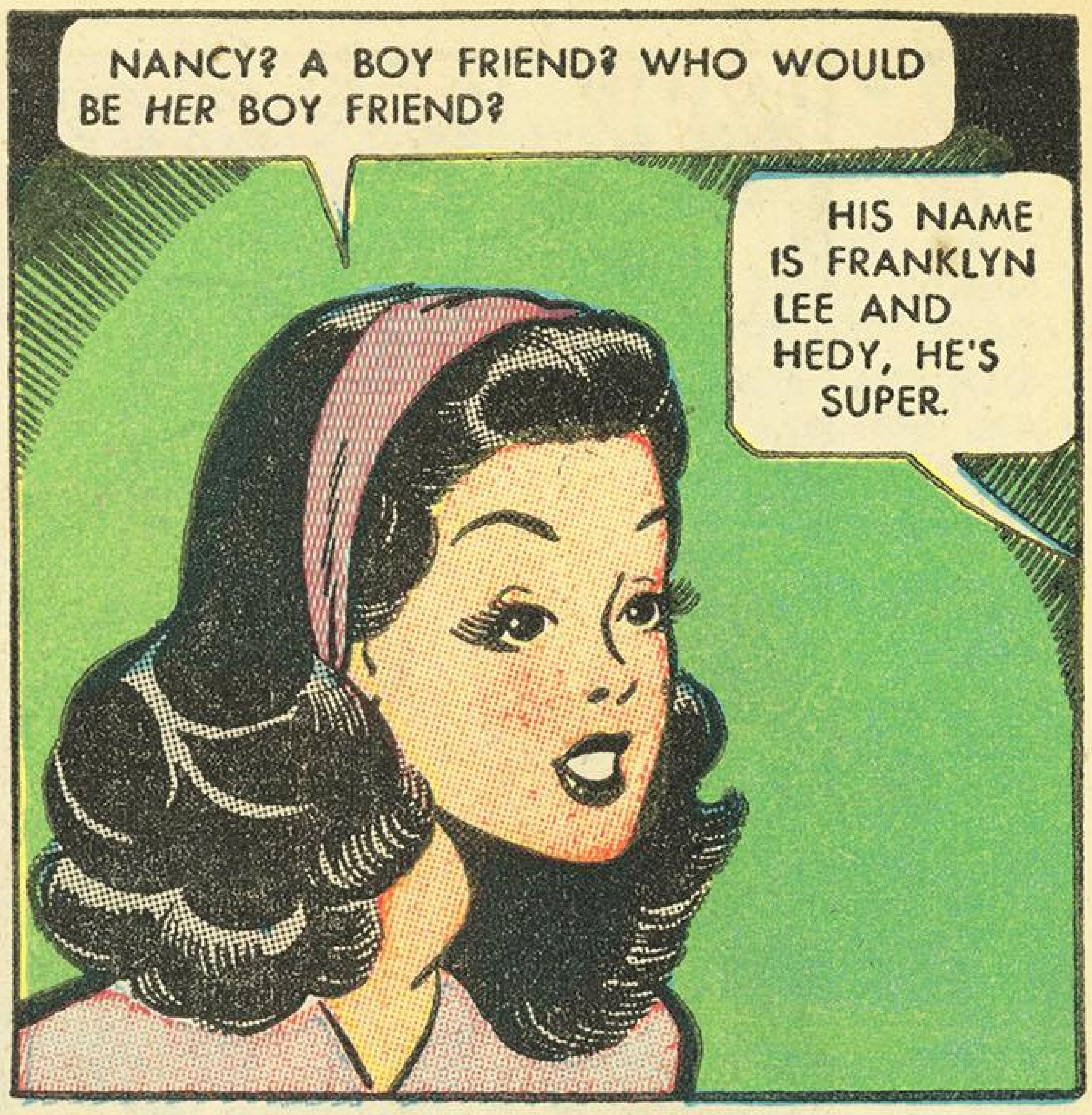


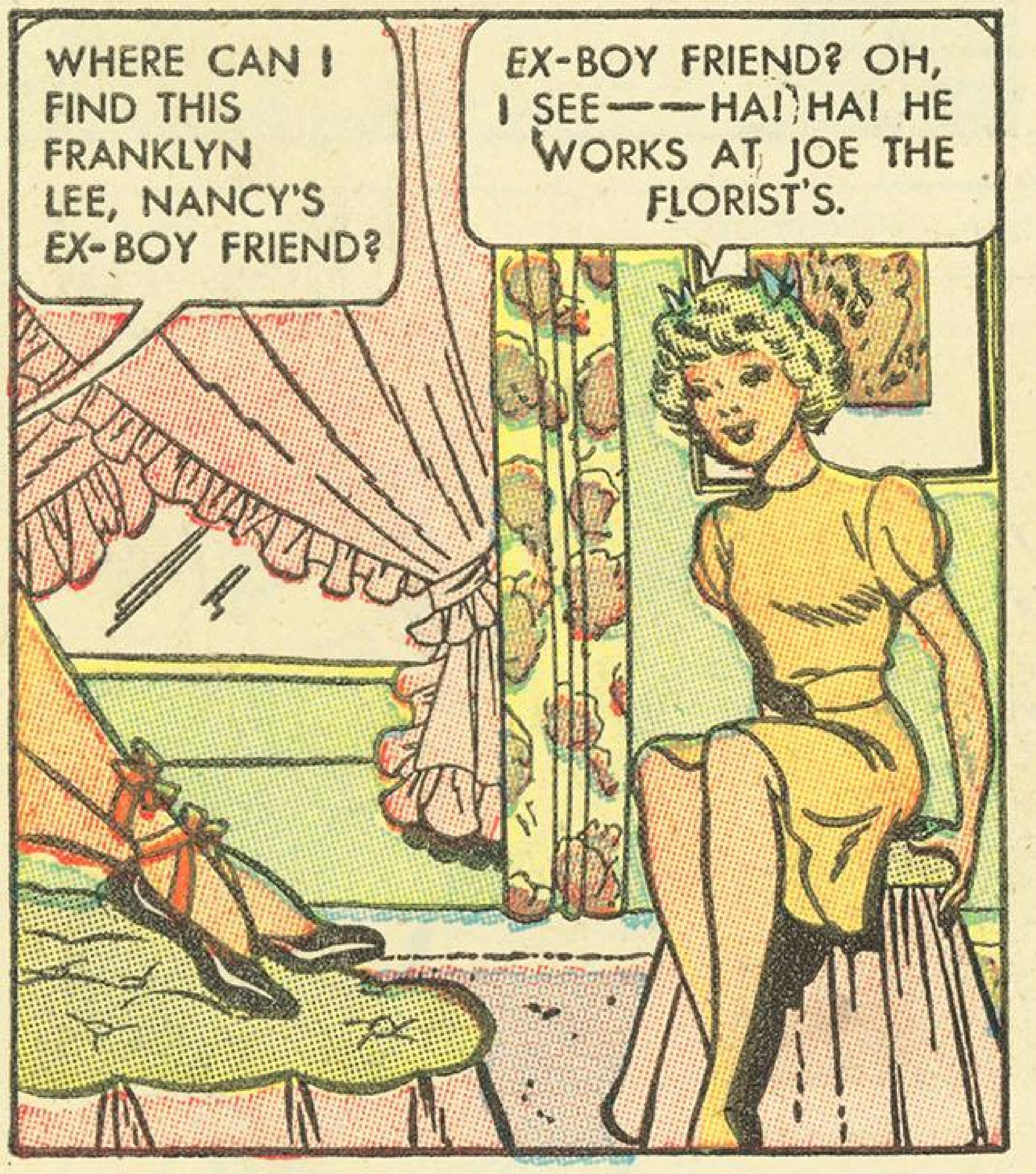
YES, SPRING MAKES EVERYONE YOUNG AND KIND AGAIN, EVEN THE TOWN'S TWO GROUCHES MR. MISERLY AND MR.... BUT WAIT!!!


LOVELY DAY, MR. DOLOROUS! ♪ TRA — LA — LA ♪
GORGEOUS DAY, MR. MISERLY! "MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE"

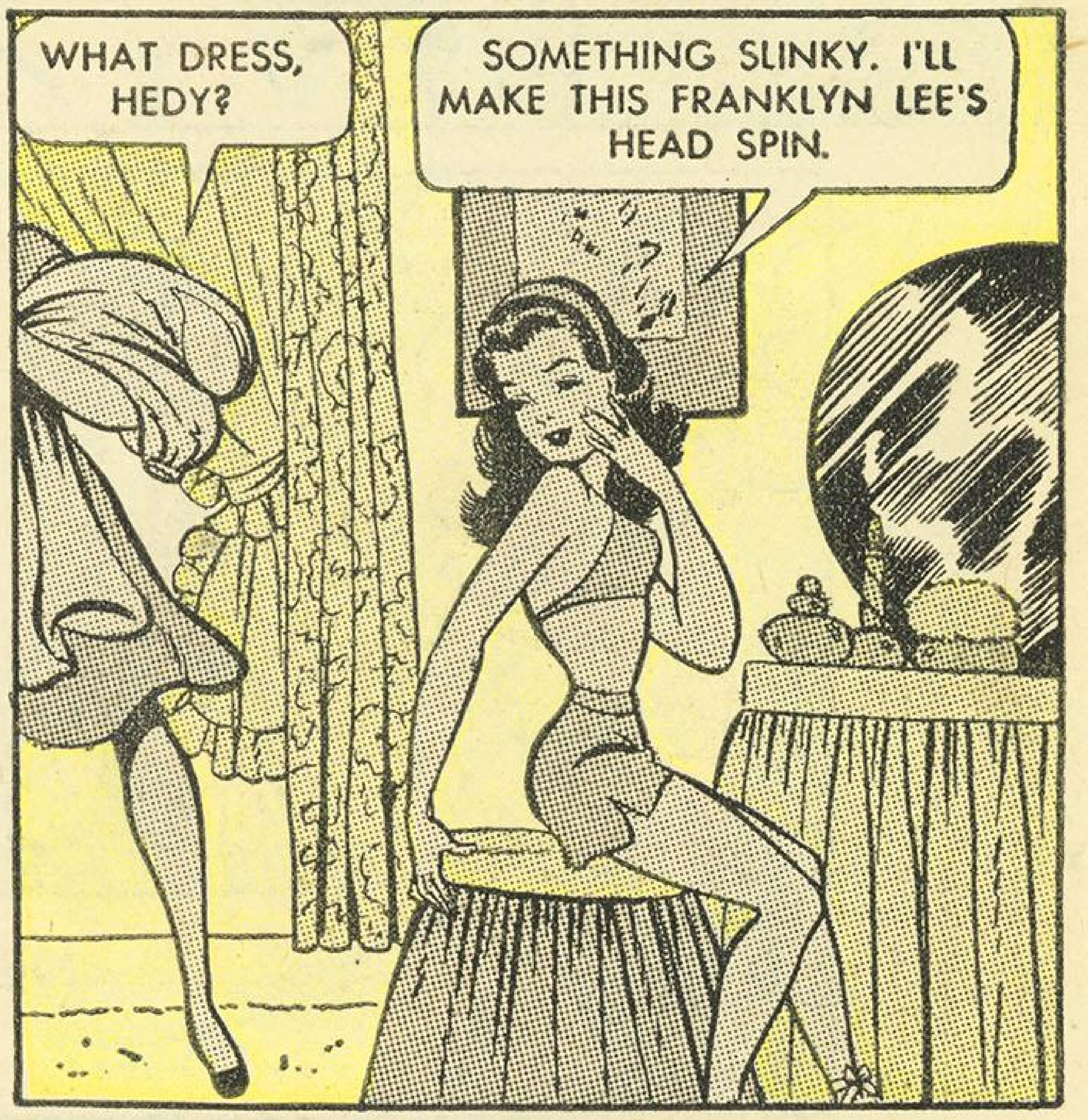
THERE'S ONE GIRL WHO'S OUT OF STEP WITH THE SPIRIT OF SPRING... HEDY WOLFE, AND TO HER, BOO!


LET'S SEE——WHOSE BOY FRIEND HAVEN'T I STOLEN LATELY?
MARY'S? PATSY'S? BESSIE'S? NAN—— THAT'S IT! NANCY HAS A BOY FRIEND ——AT LAST!

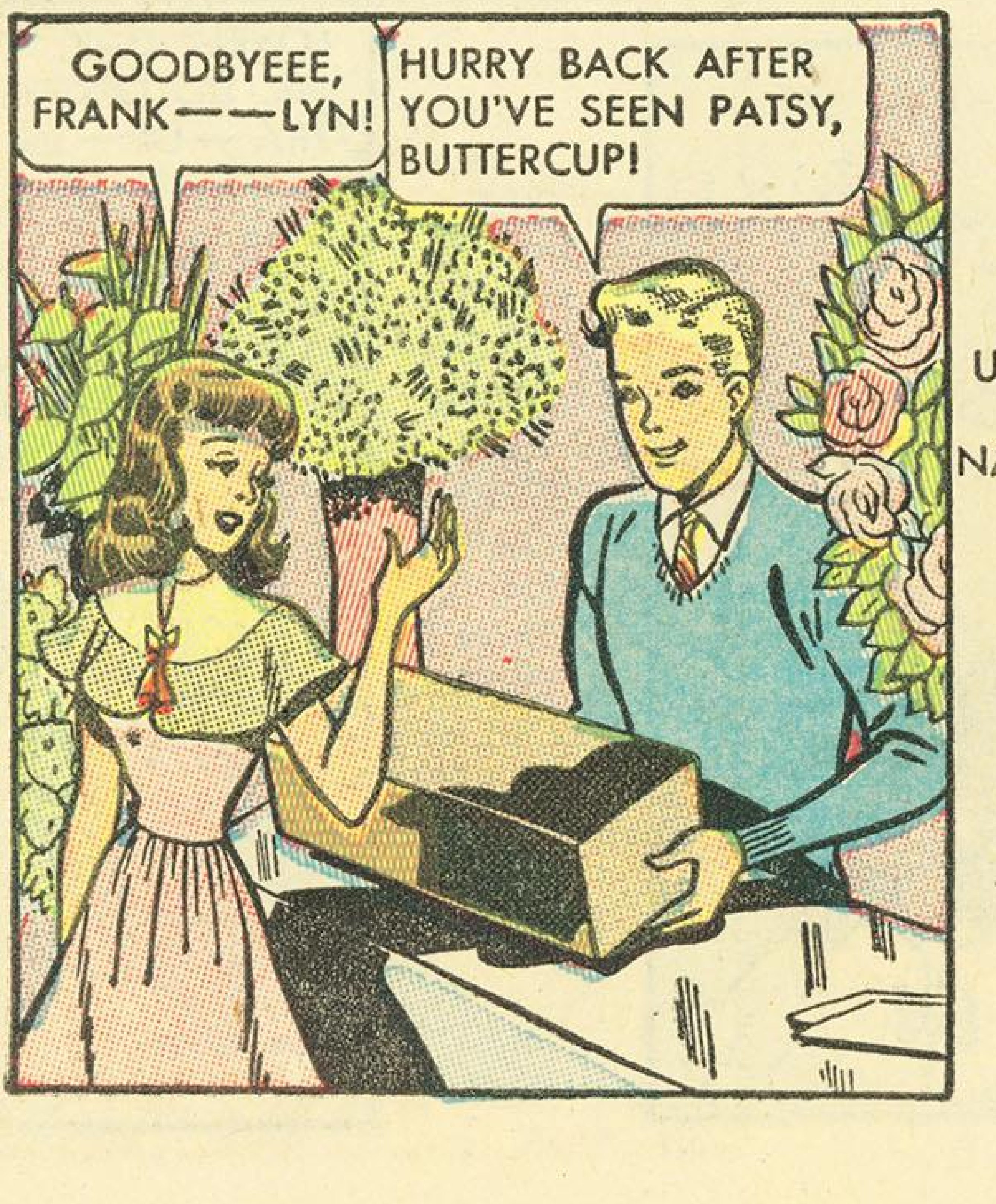

NANCY? A BOY FRIEND? WHO WOULD BE *HER* BOY FRIEND?
HIS NAME IS FRANKLYN LEE AND HEDY, HE'S SUPER.


WHERE CAN I FIND THIS FRANKLYN LEE, NANCY'S *EX*-BOY FRIEND?
EX-BOY FRIEND? OH, I SEE——HA! HA! HE WORKS AT JOE THE FLORIST'S.

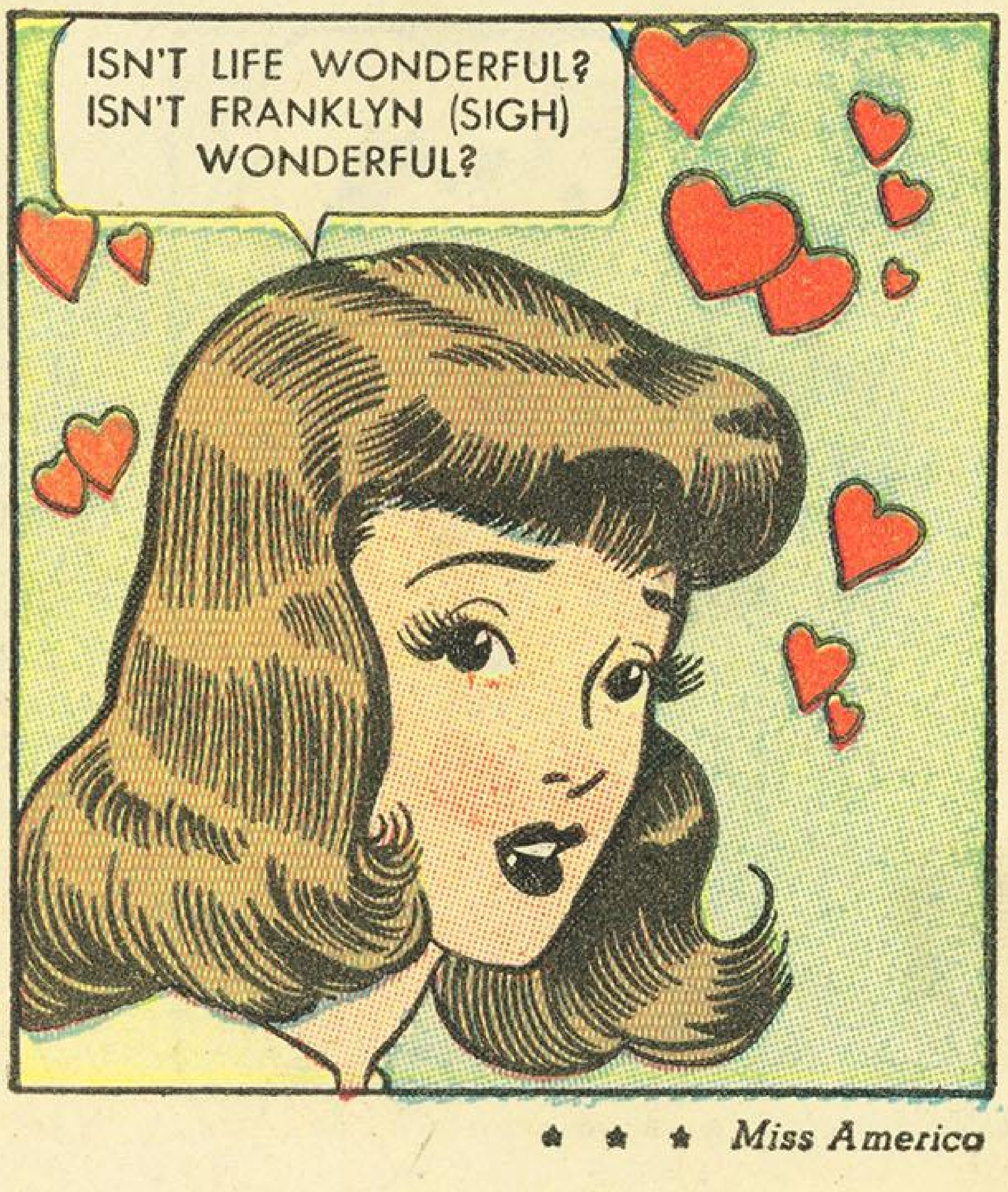
SO HEDY PLOTS TO STEAL FRANKLYN TO DO A DOUBLE BAD TURN, TO HURT PATSY WHILE HURTING NANCY.


WHAT DRESS, HEDY?
SOMETHING SLINKY. I'LL MAKE THIS FRANKLYN LEE'S HEAD SPIN.

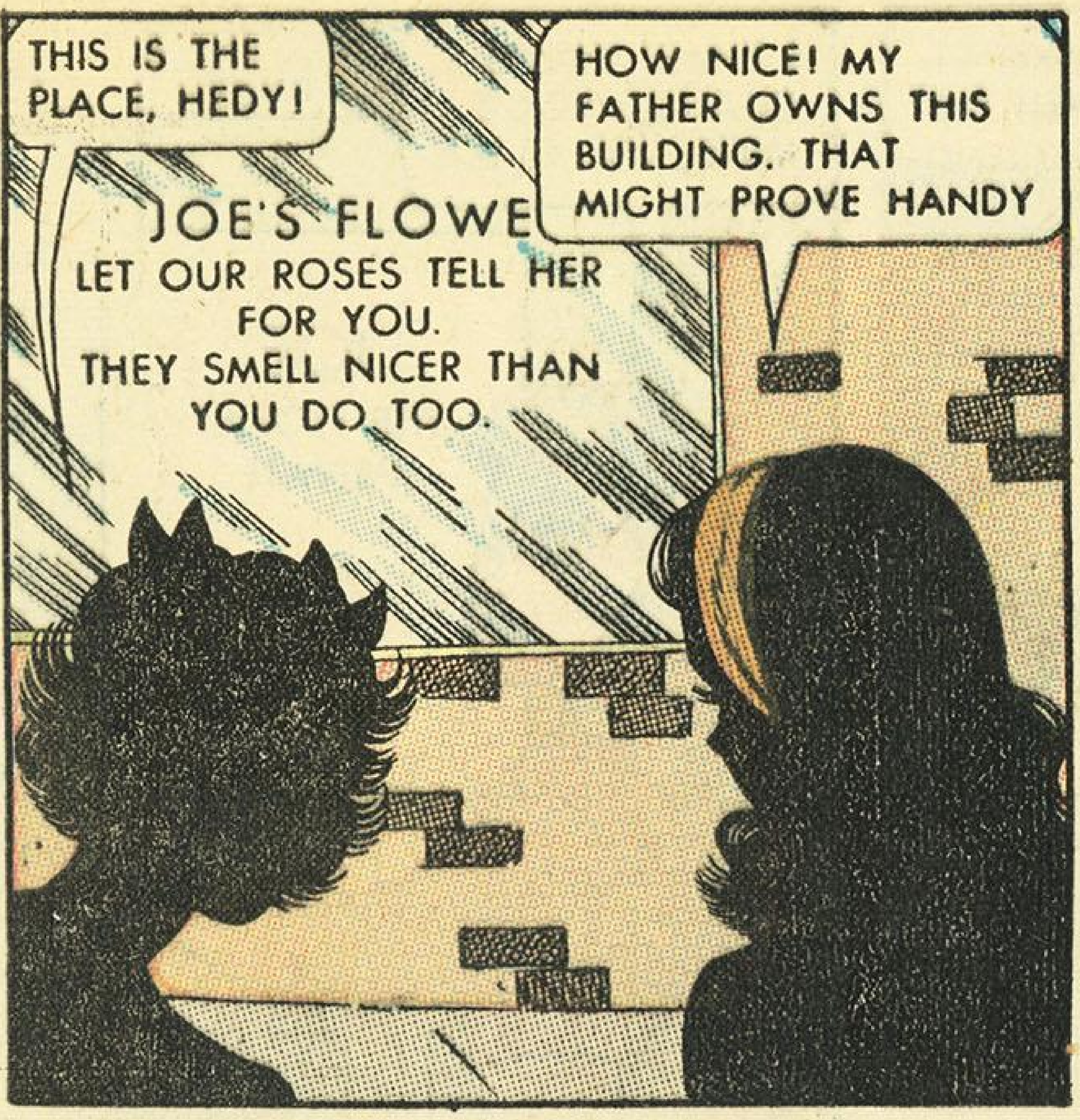
AND WHILE HEDY PLOTS AND POURS JUST BUCKETS OF CHANEL NO. 6¾ ON HERSELF...

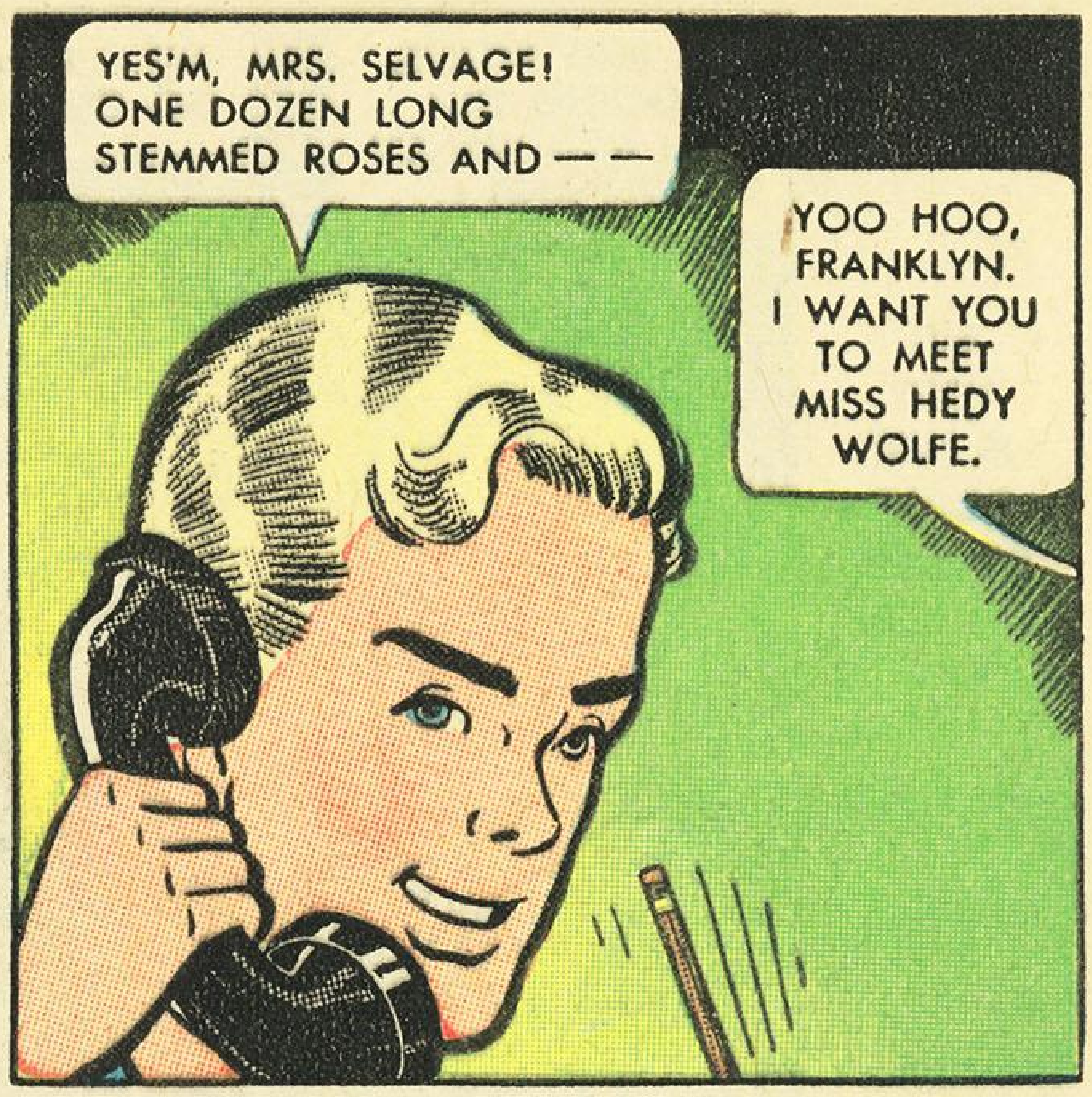

GOODBYEEE, FRANK——LYN!
HURRY BACK AFTER YOU'VE SEEN PATSY, BUTTERCUP!

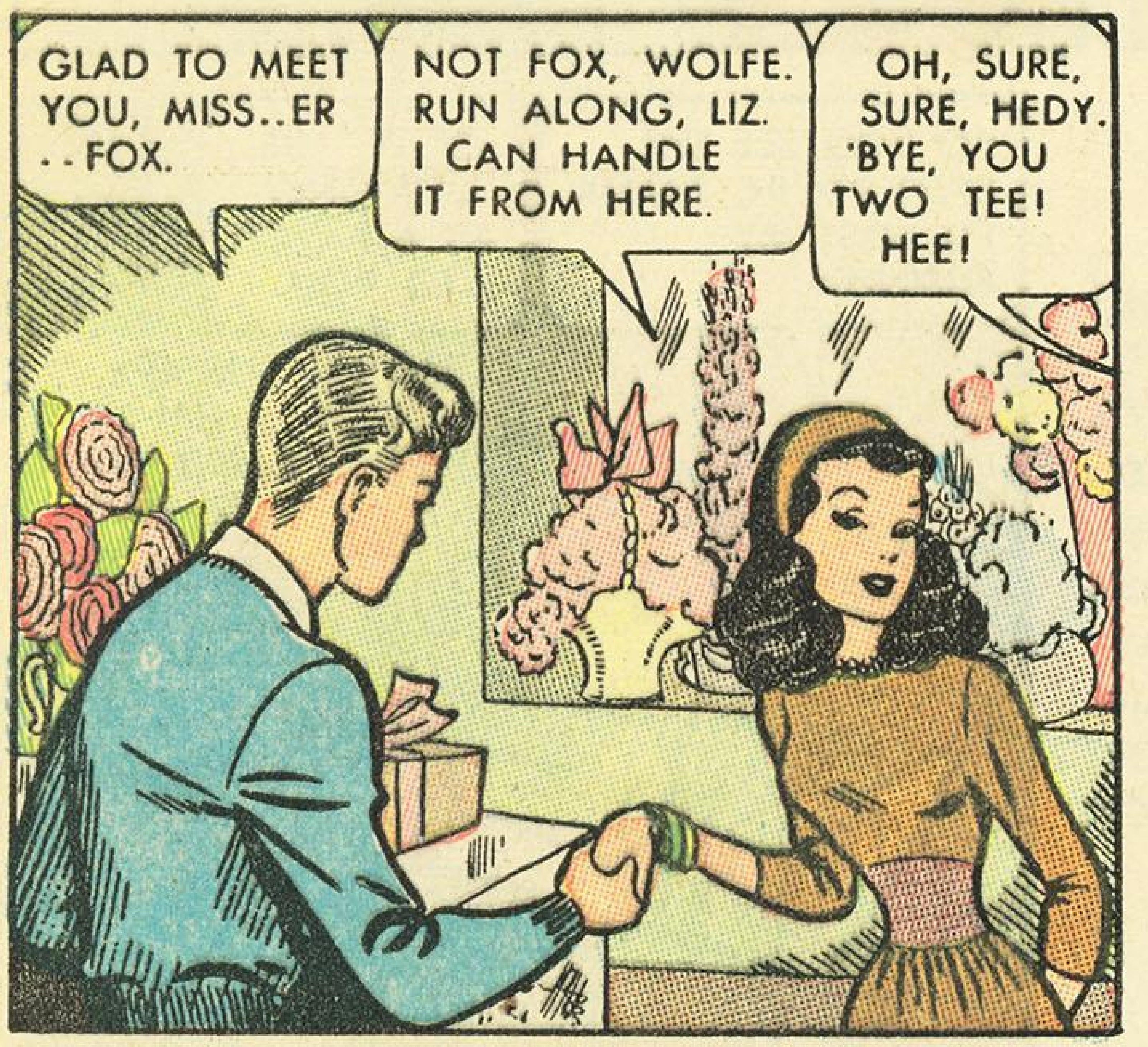
SO THE UNSUSPECTING NANCY TRIPS OFF TO SEE HER BOSOM FRIEND, PATSY.


ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL? ISN'T FRANKLYN (SIGH) WONDERFUL?

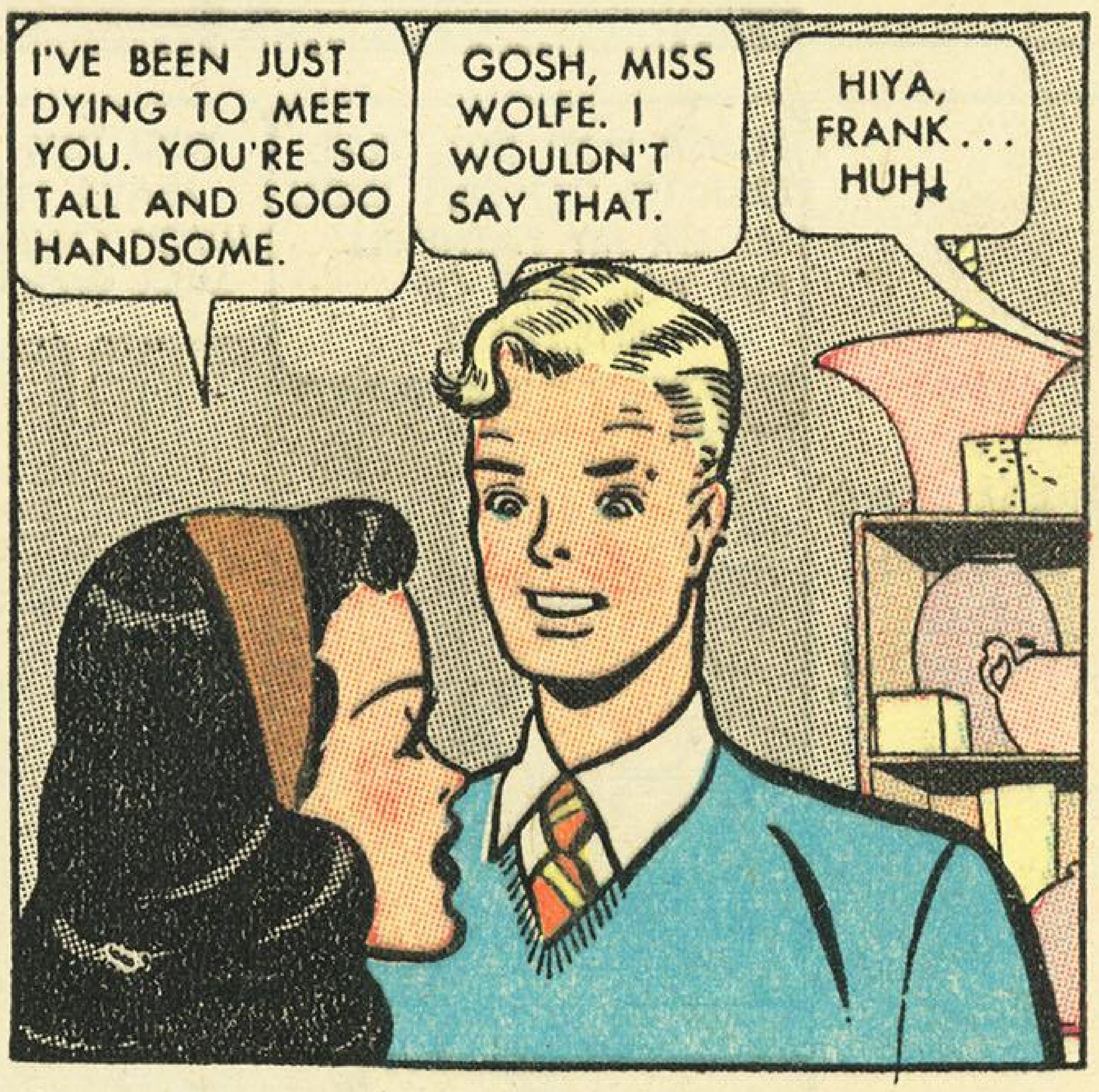
HARDLY HAS NANCY GONE THAN WHO APPEARS CLANKING HER JEWELRY AND REEKING OF CHANEL 6¾? RIGHT!


THIS IS THE PLACE, HEDY!
HOW NICE! MY FATHER OWNS THIS BUILDING. THAT MIGHT PROVE HANDY
JOE'S FLOWE
LET OUR ROSES TELL HER FOR YOU. THEY SMELL NICER THAN YOU DO TOO.

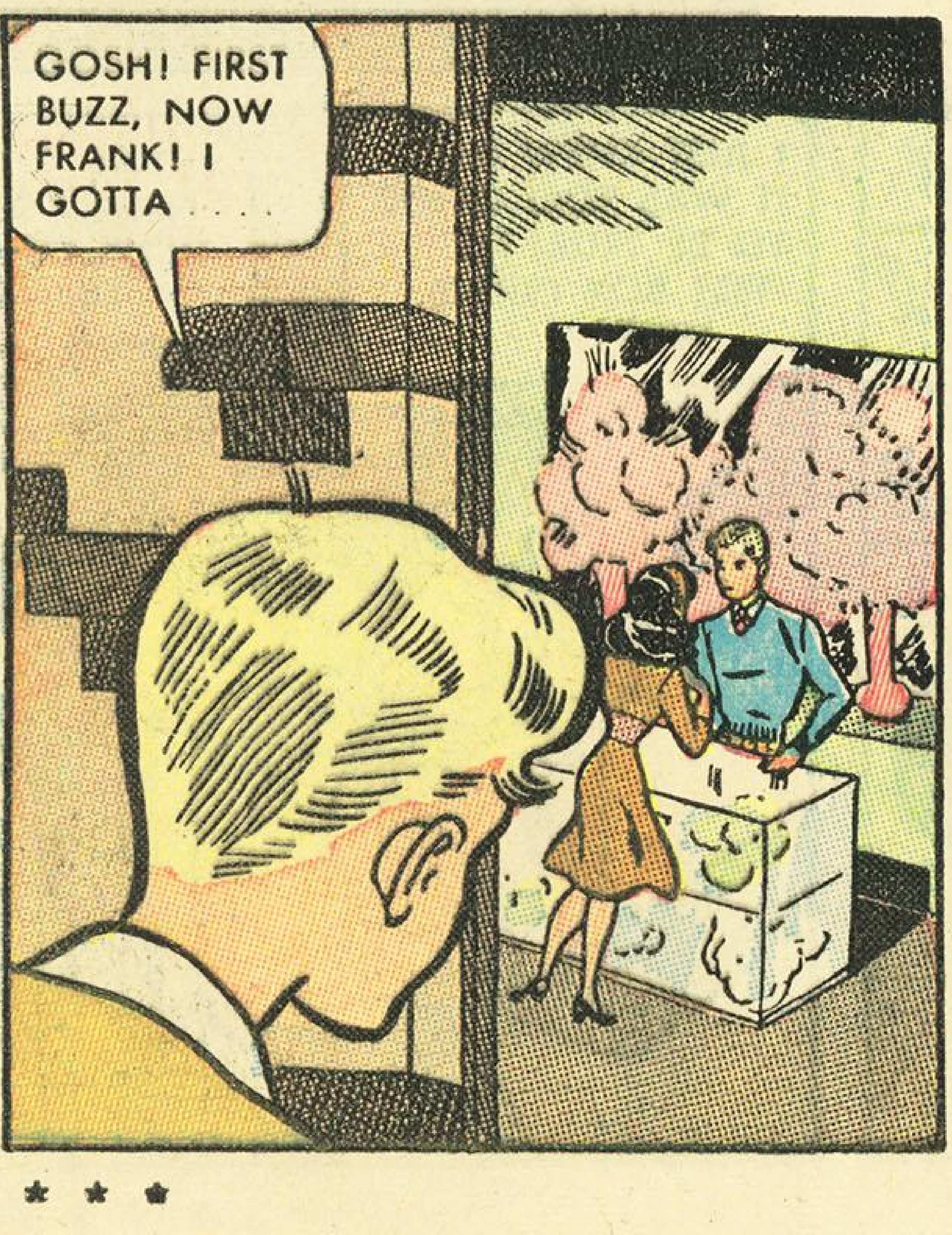

YES'M, MRS. SELVAGE! ONE DOZEN LONG STEMMED ROSES AND — — —
YOO HOO, FRANKLYN. I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS HEDY WOLFE.


GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS..ER ..FOX.
NOT FOX, WOLFE. RUN ALONG, LIZ. I CAN HANDLE IT FROM HERE.
OH, SURE, SURE, HEDY. 'BYE, YOU TWO TEE! HEE!

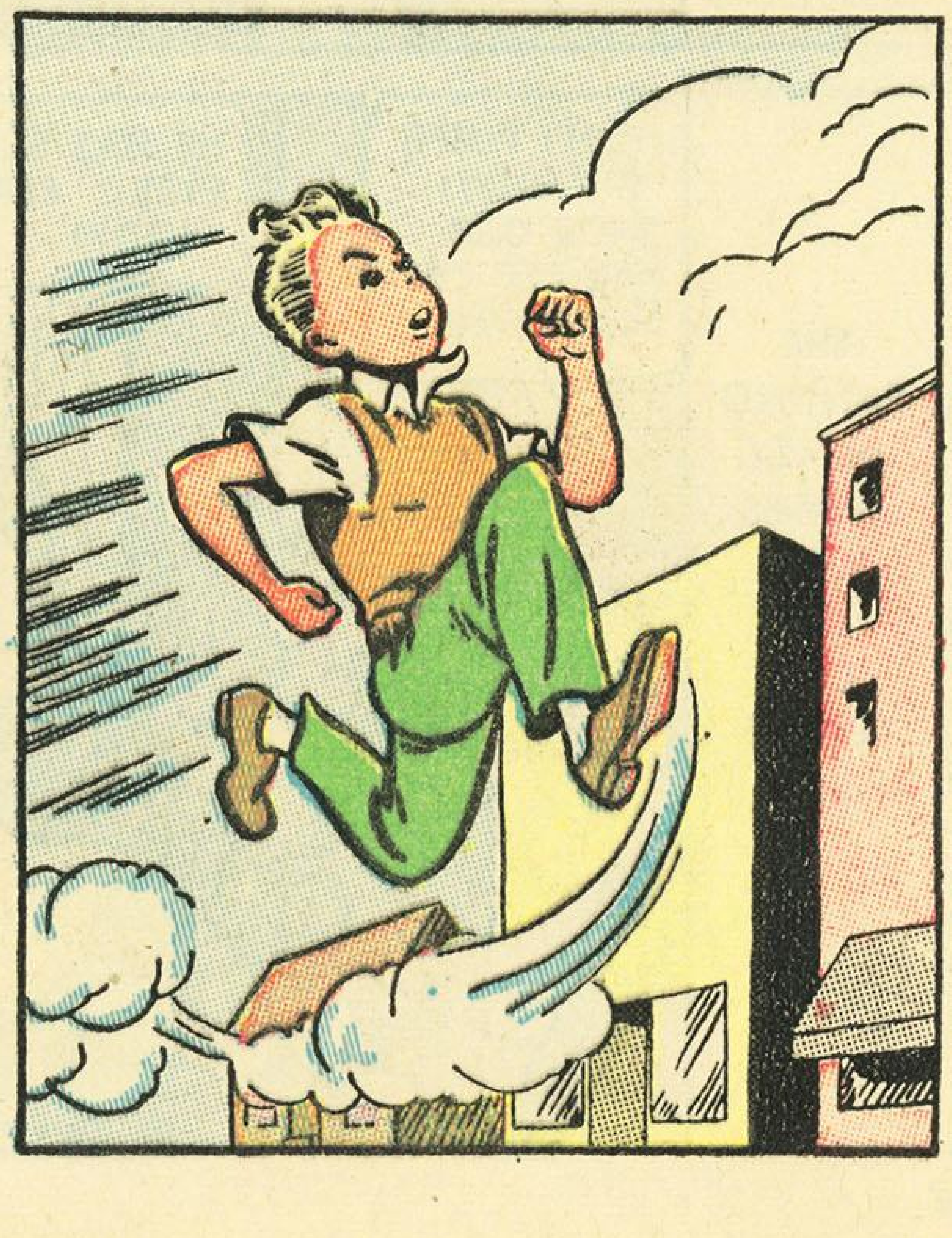
HM! DOES THAT HEDY LAY IT ON THICK!

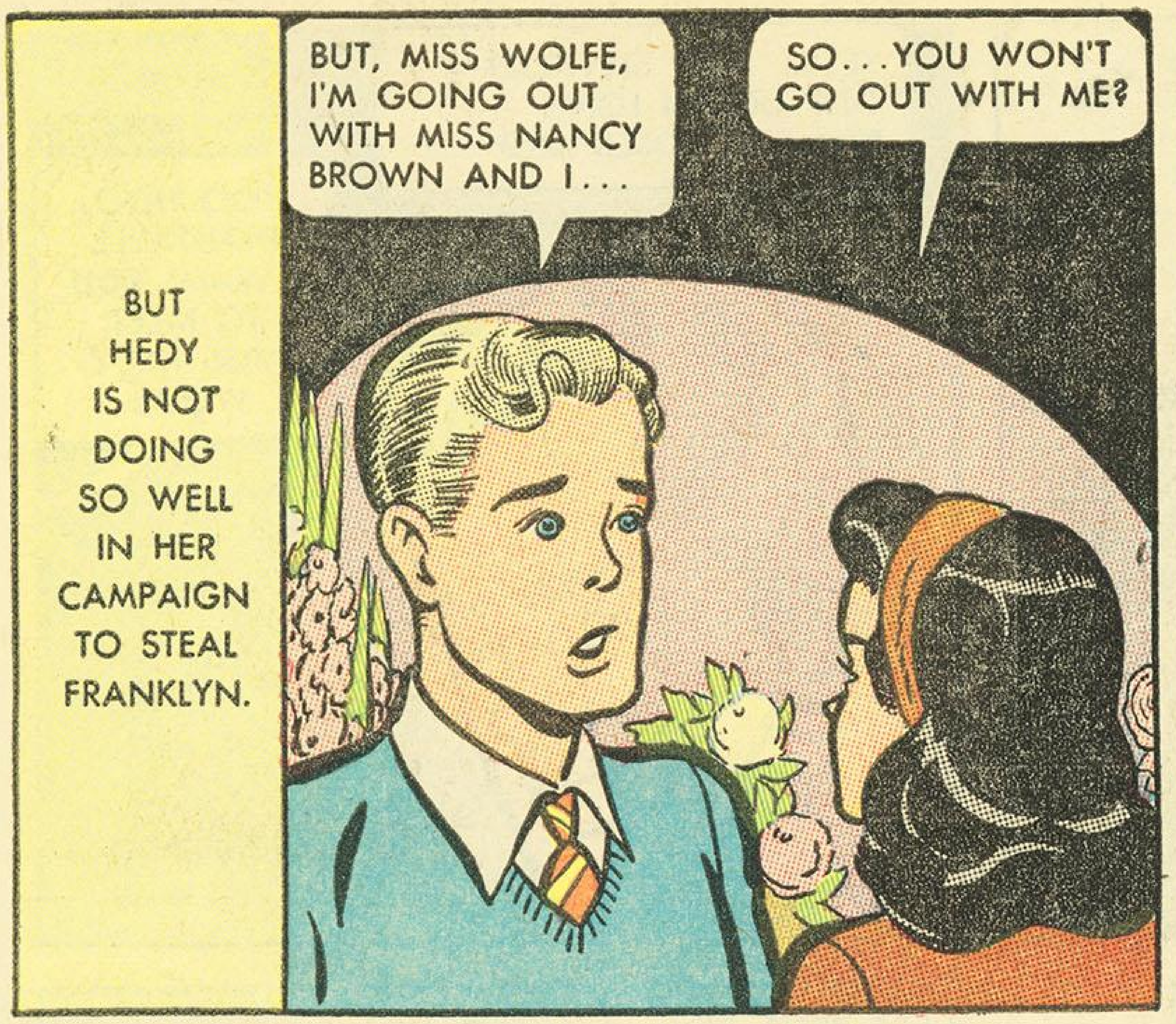

I'VE BEEN JUST DYING TO MEET YOU. YOU'RE SO TALL AND SOOO HANDSOME.
GOSH, MISS WOLFE. I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.
HIYA, FRANK... HUH!

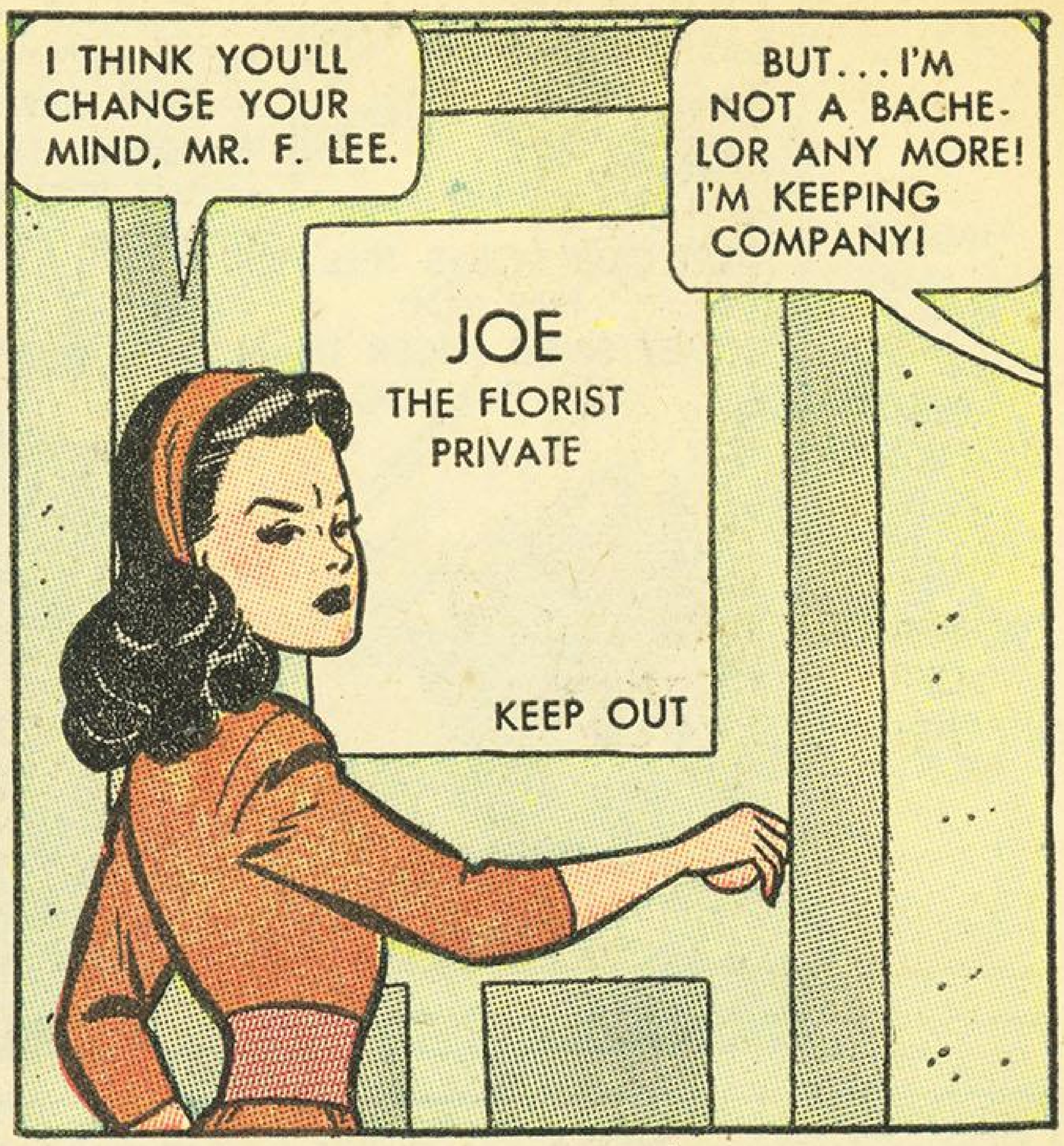
AND JUST AS HEDY REALLY GETS GOING WHO ARRIVES BUT MICKEY WALKER.

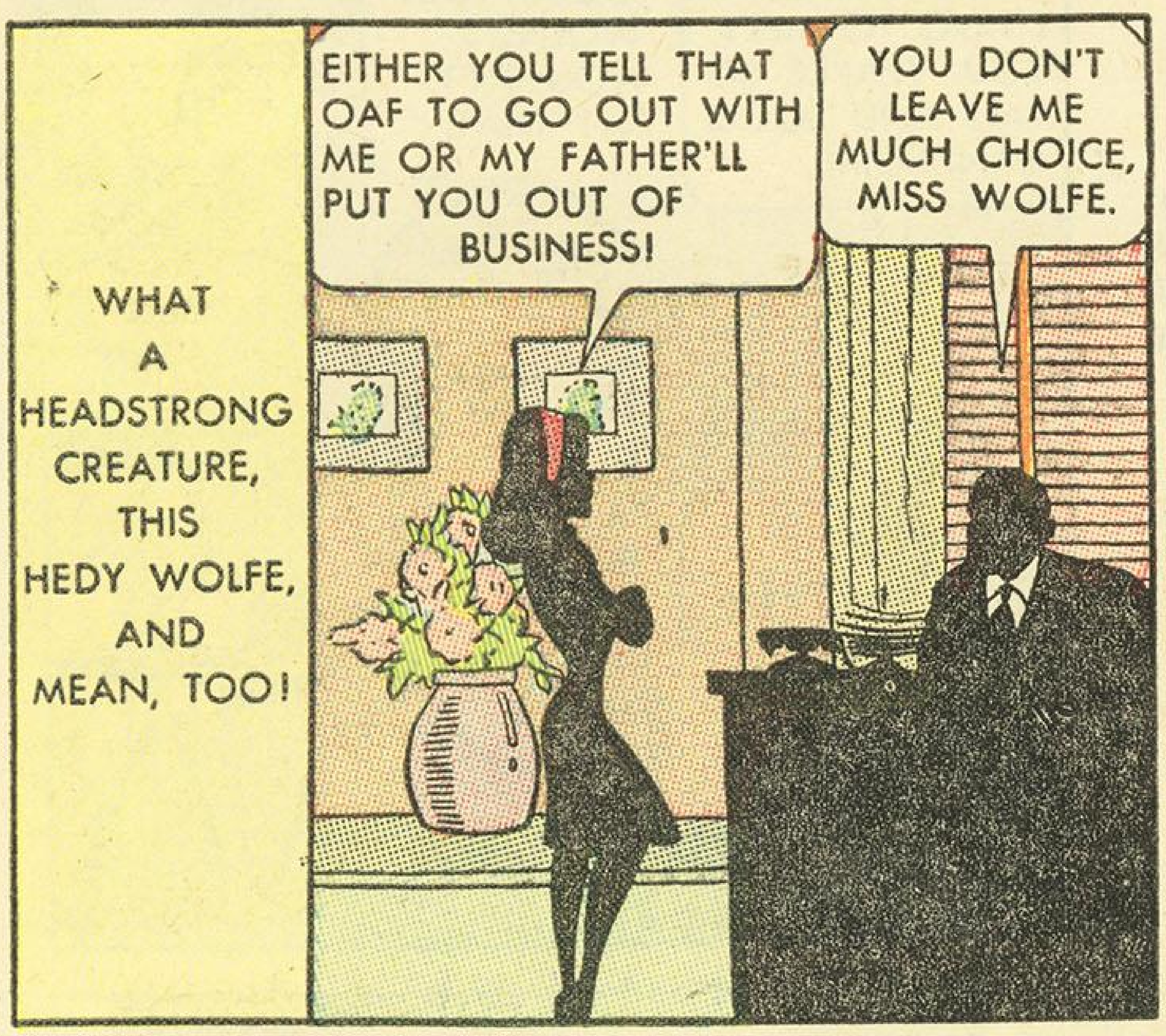

GOSH! FIRST BUZZ, NOW FRANK! I GOTTA....

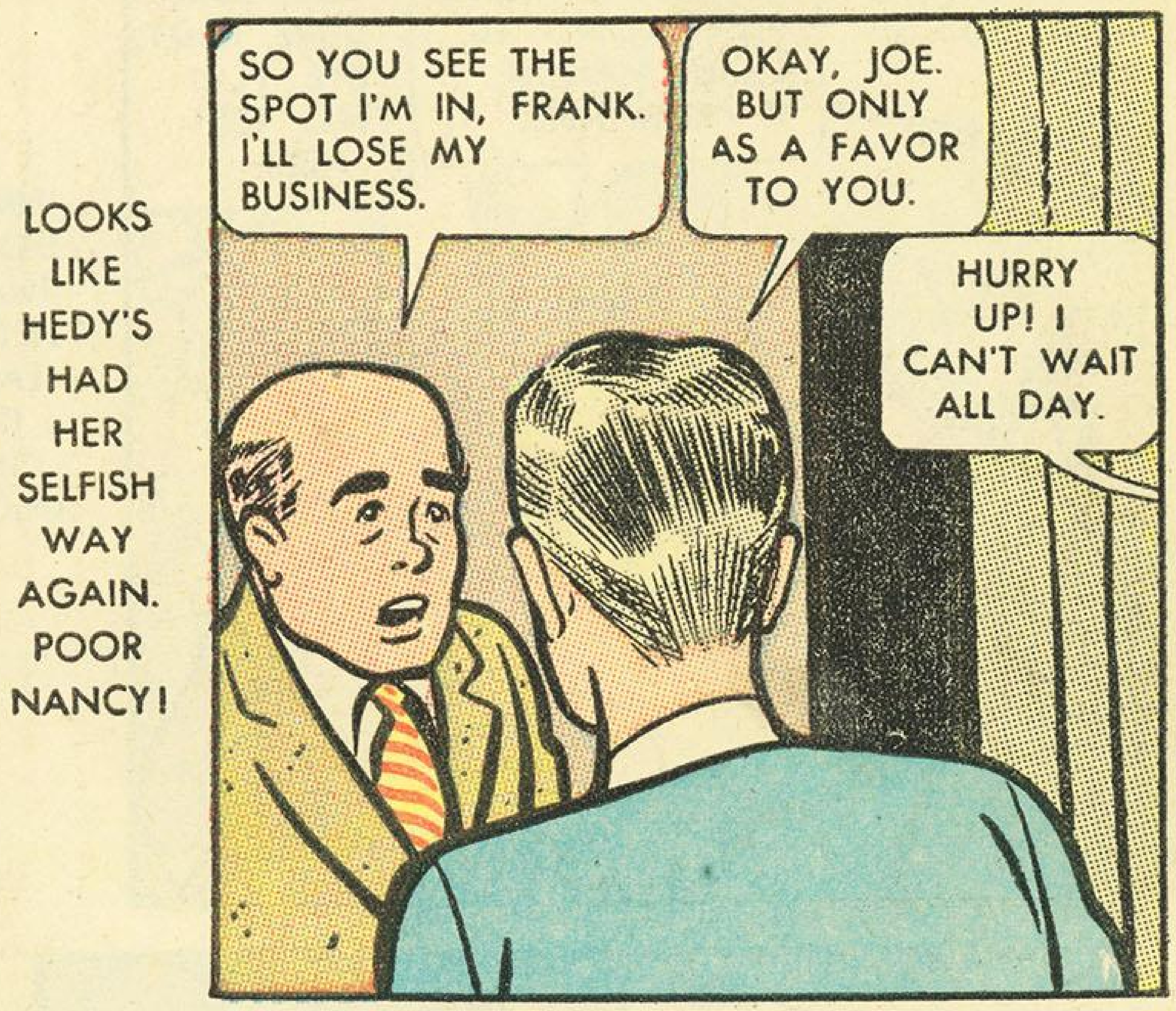
AND SO LIKE PAUL REVERE, MICKEY GALLOPS OFF TO SPREAD THE ALARM... HEDY'S ON THE WAR PATH AGAIN!

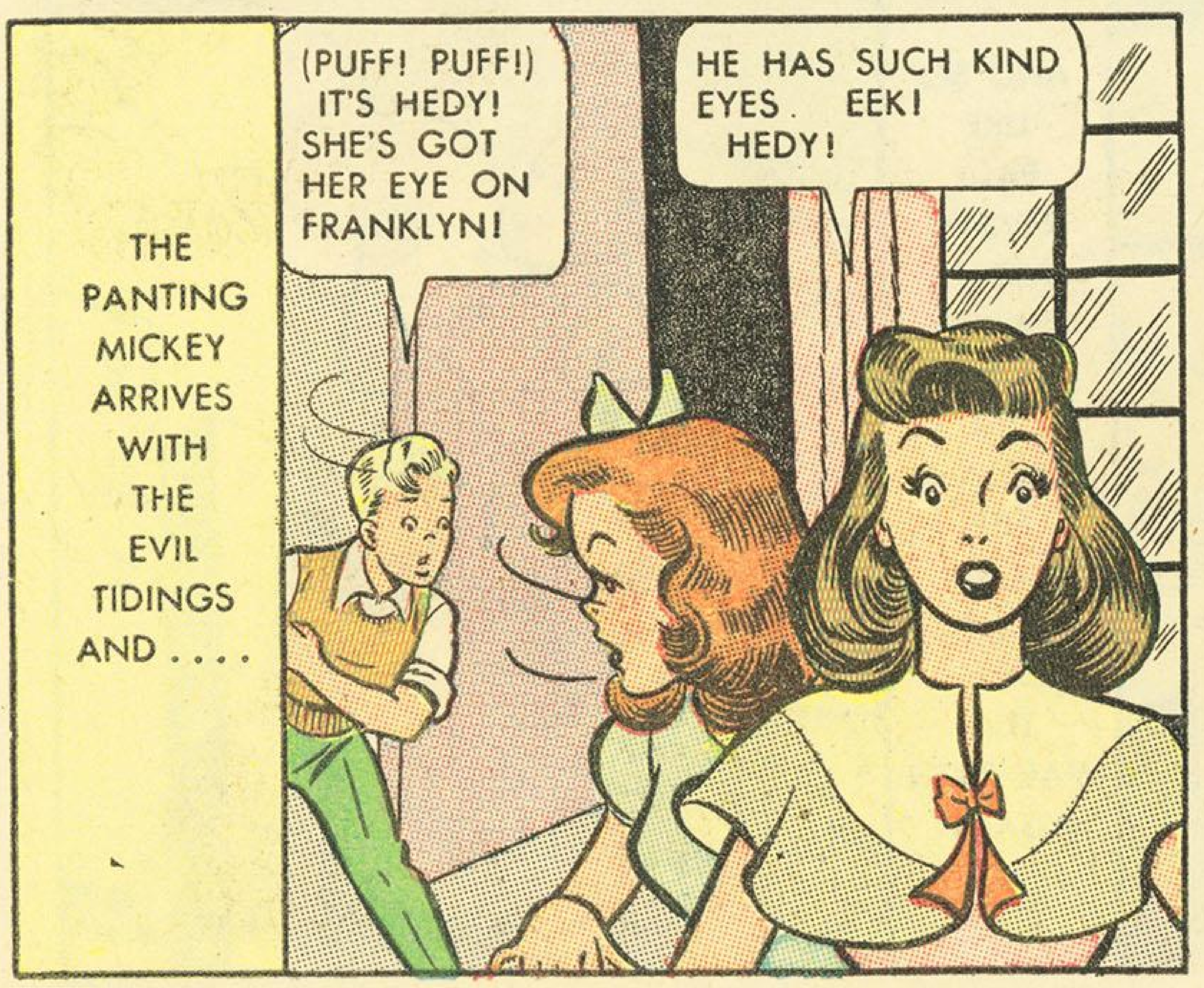


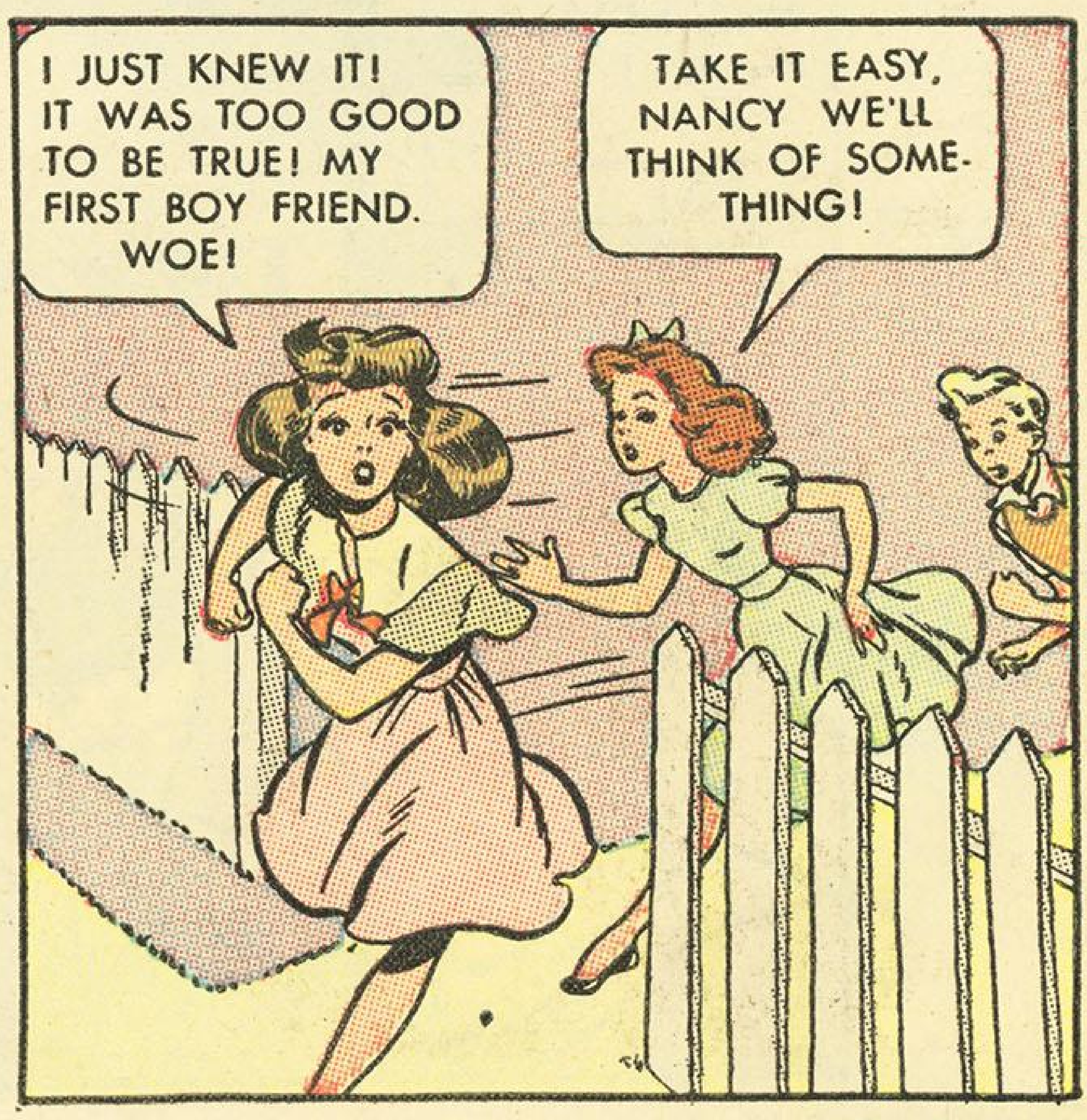

BUT HEDY IS NOT DOING SO WELL IN HER CAMPAIGN TO STEAL FRANKLYN.
BUT, MISS WOLFE, I'M GOING OUT WITH MISS NANCY BROWN AND I...
SO...YOU WON'T GO OUT WITH ME?


I THINK YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND, MR. F. LEE.
BUT...I'M NOT A BACHELOR ANY MORE! I'M KEEPING COMPANY!
JOE THE FLORIST PRIVATE
KEEP OUT

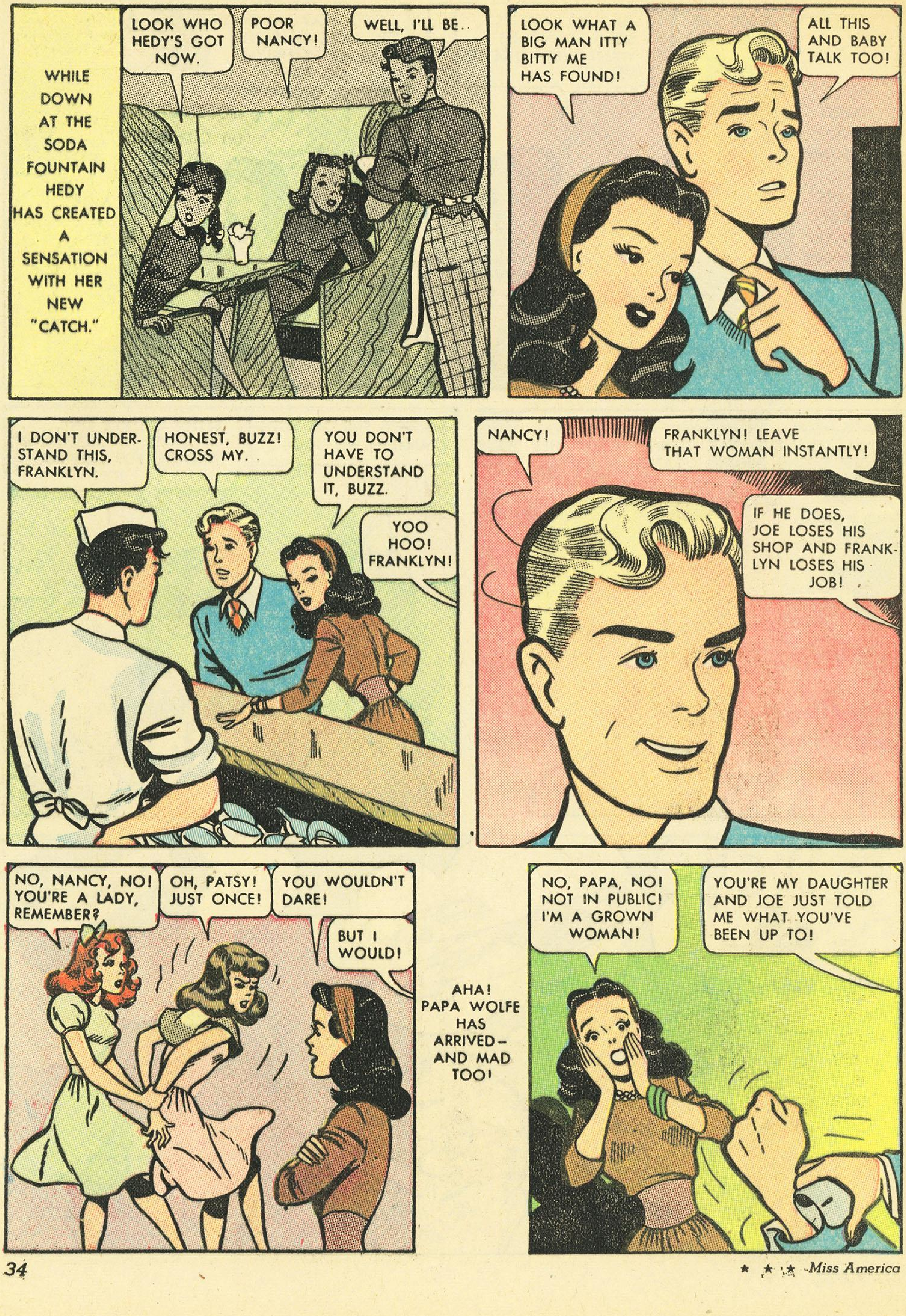

WHAT A HEADSTRONG CREATURE, THIS HEDY WOLFE, AND MEAN, TOO!
EITHER YOU TELL THAT OAF TO GO OUT WITH ME OR MY FATHER'LL PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!
YOU DON'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE, MISS WOLFE.


LOOKS LIKE HEDY'S HAD HER SELFISH WAY AGAIN. POOR NANCY!
SO YOU SEE THE SPOT I'M IN, FRANK. I'LL LOSE MY BUSINESS.
OKAY, JOE. BUT ONLY AS A FAVOR TO YOU.
HURRY UP! I CAN'T WAIT ALL DAY.


THE PANTING MICKEY ARRIVES WITH THE EVIL TIDINGS AND....
(PUFF! PUFF!) IT'S HEDY! SHE'S GOT HER EYE ON FRANKLYN!
HE HAS SUCH KIND EYES. EEK! HEDY!


I JUST KNEW IT! IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MY FIRST BOY FRIEND. WOE!
TAKE IT EASY, NANCY WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

WHILE NANCY AND HER FRIENDS RACE TO THE RESCUE, HEDY ABDUCTS HER UNWILLING VICTIM!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO BUZZ BAXTER'S SODA FOUNTAIN! I WANT EVERY ONE TO SEE US.
WHICH WAY DID THAT TEEN-AGE KIDNAPPER TAKE MY FRANKLYN, MR. JOE?
JUST A MINUTE UNTIL I EXPLAIN, MISS NANCY.
JOE'S FLOWERS
LET OUR ROSES TELL HER FOR YOU.
THAT'S HOW IT WAS. FRANK IS JUST TRYING TO SAVE MY BUSINESS.
YOU MEAN SHE WAS GOING TO GET HER FATHER TO CANCEL YOUR LEASE?
WHERE'D SHE GO WITH FRANKLYN, MR. JOE?
BETTER RESERVE ONE OF THOSE "IN MEMORIAM" WREATHS FOR HER, MR. JOE.
THEY WENT TO THE SODA FOUNTAIN, I THINK.
CENSORED


WHILE DOWN AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN HEDY HAS CREATED A SENSATION WITH HER NEW "CATCH."
LOOK WHO HEDY'S GOT NOW.
POOR NANCY!
WELL, I'LL BE..
LOOK WHAT A BIG MAN ITTY BITTY ME HAS FOUND!
ALL THIS AND BABY TALK TOO!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS, FRANKLYN.
HONEST, BUZZ! CROSS MY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IT, BUZZ.
YOO HOO! FRANKLYN!
NANCY!
FRANKLYN! LEAVE THAT WOMAN INSTANTLY!
IF HE DOES, JOE LOSES HIS SHOP AND FRANKLYN LOSES HIS JOB!
NO, NANCY, NO! YOU'RE A LADY, REMEMBER?
OH, PATSY! JUST ONCE!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
BUT I WOULD!
AHA! PAPA WOLFE HAS ARRIVED— AND MAD TOO!
NO, PAPA, NO! NOT IN PUBLIC! I'M A GROWN WOMAN!
YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER AND JOE JUST TOLD ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO!

BEING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NONE OF OUR FRIENDS EVEN "PEEK" WHILE HEDY IS SPANKED BUT.....
WHACK! WHACK!
STOP, PAPA!
I MUST CONFESS THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT HURTS ME!
LOOKS BAD FOR NANCY-FRANKLYN ROMANCE, DOESN'T IT?
NOW EXPLAIN TO ME, MISTER LEE, JUST WHAT HOLD HEDY HAS ON YOU!
BUT, NANCY...
AND YOU LISTEN TO ME, NANCY BROWN...
BUT, BUT...
YOU CAN'T TALK TO NANCY LIKE THAT, PATSY!
TRULY THE PATH OF THE PEACEMAKER IS TOUGH.
SHE-SHE THREATENED ME!
THERE, THERE, NANCY, I'LL PROTECT YOU.
BUT GOLLY... I ONLY...
THINK NANCY'S REALLY MAD AT ME, BUZZ?
DON'T BE SILLY, CUPID WALKER. YOU HELPED SAVE HER BOY FRIEND FOR HER, DIDN'T YOU?

Hollywood's Younger Set

From page 4

Van and I sat on the staircase and talked about -Well, all of you. Van loves his fans. Can't say enough about his appreciation for all of you who've really set him up there as America's Favorite Boy Friend.

Too, Van says to tell you he tries to answer all of your letters, which is some job. And he's absolutely right. Anyone so gracious as to write to him, certainly deserves an equally gracious answer.

Van left the party early. He plays tennis at seven-thirty a.m. and believes in "early to bed, early to rise," etc., etc.

No, Van didn't bring a date. Which makes every Miss America a possible and potential Mrs. Van Johnson! There, how does that look in print! MRS. VAN JOHNSON! Remember, to date there are no announced candidates!

True, Van did rush out to Chicago, where Sonja Henie was appearing on tour with her Ice Follies. But it was a friendly visit.

Jimmy Stewart came to the party—alone. You'll be thrilled when you see him again in pictures. He has gained weight but still retains that wistful appeal his fans adore.

Another charming young actor, who is raveroo. is Glen Langan, who came to a party at my house. Glen plays the lead in "Dragonwyck." and even my best beau remarked that Glen is very handsome.

June Haver was one of the guests at the Kent party. She was asked to play the piano. I thought it was just a gag. For Junie sings. But you should hear that girl play and her own compositions too! She introduced me to her mother, who is so young and cute you'd say she was Junie's 25-year-old sister June is an especially beautiful girl off the screen.

So many of your letters are asking about handsome Clark Gable. Well, Clark's new movie is about the atomic bomb and is called "The Beginning or The End." Angela Lansbury draws the much coveted lead in Clark's next movie, "Lucky Baldwin." Clark, who is Big Sister's and Mom's triple heart hero seems to rate Miss America's favor too.

Joan Carrol, who celebrates ten years on the screen on her fourteenth birthday, is going to star in "Babes in Toyland" for Puppetoons. Joan almost stole the show in "Bells of St. Mary's."

Dashed over to Paramount to have lunch with pretty Virginia Welles, who is one teen-age starlet who is going places fast. It was the first day steaks had been put on the menu, and half abashed (for steaks are considered directors' and producers' meat) Virginia and I bravely ordered a filet. Shhhhh . . . Virginia's dating Johnny Coy, Paramount dancer, who is getting such loads of fan mail, so suddenly

In the Commissary we noted Ray Milland and our favorite Bob Hope.

Went to the Jerry Colonna's big party and spent a delightful evening sitting with the Alan Ladds. Laddie's new tie, with three little hand-painted dogs, was cute on him. And Sue's new wrist watch bracelet of gold with tiny charms of diamonds, rubies and sapphires will be widely copied. It was Alan's original idea. Their baby, Alana, is getting lots of movie offers these days. Wouldn't it be something to see Alan and Alana in a movie together?

TAKE A MAY POLL...

OR a June or Christmas-in-July one. . . . You'll find that MISS AMERICA rates tops with teeners ALL year round. . . . And no wonder! It's tuned to teen times. . . . With spritely feminine finery (from fashion-Hi's, budget-wise pages) . . . charm chatter, poise and popularity patter . . . sweet—or hot—music notes. . . . Recipes, comics, fiction — galore! Date data — how to dress and what to say when you're out with the O-A-O. . . . Party tips, Hollywood "star dust" and more, and more, and more! Each issue fresh as a May jonquil. . . . To be sure of getting your copy of MISS AMERICA from May through December, SUBSCRIBE to this popular teen magazine now. Don't, f'goodness sake, depend on newsstand copies—they're sold out a few hours after they're received. So clip the coupon on the left to receive your MISS AMERICA Magazine, every single month!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one) for a subscription to MISS AMERICA.

NAME...AGE..................

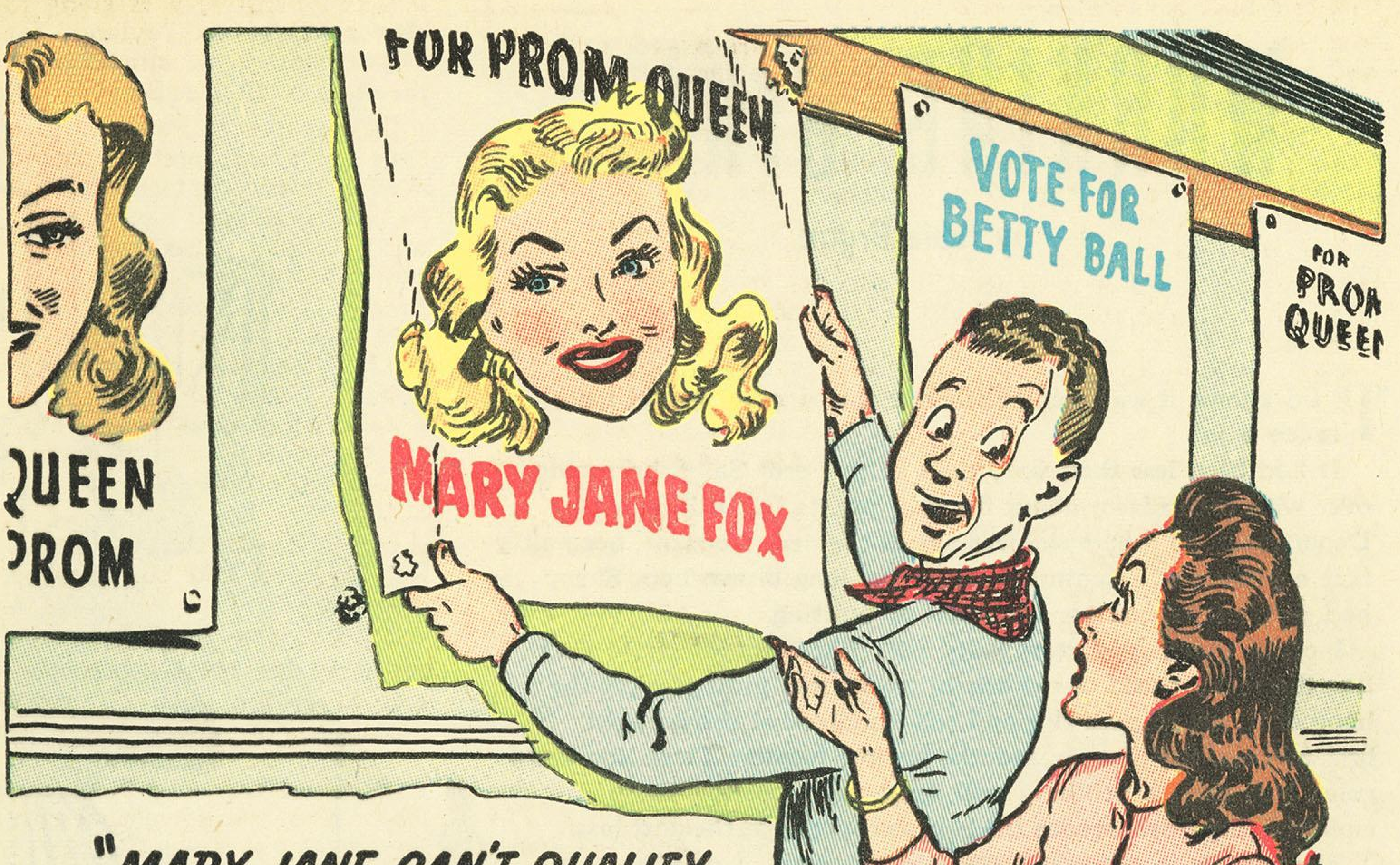
ADDRESS...

CITY...................................STATE..............................

Canada: $1.20 for 1 year / $1.80 for 2 years

Please send check or money order (not cash) to:

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Dept. C



"MARY JANE CAN'T QUALIFY UNTIL THE OTHER GALS GET FLORESS, THE NEW FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK, TOO!"

FIVE SHADES

- Pink
- Neon Red
- Sequin (true red)
- Twilight Fuchsia
- Blue Flame

It's Wonderful! It's Different! Charge your lips with glistening color drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle containing shimmery Florium. See Hi-lights by day at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility *plus* a non-chap emollient give you for the first time *radiated* color imperishable lip magic all in one! It's so new—try it now. Send for generous $1.00 size in beautiful Gold Metal Swivel Case or send for trial sizes.

Send for your trial sizes NOW

CHECK SHADES

☐ Pink
☐ Neon Red
☐ Sequin (true red)
☐ Twilight Fuchsia
☐ Blue Flame

FLORESS, DEPT.238B 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.
*In Canada: Floress, Dept.238B 22 College St., Toronto

Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here ( ) if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for
☐ REGULAR $1 SIZE in beautiful gold metal swivel case.
☐ I enclose $1.20 tax included.
☐ Send C.O.D. $1.20 plus postage.

NAME ______ ______ (Print Plainly)
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ ZONE ____ STATE ______
*In Canada: Large Size is $1.35—C. O. D.'s Accepted

WORKING GIRL...

by Ibbie Bryan

Make way for the most breath-taking moment of your life—your Business Debut... But watch out, you Breadwinners-to-be, for Ibbie's list of pitfalls! Oodles of luck, Miss America!

"IF I'd known it was going to be like this, I never would have taken a job."

It had been less than sixty days since I sent Sally, brimming over with enthusiasm about her first job, to our Adjustment Department. And here she was across the desk from me, her pretty face a picture of resentment under the long brown bob. She had just announced her intention of quitting.

I could understand how Sally felt. The business world isn't like the social world or the school world, and until you get the hang of it, it's rugged. But as I tell hundreds of discouraged first-jobbers, the first six months are the hardest. Once you learn rules, you can fit in like a well-oiled cog, avoiding those embarrassing sessions with the boss as expertly as the next lass.

The trouble is, nobody bothers to tell most of you the "don'ts" of business. You learn all about shorthand and typing, comptometry and filing, how to weigh mail and what to do when the boss doesn't want to see Mr. Jones. But there's more to it than that. If you want to reach that coveted status, called "experienced" without painful trial and error, there are a few "must nots" you should keep in mind every minute of your working day. Even if your working days seem a long way off it will pay you to read and save these pointers. And you can always make use of them if you do summer work or hold a part-time job after school, for the same rules apply.

PERSONNEL MANAGER
PERSONNEL MANAGER

1. *Don't pass the buck.* If you make a mistake, take the credit, however dubious. It's no fun, of course, to have to say, "I did it." And you may be able to get away a few times with letting Mary Smith take the blame, but once you get a buck-passer reputation, you're in for trouble. Your co-workers won't be cooperative when you need assistance, and they'll be complaining about you to the boss on one pretext or another. After a while, he may begin to wonder if you aren't a disturbing influence in the department.

2. *Don't talk too much.* When the company hired you, they bought your hours for a specific time, and they aren't going to take kindly to your using their "property" for personal reasons. Besides, the less you say, the less you can be quoted, and you'll soon learn that being quoted can run into complications in the business world.

3. *Don't be afraid you'll do more than your share.* Sure, it's Jane's job to sort the mail every day, but if your supervisor asks you to lend her a hand, don't wail, "But that isn't my job." Supervisors have a habit of remembering those little things when they're recommending raises, and every time you do a job other than your own, you'll be learning one more angle of business to add to your experience.

4. *Don't ask for special favors.* The girl who wants to come in half an hour late, leave early, change her lunch hour or take the day off to go shopping is a "problem child" to department heads. If everybody asked for such privileges, the wheels of industry would soon stop turning, and they can't afford to play (*Continued on page 40*)

favorites. Remember, you're getting paid for this.

5. *Don't let your feelings get hurt.* When your superior criticizes your work, remember there's nothing personal in it. It's all part of his job, and if you dissolve into tears or refuse to speak for the rest of the day, you'll slow down production.

Just say politely, "I'm sorry, it won't happen again," and go on with your job. You aren't the only one who has to take criticism. Remember, the supervisor, department head and all the rest of the organization right on up the line occasionally find themselves "on the carpet."

6. *Don't pretend you know more than you do.* Much better to ask questions and get things right. After all, you're new at this, and you aren't expected to be a genius. Explaining things to you is part of your supervisor's job.

7. *Don't flirt.* Not on company time. Romance is a disturbing factor in the office, and frowned upon by Mahogany Row. That young chap in Accounts Payable may be a dead ringer for Van Johnson, but this is no place to bring him to tow. If you simply must find out what makes him tick, invite him to come calling, and then get back to your transcription.

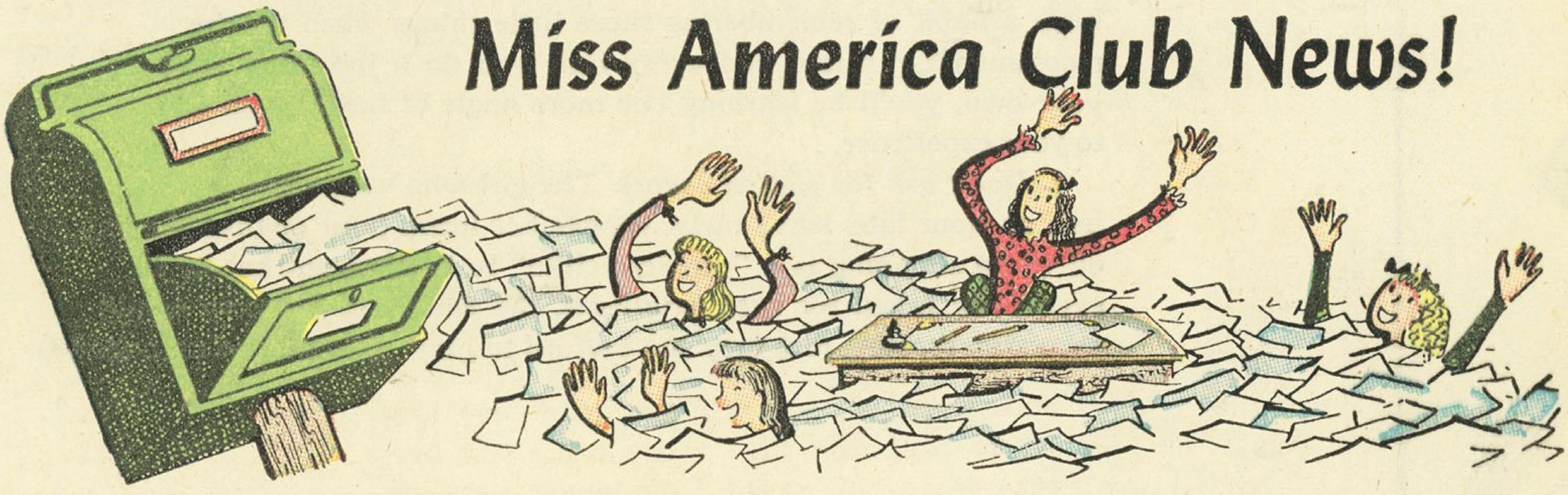
8. *Don't forget your dignity* The other day I walked into one of our departments and found an attractive young lady sitting on the edge of a desk, swinging her open-toed pumps and humming happily No crime, of course, but it simply isn't done in business. Oh, sure you've seen Mr Merchandise-manager perched on a desk, but that, my pretty miss, is something else altogether. When you get to be merchandise manager, you can sit on a desk too—if you still want to.

9. *Don't start feeling sorry for yourself because Mary's salary exceeds yours.* Maybe she's been there longer, maybe she has a more responsible job. Maybe she does a better job than you do. Whatever the reason, you won't accomplish anything by resenting it. Concentrate on improving your own performance and you'll get further. And while we're on the subject, it isn't smart to discuss your salary with the girl at the next desk. That's a private affair.

10. *Don't get personal.* What the other girls do outside the office comes under the head of their business. Don't ask questions, and if through the grapevine, you hear of something which you can't approve of, keep in mind that you're only working with them. You aren't required to get intimate. The rules call for nothing more than courtesy, and you don't have to approve to give that.

At this stage of the game, I'm sure you won't be able to see the reason for all these "mustn't-mustn'ts," but take my word for it, you'll avoid many an unpleasant tussle if you'll stick rigidly to them until you get through your debut. Then you can decide for yourself whether they're workable!

Miss America Club News!



IT'S "full speed ahead!" now, for the MISS AMERICA Club! Thousands and thousands of letters are pouring in—letters from Texas and Timbuctoo, from California and Kalamazoo, letters from Montreal and Montana—letters, letters, letters! We're swimming up to our earlobes in 'em! And, we're trying to answer them as quickly as possible —We *know* you girls are plenty anxious to see those Charters and By-Laws. We know, because we've seen them. (Lucky us!) And um, um—they're worth waiting for They've got real seals, are so "legal" and good-looking —you'll love them!

Looking ahead a bit, we've really got great plans for doing great things! Social activities galore! A Teen-Hand Arts Project with annual prizes! Club doings and data of chapters all over the United States—and even from Canada—sent to you regularly in a monthly bulletin! (which will also include a list of Pen-Pals) Loads of events going on all the time So don't miss out on these wonderful plans—get a group of your friends together —not more than 25, not less than 10—and send your names, addresses, ages, and also your suggestion for the name of your chapter in a letter endorsed by one from a member of the faculty of your school, along with letters from two adults in your community Then mail the three letters to: Aileen Fogarty, Vice Chairman, MISS AMERICA Club, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Are one of these problems yours? Laraine Day's sympathetic understanding will help you...

by Laraine Day

Dear Laraine: I have written to several other people about my problem but I can't get a good answer. Maybe it is because I don't explain it well. I'll try to be clear with you. I want to have *nice* boy friends. The trouble is that I only know about three nice boys and they aren't interested in girls yet. All the others are hoodlums; they have no manners and are nasty-minded. I have heard them say of other girls, "She sure is nice to neck with." I know those girls, and they don't neck! About five of the boys are the worst, but all the others go around with them. I want to know some nice boys, but if I am at all forward in pressing an acquaintanceship, the other boys will make cracks and ruin my reputation. Please help me. Patsy.

Dear Patsy: I am going to answer your letter in greater detail than I usually do because I want to help you and because a number of letters this month were similar to yours. The boys you do not like are going through a stage where they want to appear older and more sophisticated than they actually are. Their bark, therefore, is often worse than their bite. They will get over their uncouthness in time when they learn that a real man never discusses girls in this way. Meanwhile, *stay as far away from these boys as possible*. They haven't found themselves yet, nor attained dignity nor maturity. You can gain nothing from their company.

Since the boys you do like are friendly with this group, you are going to have to be unusually subtle. You can become better acquainted with the nice boys by being friendly in your classes. A chance remark, an appreciative laugh at *his* remarks, will sharpen any boy's interest in you, for every boy likes to be admired. As soon as you know the nice boys well enough to laugh and joke with them, then I would give a small, informal party. Send out invitations to boys and girls you like, but—since the nice boys you mentioned are not interested in dates yet—don't suggest that any one boy bring any particular girl. Let them arrive separately. That way, the boys won't feel that they are being paired off. During the evening you will get to know each other better.

Perhaps your Mom and Dad will let you take all responsibility for the party. Tell them you want to practice being a hostess and do everything yourself. Incidentally, that includes cleaning up, before and after! Don't make it an expensive party, but do have cokes or punch and a cake or cookies. If you play a few games to get things going, have an inexpensive prize. Clear the floor for action, for

(Continued on page 42)

instance, and stage a jitterbug contest with a dime store vase for the winner's "cup."

Now it's a strange thing about parties, everyone wants to be invited. As word of the fun you have gets around, as your boy guests drop casually to those other boys: "Are you going to Patsy's next party?" those other boys are going to make their first effort, perhaps, to conform to society's codes. They'll have to conform and grow into decent men or they'll be left out. So, in a way, Patsy, this plan will not only get you started with the nice boys, but can also be a good influence on the ones who aren't so nice right now. Good luck!

* * *

Dear Laraine: My trouble is pen pals. I'm eighteen, and I've been corresponding with my brother's buddy in the service. We have never met, but lately our friendship has more or less turned into something deeper. It happened very gradually, but now he is determined to see me when he gets back from overseas. Recently I began receiving letters from another buddy of my brother's. His letters are much more interesting than the other fellow's. Should I write him, too? And do you think there is a possibility of marriage resulting from just writing letters? What should I do about the first boy? I will appreciate your help. Jeanie.

Dear Jeanie: I think writing letters is much like having first dates: they help you know a person, to discover if you think alike on important things. Letters make it possible for you both to cover a lot of ground before you ever meet. When you do meet, you either find that you *could* be seriously interested or that you could not possibly be. Therefore, I think it is very important not to exchange promises before you have met. Another thing important to remember: some of the most wonderful people in the world cannot write good letters.

You say your friendship gradually turned into affectionate channels, via letters. Obviously, you realize now that this was rather foolish. I'd suggest that just as gradually as you found yourself becoming more affectionate in past letters, you had better become more matter-of-fact. Don't make an abrupt right - about - face, just quietly change the general tone of your letters. You can write the second boy, but don't fall into the same trap twice. Consciously make an effort to keep the tone of your letters charming, friendly, warm and interesting, but steer clear of talk of romance. One last warning: be careful what you put into letters to boys and never write anything you would not want to have read before strangers. This is a lesson it is wise to learn early!

Dear Laraine: I am fourteen and a half. I'm in my second year in high. I love opera very much and can sing it a little. I've been interested in it for over two years. My parents are separated and my Dad's in business. My mother would like to give me lessons but is unable to and Dad disapproves of it very much. My mother knows I can sing and she likes it. What can I do? Without lessons, I cannot become an opera singer. I have sung many times at school. Dear Laraine, if you only knew how much I love opera! What can I do? Theresa.

Theresa, dear: I know things look black to you, but your case is by no means hopeless. In the first place, let's just leave your father out of this and concentrate on what *you* can do to help yourself. Next semester, begin taking not only glee club and any musical courses you can enroll in but also take French, Italian or German. Opera is rarely sung in English, you know, and a background of languages is invaluable. Next, take any dramatic or public speaking courses that are available. Get started in a little theater group. Many opera singers are notoriously bad actresses, and you don't want this to apply to you! Then go to your glee club teacher and ask the name of the best voice coach in your town. Either write him a letter or go

---

For goodness' sakes! Listen to 13-year-old Lenore's lament about men...

AH! MEN!

by Lenore Glickman

He takes you for a moonlight walk
down a country lane
The next night he is off somewhere
with redhead Bettijane.

He flaunts a frat pin under your nose
Then gives it to Mary or Carol or Rose.

Your pert remarks about his clothes
give him pained surprise—
What's wrong with orange sharpie
socks and lavender bow ties?

He cannot see at all, at all
What's so marv about John Dall.

Chivalry is dead and gone
Boys no more are gallant
They whistle at you through their teeth
Such an annoying talent!

He calls you on the telephone.
You think he wants some fun
But no! His homework's in a mess,
So could you get it done?

You have a date—it's set at eight
Then he arrives—an hour late.

Does he like your dresses? You
couldn't conceive it!
But the things he wears! You
wouldn't believe it!

He tells you things that aren't so
About that boy you'd love to know!

Another thing that gets you blue—
His long, low whistle . . . not for you.

He talks of the blondes he's left
behind,
That you are dark haired never enters
his mind.

He sneers at Johnson, Sinatra,
and Haymes
But his walls are plastered with
pictures of dames.

You're faithful and you stay at home
You won't go with another
Who's that you see across the street?
He and a girl? Oh brother!

Yet after all is done and said
Don't ignore or flout him.
Just remember, little Miss
Where you'd be without him!

to see him. Offer to do housework, gardening or secretarial work in exchange for lessons. You might have to go there from four to five every afternoon to help with the chores, but this would be a small price to pay for those priceless lessons. An alternate plan would be to get a job Saturdays and after school and use the money to pay for your training. The point is this: you have to make up your own mind *now* how much you are willing to give to get those lessons. The measure of your determination will be the measure of your success. When your father discovers how very much this career means to you and how you are willing to work and sacrifice for it, perhaps he will relent and send you on to musical college. But, even if he doesn't, there are scholarships to such colleges and ways to work your way through. Somehow, Theresa, I think you are going to make the grade and that one day I'll be seeing you—at the Met!

* * *

Dear Laraine: I live in a town where there is no recreation center at all. There is nothing for the boys and girls to do. They hang around the streets all the time and it looks terrible. My friends and I have started clubs but we can't keep them together. We are all too young to go out on dates, so I wish you would tell me how to get a recreation hall started where everyone could go. Pauline, Millinocket, Maine.

Dear Pauline: Somewhere in your town there must be an auditorium or a hall or even an old office building or barn that isn't in use. I think if you would organize a band of schoolmates and enlist the aid of their mothers or the P.T.A. to secure a headquarters, that you would then be able to carry on from there. Visit the editor of your newspaper, and put on an active campaign. You could fix the place up yourselves, do your own painting, get your own furniture and phonograph records from members of the gang, and perhaps even create enough interest in your problem for the citizens of Millinocket to come to your aid. I feel sure that your Chamber of Commerce realizes that wholesome recreation is the best preventive for juvenile delinquency. I even think they will start the ball rolling to get you that recreation center. How about it, Millinocket?

* * *

And, speaking of recreation, I am thinking of a very ordinary daytime dress that could be made into a very super date dress by means of a simple trick. Do you have any plain or jeweled band necklaces? Well, attach velvet ribbon to each end of the necklace and make a jeweled or metal belt. You'd be surprised what dash it will add to an otherwise plain dress. Try it!

Also, here's a trick for that date you DON'T need a necklace for! Start reading the sports pages of the daily papers. Keep up with everything that is going on, who is playing whom, who won and by what margin, and so on. Also, make a point of keeping up with what the athletes in your school are doing. You'd be surprised how much more respectfully your date will eye you if you can talk intelligently about the latest scores, record time, and who is going to win the Rose Bowl game. Be a bright chick and get hep to things athletic!

3rd and FINAL Blouse Contest!

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!

Here it is—your last chance to enter the blouse designing contest, sponsored by MISS AMERICA Magazine and Sally Mason, Inc. A wonderful opportunity to start a wonderful career! Read the rules carefully—and then submit your design. Good luck!

RULES FOR CONTEST No. 3

1. Design to be for a "back-to-school" blouse only.
2. Contest closes May 31, 1946.
3. Sketch or draping of your design must have the signature of your Home Economics teacher or your class teacher written on it.
4. First prize winner will receive a $25. Victory Bond. Her design will be produced as the "Sally Mason Blouse of the Season," in a Townbrooke fabric. She will also receive one of these in her own size. Second and third prize winners will receive $15. and $10. in Victory Stamps respectively.

APPLICATION BLANK—CONTEST No. 3

Fill out this blank and mail to Sally Mason, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y., together with your approved design, not later than May 31, 1946.

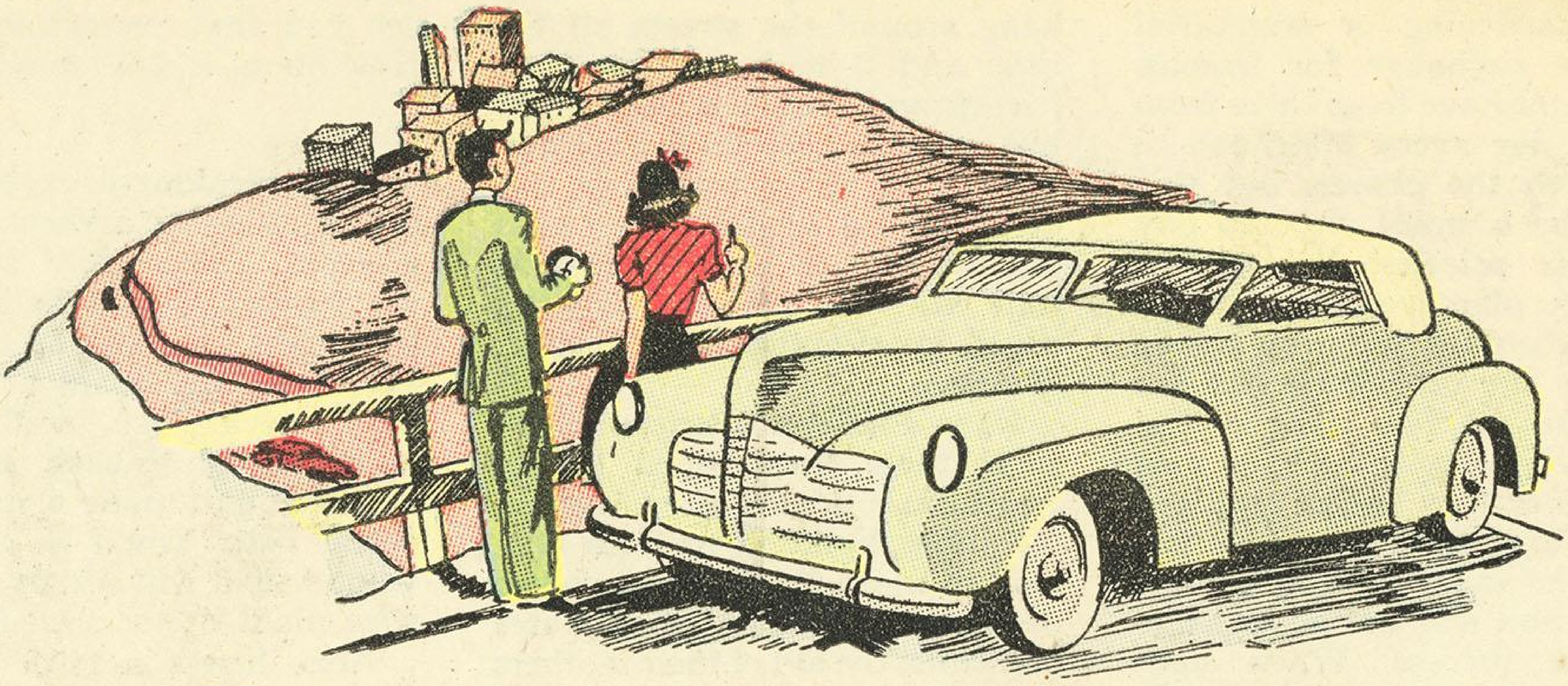
NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________AGE________

CITY_______________________STATE________

SCHOOL______________________________

TEACHER'S PERSONAL
SIGNATURE______________________________



A Gal Named Ginny...

by Tuger De Pass

GINNY raised panic-stricken brown eyes from the telegram to Marge's face. "Toby Melton's coming to see me," she gasped. "This afternoon—four-thirty! He—he's on his way home from The Citadel, and has two hours here in Clayville between trains!"

"Well, jeepers," Marge shook her blond head in bewilderment, "what's so awful about that? I thought you were crazy about him?"

Ginny cast a frantic glance down the wide hall. From the kitchen, she could hear Mom singing, and, suddenly, swift, guilty color flooded up into her cheeks. Because sweet, darling Mom, with her work-roughened hands and home-made cotton frocks was one of the reasons Toby's telegram had upset her so.

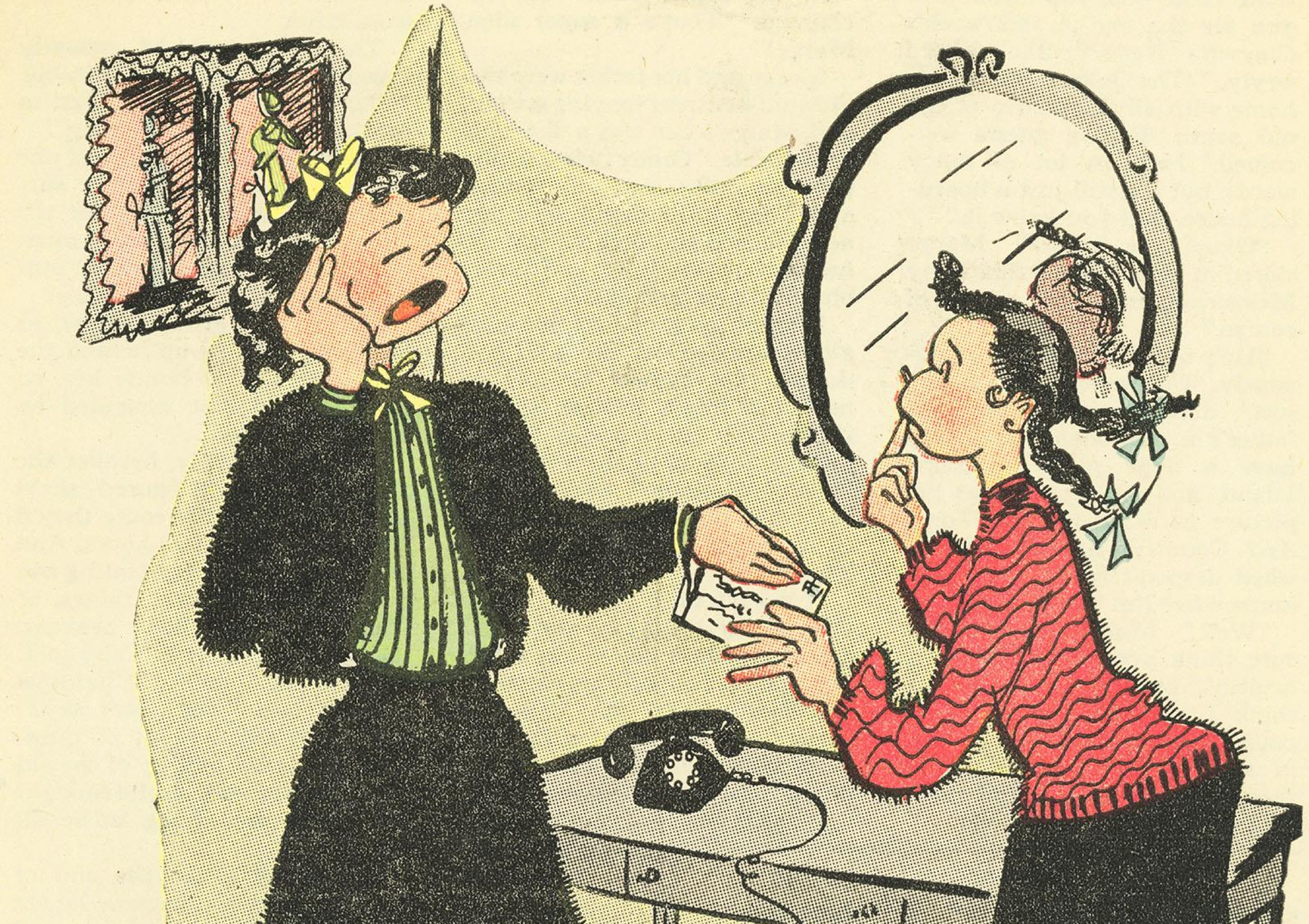
She swallowed hard, and turned back to Marge. "It's sort of hard to explain," she said miserably. "Toby's never been here, you see. And we've only seen each other that one time that I told you about—when he asked me down for the Easter hop. It was a blind date, you know. Mom and Toby's mother were girlhood friends in Charleston, and they wrote to each other for several years after they were both married, then they sort of lost touch. But when Toby decided he wanted to go to The Citadel, Mrs. Melton remembered Mom and that she had a daughter two years younger than Toby. So she suggested Toby ask me down for one of the hops." She paused a moment, then added dreamily, "Was I thrilled! Marge, I just wish you could see him. He's only eighteen, but looks lots older—"

"I know, I know," Marge interrupted. "Right off of this hemisphere. So *why* are you all in a dither because he's coming to see you?"

"Because—" Ginny groaned—"Toby's got a sort of—well, a sort of a wrong impression about me. I didn't exactly fib to him, but when he said his mother had told him what a lovely old place The Oaks is, I—I just said, yes, it was. And, honestly, Marge, it just didn't enter my head to tell him it was a *boarding* house now. And, later, when I realized he thought I was—well, you know, an aristocratic southern belle living in ye old family mansion and all that, I just *couldn't* tell him," she ended, brushing back her brown hair with a nervous gesture.

"But The Oaks isn't exactly a boarding house," Marge said.

"Oh, sure." Ginny (*Continued on page* 46)



Ginny was ashamed to invite Toby to her home...ashamed of the old boarding house she lived in, ashamed of her hard-working mother...But, something happened to change her ideas about a millionaire's son...

laughed bitterly. "I help Mom write those ads, you know. Did you see the one in this week's *Clayville News?*" She quoted wryly, "'The Oaks. Ante-bellum home with all the charm of the old south. Paying guests welcomed.' Hah! A lot of fancy words, but it's still just a boarding house, and you know it."

"Okay, so what?" Marge stared at her. "Unless this Toby Melton is an awful snob, of course."

"He's not!" Ginny said indignantly. "But jeepers, Marge, you just don't understand. His father's a *millionaire*, and they have a huge place on Long Island, and his mother has her picture in *Harper's* and *Town And Country*. And—" she finished desperately—"I just don't know *what* I'm going to do!"

"Well," Marge frowned, "I sure think you're cruisin' for a bruisin', but, if you insist, I think I know a way out. You could meet him at the station in my car, and just say you thought he'd like to spend those two hours seeing the town."

Ginny gave a stifled squeal. "Oh, my achin' back!" she exclaimed. "That's a *super* idea, Marge!"

Marge and her father were two of Mom's current 'paying guests', and Marge's car was a sky blue convertible. Ginny closed her eyes blissfully, and saw herself and Toby in it. She'd wear her new white pique that showed off her tan so beautifully, and a wide blue band on her hair—

Driving up to the station that afternoon, she felt like a million dollars. Or, rather, she *would* have felt like a million dollars if only she could forget Mom's puzzled face when she'd told her "seeing the town" would probably take up all of Toby's time, so Mom musn't expect them at The Oaks.

It wasn't until she saw Toby step off the train that she could get Mom's face out of her mind. Jeepers, but he really was atomic! He didn't look the least bit skinny, the way some of the first year cadets did in those tight-fitting blue-gray uniforms.

He said, "Hi, Garson," and she said, "How's Pidgeon?" and they smiled at each other, and it was wonderful.

Then she gestured casually toward the blue convertible. "Thought maybe you'd like to take a buzz around the burg."

"Sure thing," he said, but she thought he looked a little surprised as his eyes slid over the expensive car. *Had* she mentioned that dilapidated old station wagon of hers and Moms?

But he was grinning now, as he tossed his bag up behind the seat, and slid in beside her, so maybe she'd just imagined he looked surprised . . .

She drove slowly, because she and Marge had figured she'd better, to make the route they'd mapped out last two hours. And she chattered away, pointing out monuments and such things, of which Clayville, thank heavens, had quite a few. And Toby said, "Interesting," and "Whatdaya know?" and "You don't say?" and even asked a lot of questions about the history of the old town. So, for awhile, she thought everything was going to be all right.

But along about the end of the first hour she became aware Toby was turning more and more often to stare at her in a decidedly odd way. She knew what was the matter, of course. When a boy visits a girl's home town, he naturally expects her to take him to her home to meet her folks. But she couldn't, Ginny thought miserably, she simply couldn't.

That next half hour was the longest thirty minutes Ginny had ever spent in her life. She tried desperately to be gay and amusing, but she could tell Toby was scarcely listening to her any longer

And, when they were driving past Dr. Cameron's old white house, he broke right into something she was saying to ask, "Is that The Oaks, by any chance?"

"Oh, no!" Ginny said hastily, and added wildly, "The Oaks is way over on the other side of town—I'm afraid we won't have time to go there before your train."

"I—see," Toby said slowly, and gave her one of those long, odd stares. Then, abruptly, he gave

(*Continued on page* 48)

Hello, Girls:

Know something? I sort of got a lump in my throat as I watched several graduating classes in the New York area. Somehow, this was a solemn and awesome occasion—more solemn than any others I've seen, including my now. There is always a special air of breath-taking excitement in this most important day in the life of a teen-ager. There are, it seems to me, just about a dozen or so really memorable moments in our lives and graduation heads the list.

You won't have to keep a diary (though it's such fun) to remember your first date, you first evening gown, first job, first kiss, first love, marriage, first baby, etc. The et cetera following "first baby", doesn't indicate, I mean a second or third baby; I mean the et cetera for the other wonderful blessings that fill our mature lives.

The above are some of the terrific things that you are preparing yourself for when you step up to receive that coveted diploma. But getting back to the solemness of this term's graduating classes. Perhaps we all felt more keenly because it was the first peace-time graduation in four long bitter war years. We were all so aware of what this hard-fought peace meant to the boys and girls facing a new world; opportunities for a higher education, that leads to a better, richer life. We all gave silent thanks for those gallant men who fought so that this and other graduations would be possible forever and ever in America.

What fun ahead for you when you join your MISS AMERICA Club! There'll be activities galore! Don't delay sending in for your chapter. For details see page 40.

Even if I sound a bit boastful. I must tell you that your next issue is full of happy reading surprises. I know you'll be delighted with the snappy article on camera snaps, suggestions for summer vacations, Jo Stafford's chat with Merry Carr, and other items of keen interest.

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR!

At Once!

"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Her's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

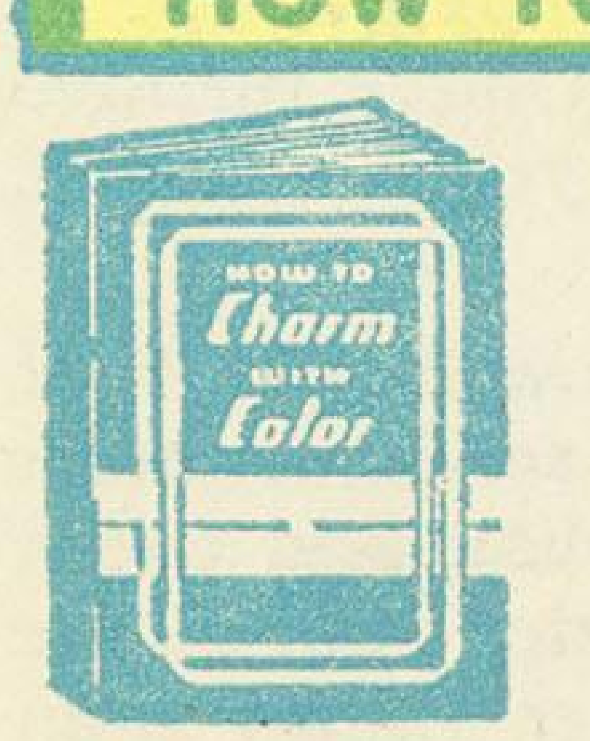
TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT OF YOUR APPEARANCE and PERSONALITY

Now you can have an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY", by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which tells you in exact detail how thousands of others have dramatized their charming points—and achieved astonishing popularity. You, too, can learn—almost at a glance—how to highlight your most favorable characteristics of figure, of face, of mannerisms, of intellect. You, too, can learn how to be an interesting companion and conversationalist. You, too, can learn to be the kind of a girl that other girls envy and boys admire. "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" reveals to you the "mysteries" of feminine appeal and how you can quickly develop your own enticing charms.

FREE! When you order "Better Than Beauty"

This Truly Exciting Book Packed With Facts on

"HOW TO CHARM WITH COLOR"



Girls who wear a certain color more readily receive marriage proposals than those who wear the other colors. Do you know what that enchanting color is? For ages colors have been used to enhance attractiveness. A doctor tells you the exciting scientific facts in "How to Charm With Color"—a big book yours free with "Better Than Beauty".

FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY

A Complete Guide to Charm

Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to hardle the question of money matters.
49 Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

Mail Coupon Today! & Get Both Books

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. C 6130
45 East 17th St., New York, 3 N. Y.

Please send me "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" (and the FREE book). On arrival I will pay postman only 98c plus few cents shipping charges. Will examine the book with the understanding that if for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I may return it, with the free book, and you will immediately refund my money.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.................................... STATE.............

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $1.00 with order, in which case WE pay the postage. Same Money Back Guarantee, of course.

Canadian and Foreign, No C.O.D. Send $1.20

BETTER THAN BEAUTY
A Guide to Charm
BETTER THAN BEAUTY
ONLY
98¢
If you decide to keep it

172 pages 49 illustrations

SEND NO MONEY NOW

"Better Than Beauty"—together with the FREE book, "How to Charm With Color" will be mailed to you for free inspection. Send no money now. Just mail C.O.D. coupon. Both books only 98 cents—if you keep them!

Herald Publishing Co., Dept C 6130 45 E. 17th St., New York, 3 N.Y.

From page 46

a short laugh. "Look, Ginny, if you don't mind, I think I'd like to get on to the station now. No need for you to wait there with me, of course—it's only about twenty minutes."

So there it was. Even Marge's fine plan hadn't worked. He couldn't have guessed the truth, of course, but, having seen her again, he'd just decided he didn't like her, that was all.

When they stopped at the station, Ginny found she couldn't look at him. She couldn't speak, either—her throat ached horribly.

Toby got out. Reaching for his bag, he said, "Thanks, Ginny. Nice of you to meet me and show me the town." Not a word of "I'll be writing you," or even, "See you next fall".

"Glad to do it," Ginny managed thickly. Then she gave a stifled gasp, and leaned forward. Mom, at the wheel of the familiar old station wagon, was parking not ten feet away! Mom, in a blue cotton frock, her short-cropped gray hair every which-away, as usual. Jeepers, how could she have forgotten Mom was expecting a 'guest' on this train!

Her heart thudding, she watched Mom get out and, evidently not noticing Marge's car, walk over to talk to old Jake, the station master. Asking Jake about his crippled little daughter, probably. Mom made her a rag doll every Christmas, and was always sending her cookies and things.

Right then, all of a sudden, something happened to Ginny. She turned swiftly, and looked at Toby. If he didn't like her mother, she *didn't want him to like her, either.*

"Listen," she said tautly, "there's something I want you to know, Toby. I didn't take you to my home this afternoon because I was ashamed to. I was ashamed because The Oaks is a boarding house—Mom had to make it into one when Dad died. I was even ashamed for you to meet Mom, because she's had to work hard and wears cheap clothes and her hands are rough and red. But I'm not ashamed any more, Toby—except of myself, for not telling you the truth."

To her utter astonishment, Toby burst out laughing. "I should think you would be, you little dope," he said happily. "But, golly, am I glad you finally decided to spill the beans. I knew all that, you see—about The Oaks being a tourist home, I mean. Somebody left a *Clayville News* on the train, and I saw that ad of your mother's. I didn't think anything of it at the time, except that you just hadn't thought to mention that when you were down for the hop. But then you meet me in this snazzy buggy, and whisk me off to see the sights, instead of taking me to your home. So—" he laughed again—"how could I figure you but as a two-faced little liar? And, me, I don't go for liars, not even a little bit." He paused a moment, his dark eyes holding hers, then he added softly, "But I sure could go for a gal named Ginny who makes a mistake but isn't afraid to admit it."

And then there was Mom, and Ginny was introducing the two of them, and the next moment, Mom, in her friendly way, was inviting Toby to come down a week before The Citadel opened in the fall and visit them.

And Toby said, Jeepers, but he'd love to, and he and Ginny looked at each other, and Ginny was pretty sure he was thinking, just as she was, that the summer wouldn't seem so long with *that* to look forward to.

A LOVELIER YOU

From page 26

may not have to use it more than once a week, but when harsh winter winds bite into you, the exposed surfaces of your skin literally take a beating. And a good cold cream is what will bring it back to normal again.

A bit of cream from that same jar should be rubbed into your elbows every night. Look at your elbows and see if the skin doesn't look a bit on the leathery side. That's because you lean on them. Cream will soften the skin and take away that brownish leathery look.

All the creams and soaps in the world won't do anything but keep your skin clean if your diet is wrong, or you don't get enough rest. Soaps and creams aren't workers of magic. The condition of your complexion, the light in your eyes, the gleam in your hair depend on what you eat, the exercise and fresh air you get and the sleep you have.

Water is a wonderful purifier; drink lots of it. And don't forget that orange or grapefruit juice at least once a day. Eat loads of raw and cooked vegetables. And don't forget milk, a pint a day. And by all means, get plenty of sleep . . . eight to ten hours a night. If you do these things you will not only look like that dream girl you've envied, but you'll have fortified yourself for the years to come.

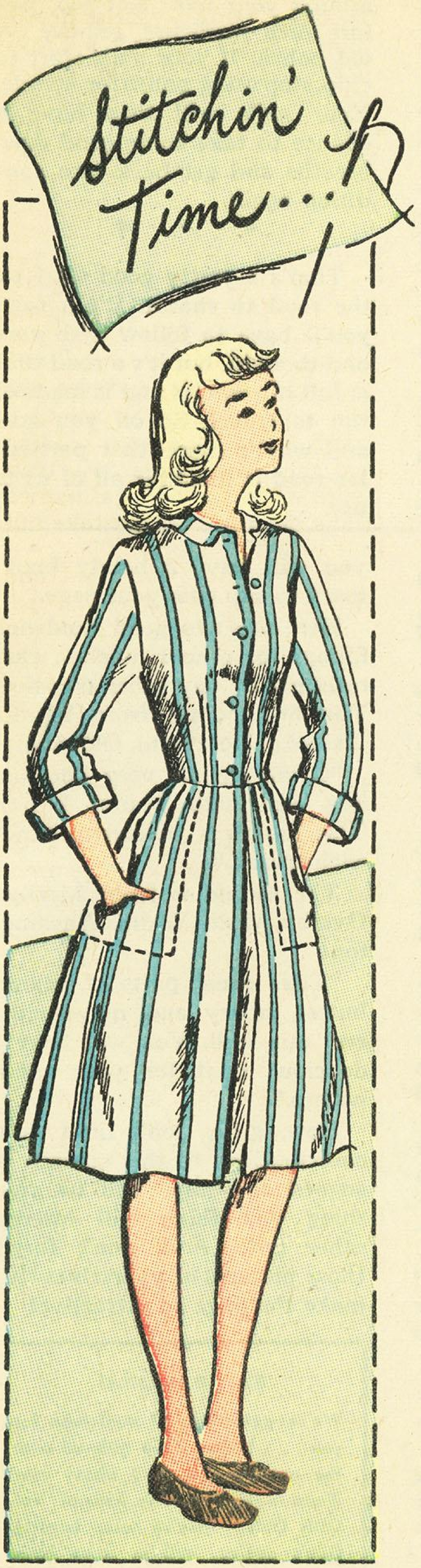
I wonder what the library teacher meant by, "Is this late-excuse fiction or non-fiction?"

* * *

How's your powder puff? If it's the least bit soiled, launder it, or throw it away and use a fresh one. Powder puffs are collectors of other things than that wonderful smelling stuff in the pretty box; powder puffs are collectors of oil and dirt from your face. Then when you pat your face with that puff some of that oil and dirt goes right back on again with the powder. And makes blackheads and enlarged pores. Instead of using a puff, a good idea is to apply powder with a dab of cotton. You can buy little cotton pads that are just the right size, keep them near your powder box and when you put on your make-up, reach for a fresh pad.

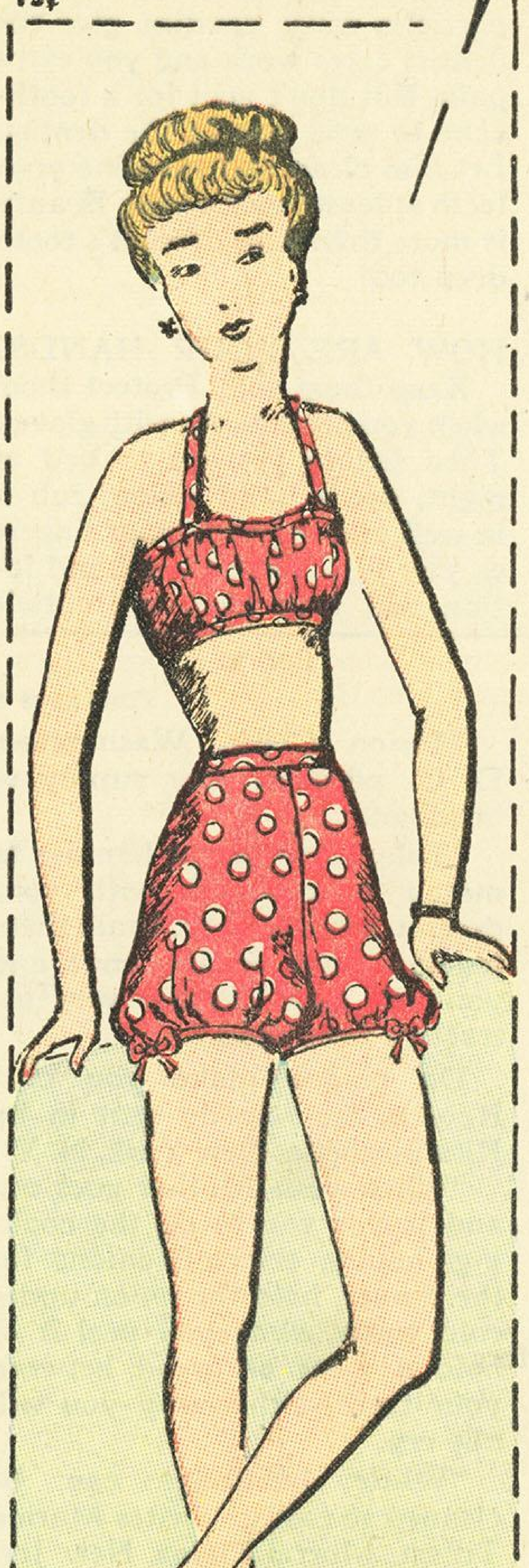
(*continued on page* 50)

Stitchin' Time...

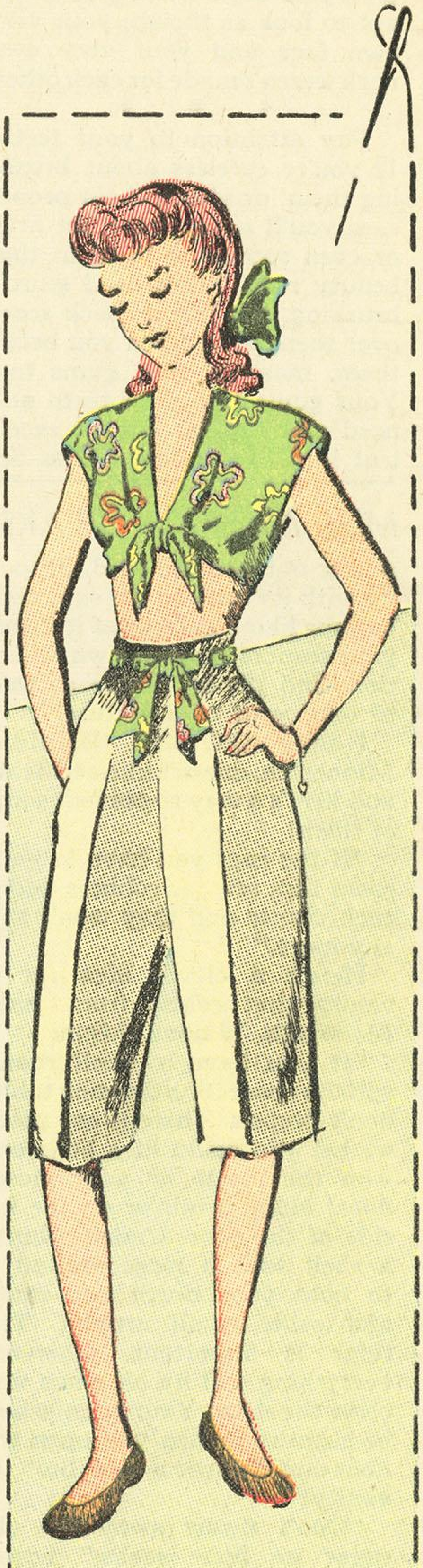


#1634 (Style 1)

#1634 (Style 2)
Sizes 10-16
15¢



Pert and purt-y patterns for looking your sun day best . . . These darling daytimers are perfect for picnics and planned for play . . . Send your size and pattern number with the exact price to: MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. P-D, 350 Fifth Ave., New York I, N. Y.



#1613 (Style 1)
Sizes 10-16
15¢

From page 48

While we're on the subject of powder . . . don't neglect putting it on your neck. Otherwise you're apt to look as though your very own face and your very own neck weren't made for each other.

* * *

Pay attention to your teeth! If you're careless about brushing them, or giving them proper care you'll never come out first, or even second or third in that beauty race. Teeth need sturdy brushing, not just a quick scoot over them. And when you brush them, massage your gums too. Your gums feed your teeth and need stimulation. It's an excellent idea to use dental floss between your teeth to loosen food particles that get caught there which a brush can't touch. These particles cause cavities, give the dentist extra work and you extra pain. But don't wait for a toothache to send you to the dentist. Let him clean and examine your teeth at least twice a year. Beauty is more than skin deep, it's tooth deep too!

HOW ARE YOUR HANDS?

Keep them soft. Protect them when you are outside, with gloves. Then before you go to bed at night, use a hand lotion, rub it in well and massage your fingers as you rub. That same hand lotion will help keep the cuticle around your nails soft too. Before each manicure, remove all old polish. If your nails start to chip, stop using polish for awhile. Your nails will then have a chance to take some good deep breaths and get back into condition again.

* * *

That's a pretty good start on the road to charm. It's a road you'll have to follow with care and thought, but it's a road that is full of rewards and is loads of fun to travel. So off you go—and what's more—that particular road is there for all of us to use.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 8

mirror out into the yard. Prop it up with its back to the sun, pose to your liking in front of it, focus your camera on your own reflection—and it's as simple as that to take your own picture!"

Nancy O'Grady, Bemidji, Minnesota, doesn't like accidents and here's a way to prevent some of them:

"If the rugs you have in your room slip, sew jar robbers under each corner and they won't slip any more."

Here's a clever idea for a vanity that comes from Judy Mansmith, Winona, Minn.

"If you have a small room, with no space for a dressing table, don't despair. There is one place we bet you could fit a little one—on the inside of your closet door! Hang a mirror on the inside of the door. Under it build a shelf with a ridge around it to hold your brush and comb and other small articles. The ridge is important, otherwise everything will fly off when you close the door. Your friends will be surprised when you open the door and disclose a cute, built-in vanity!"

"Don't throw away the old sugar or flour sacks," writes Peggy Bavrou, of Greenville, North Carolina. "Chlorax will remove all the printing. Then cut two pieces about 20 inches long and 10 inches wide. Sew up and cover the seams with rick-rack. Embroider your name on the outside and you have a very useful laundry bag."

Marion Clark, Washington, D. C., adds to your supply of headbands:

"Take three bright hankies to match, or contrast, with your dresses, sweaters, etc., braid them together, sew up the ends and you will have another very attractive headband."

Do onions make you cry? Here is the remedy sent in by Rita Sirabella, New York, N. Y.:

"When your Mother goes out and leaves you to do the cooking, having selected onions for the dinner, hold the onion under cold water while you peel it or hold a piece of bread between your teeth—either way you will not cry."

"White handbags can be cleaned so easily," writes Marion Tiffert, Morris Plains, New Jersey. "Use an old turkish washcloth dipped in nail polish remover and rub gently until all dirt is removed. Wipe off the remover with a damp cloth and dry the bag thoroughly."

Here's a beauty tip from Peggy MacDonald, South Meriden, Connecticut:

"A toothbrush is much better than a hair brush when you are making small curls. It is so much easier to use!"

"Don't turn down the corners of books to keep your place when it's so easy to make a bookmark," says Nancy Zimmerman. "Cut the corner off crosswise of a good, strong envelope, paste any design on it and you will have a handy bookmark to slip over your page."

Here are two good sandwich fillings for school lunches, club meetings or any other occasion. The first comes from Wanda Dallasta, Henryetta, Oklahoma:

"Grind carrots very fine and mix well with peanut butter. This makes a wonderful sandwich spread."

The second is from Merilyn Overby, Walla Walla, Washington:

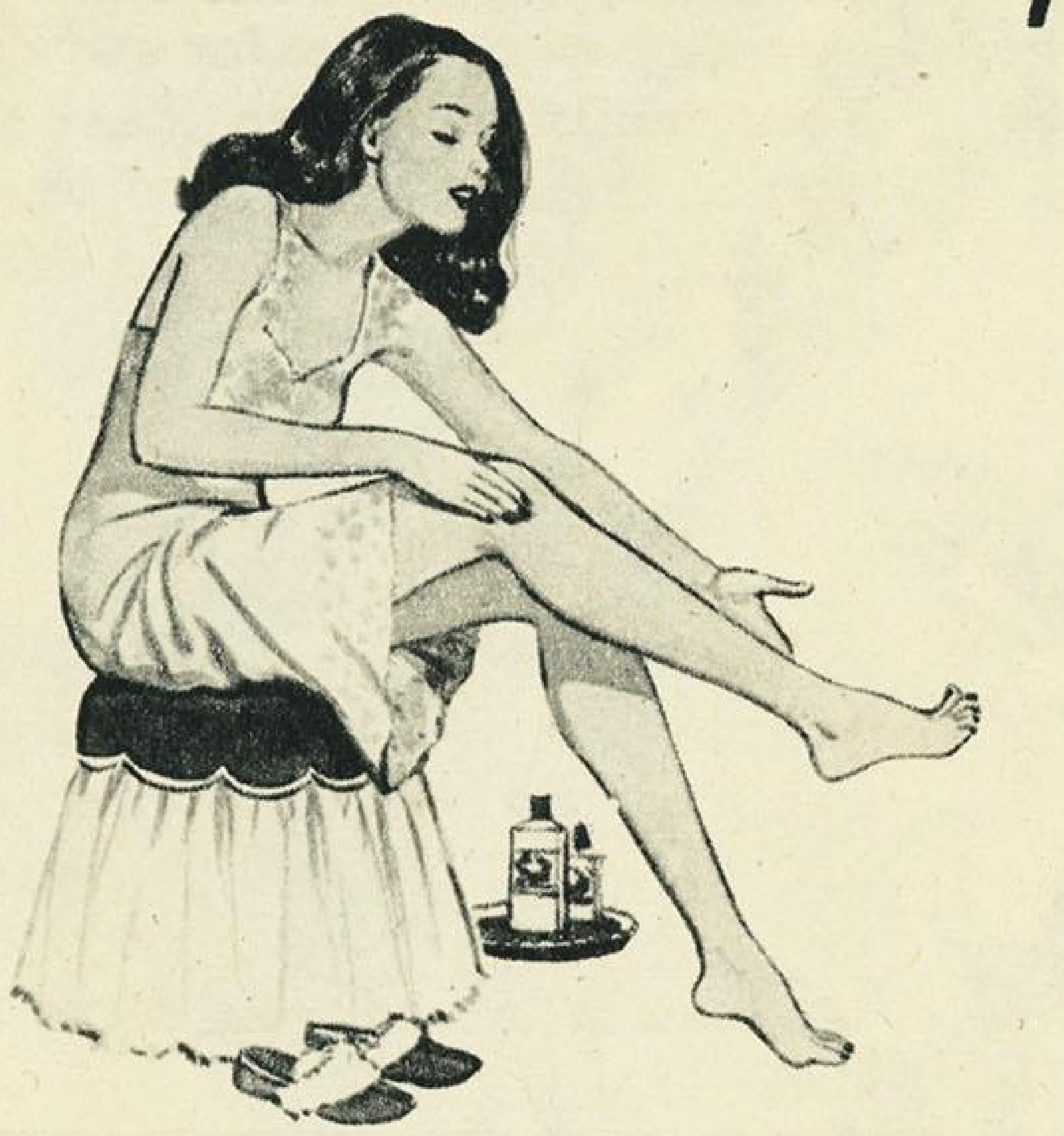
"Take equal parts of peanut butter, honey and mayonnaise and mix well. You will have a delicious treat for your sandwiches."

Now, girls, don't limit your contributions to this column to suggestions only. Tell us anything you think will interest other girls. And, don't forget those pictures of yourselves that make the page so attractive!

SAY, BARBARA!

We've got stacks of mail here for you . . . Letters from girls all over the country who read about your illness in the Dec.—Jan. issue of "For Girls Only." They've taken Laraine Day's advice, and so many have written to you! And some have even sent gifts for you! Only—and is our face red!—only, we don't have your address Barbie! So please, would you send it in to: Annette Blackman, MISS AMERICA Magazine.

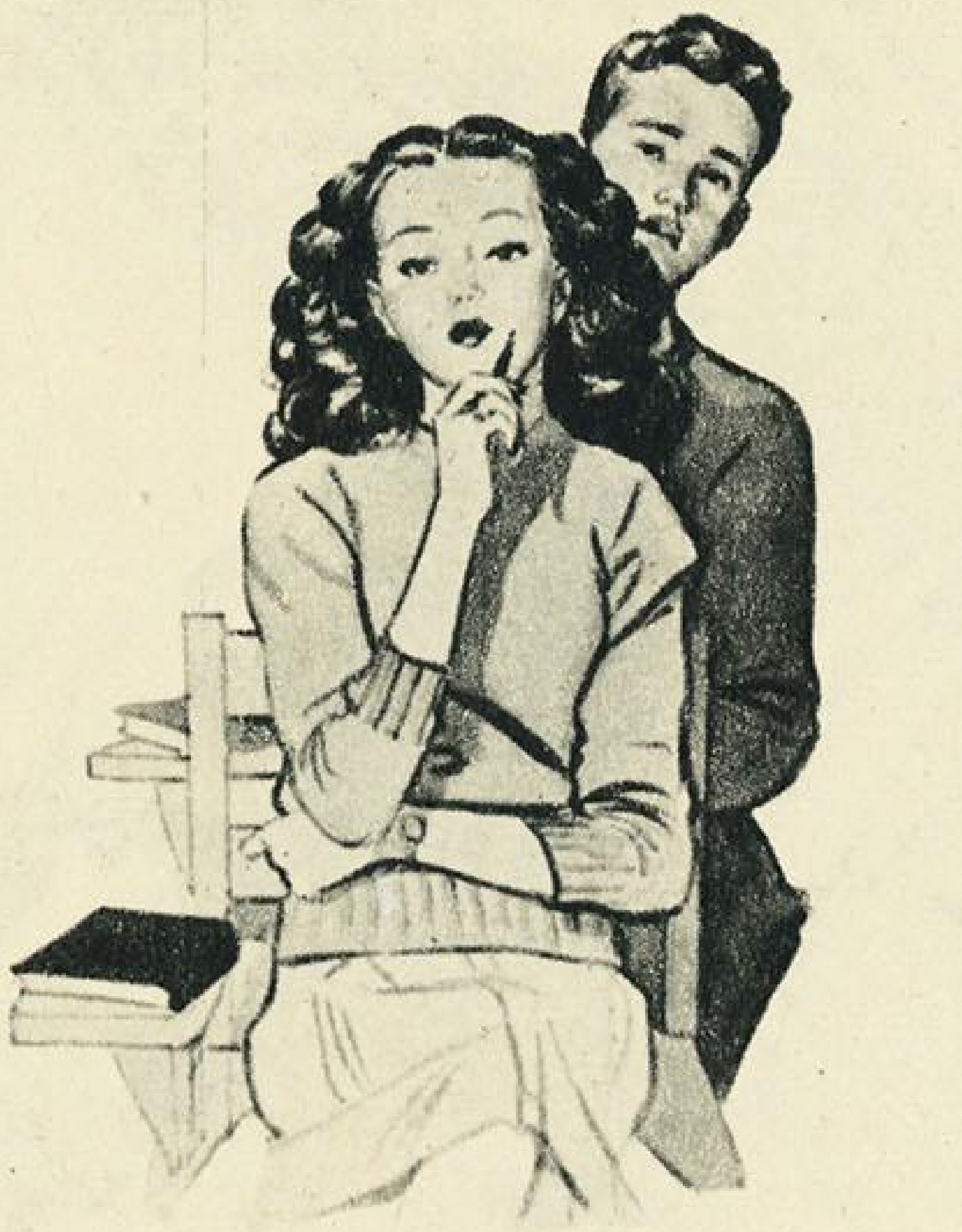
Are you in the know?



Which is a "must" in leg make-up?

☐ *Defuzzing*
☐ *Debumping*
☐ *Artful application*

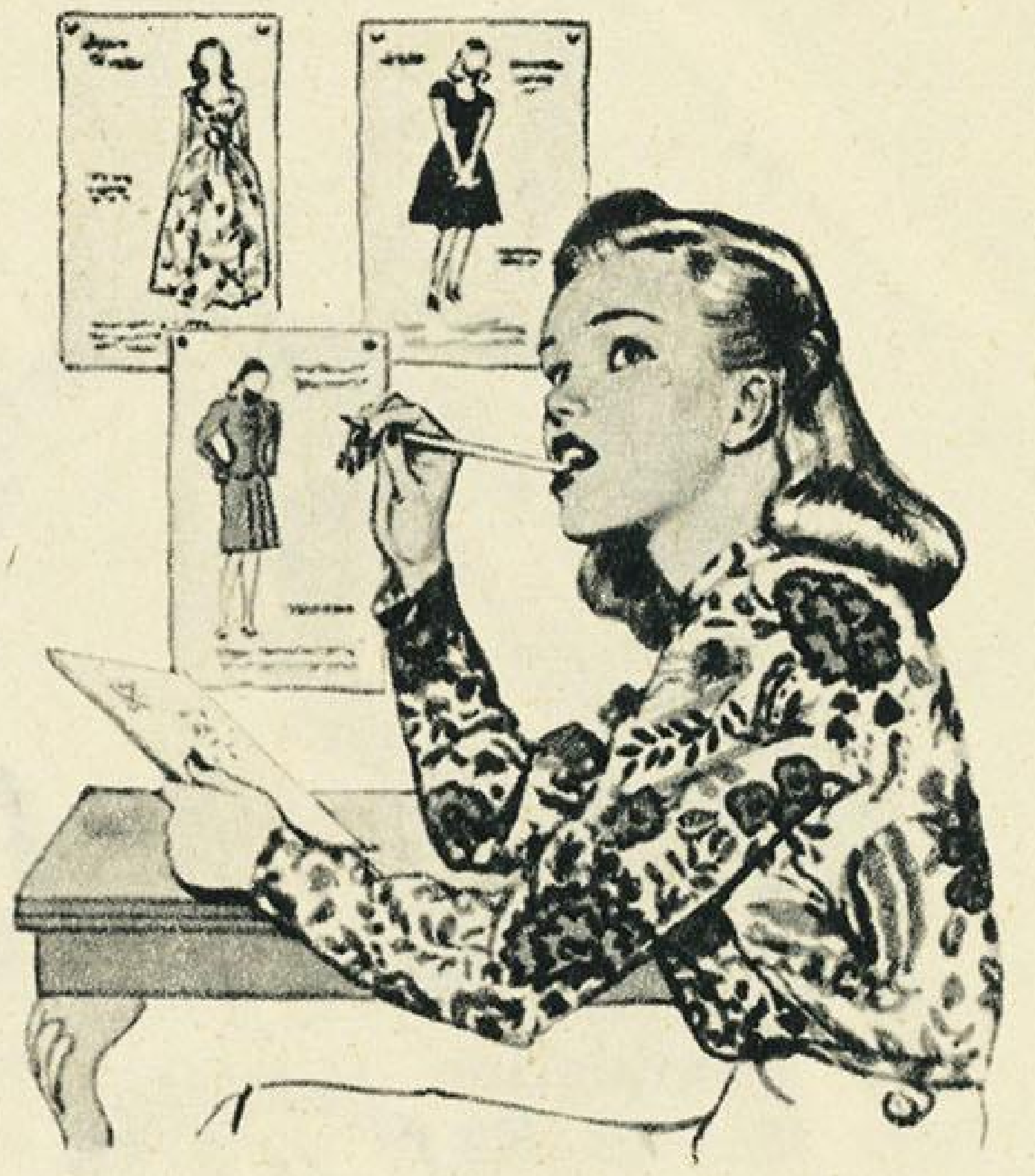
S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty... especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a *deodorant* . . . locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!



What's the cure for this coiffure?

☐ *An upsweep*
☐ *A snood*
☐ *A good thinning out*

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming . . . and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.



If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

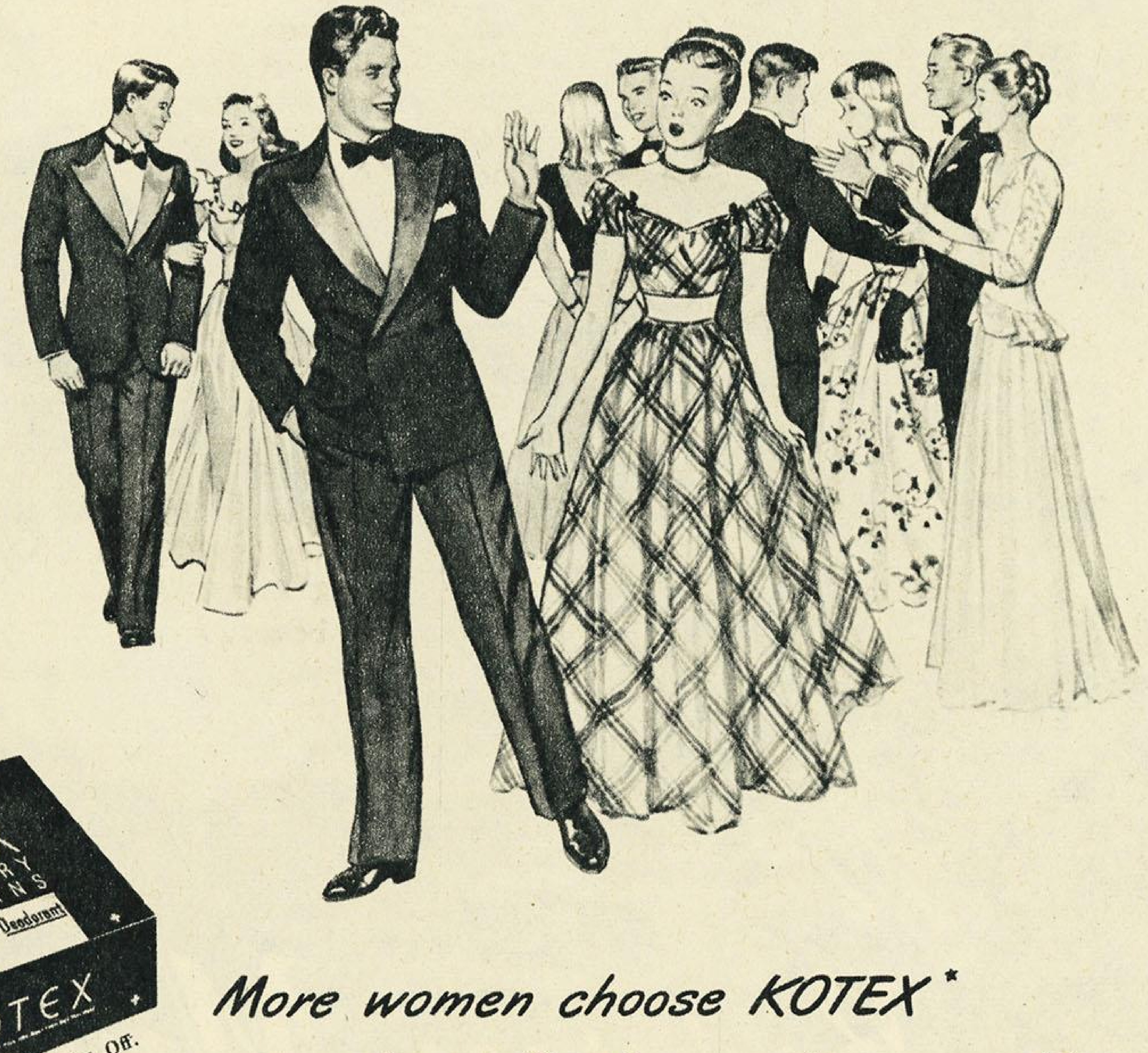
☐ *A suit*
☐ *A conversation print*
☐ *A fancy formal*

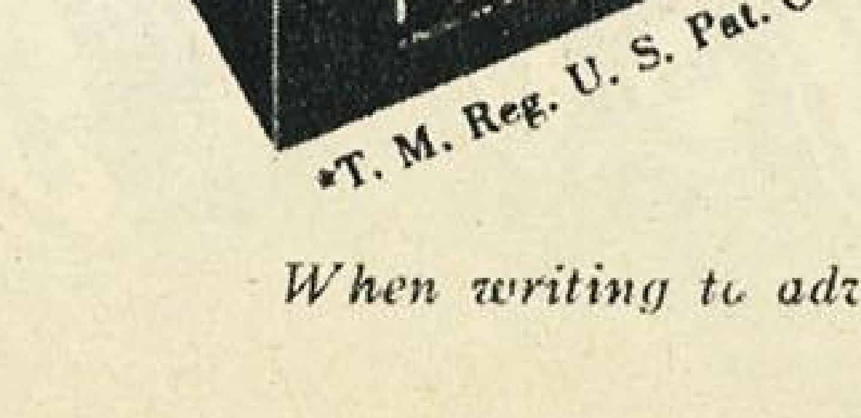
Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness . . . made to *stay soft while wearing.* Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—

☐ *Join the wallflowers*
☐ *Retreat to the dressing-room*
☐ *Yoo-hoo to the stag line*

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do . . . but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!





A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

A flashlight beamed in the trapped man's face. "Get your hands up!" the policeman ordered. Edith's tense nerves relaxed.

Backstage Mystery...

by Vera Lawson

Bound . . . Gagged . . . Helpless . . . How could Edith outwit the evil pair who would stop at nothing—not even murder?

THERE was much excitement backstage at the Imperial Theatre. It occurred at the end of the opening performance which marked the return to the stage of that great actress Jeanette Gralson.

A hushed group crowded around the star's dressing room: theatre doctor, director, stage managers, fellow actors, newspapermen.

The bearded doctor came out, a puzzled expression on his face.

The director stepped forward. "What do you think, doctor?"

"I don't know," the physician said, frowning. "It isn't the heart. It is something sudden that I cannot quite explain. We must get her to the hospital immediately. Please call the ambulance, quickly."

A stage manager hurried off to the phone.

The doctor continued: "Are you sure she didn't eat anything unusual during the evening?"

"Quite sure," said the director. "She never eats before a performance. Besides, tonight she was looking forward to the big supper which the company was giving in her honor right after the show."

"Yes, I noticed she has a beautiful gown laid out," the doctor said, nodding toward the finery. "And those jewels—what marvelous pieces! Does she always carry such valuable trinkets around with her?"

"Only on special occasions, like the one tonight," replied the director.

"Well, anyhow," sighed the medico, "there is something about this collapse which I cannot explain. I'll remain with Mrs. Gralson until the ambulance gets here." He re-entered the room.

* * *

The streamlined ambulance came clanging down Broadway at full speed. Cadet Nurse Edith Leskov watched the faces of the passers-by from her front seat, as they looked with awe after the vehicle of mercy. Not so long ago, she had been one of these pedestrians herself and had wished with longing eyes that she might ride on this mysterious ambulance just once. And now she, Edith Leskov, was the ambulance nurse. What once had been a feeling of curiosity, had now changed into devoted affection. (*Continued on page* 70)

MERRY MAY-KERS...

Midriff madness is an attention-getter in a three piece playsuit of checked gingham in your choice of colors. Demurely gathered blouse, flouncy skirt and action-loving shorts by Dephi in sizes 10-16 for about $13. At G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.

Jean Durain's offering for May play is a double feature, Galey and Lord gingham skirt and blouse and in between them—that's you! Yellow, red, black, and pink. Sizes 10-16. About $12.95 at Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Short story by Joan Lord. Cotton gabardine in all colors. The belt is adjustable and two inverted pleats are for style and smoothness. For play now and camp later. Sizes 10-16. $3.00 a pair at Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Here's Dorothy Baker's own "Merry May-ker" of cool, cool chambray. There's a sportily tied bra top, full skirt and shorts in multi-stripe color combinations. Lots of fun for around $6.95. Sizes 10-16 of course, at Kresge Dept. Store, Newark, N. J.

Face the Music!

by Arthur Murray

Are you shy? Afraid of people? Then, you'll find inspiration in this heartwarming article by the master who tells how dancing gave him poise and self-confidence . . . and how it can do the same for you . . .

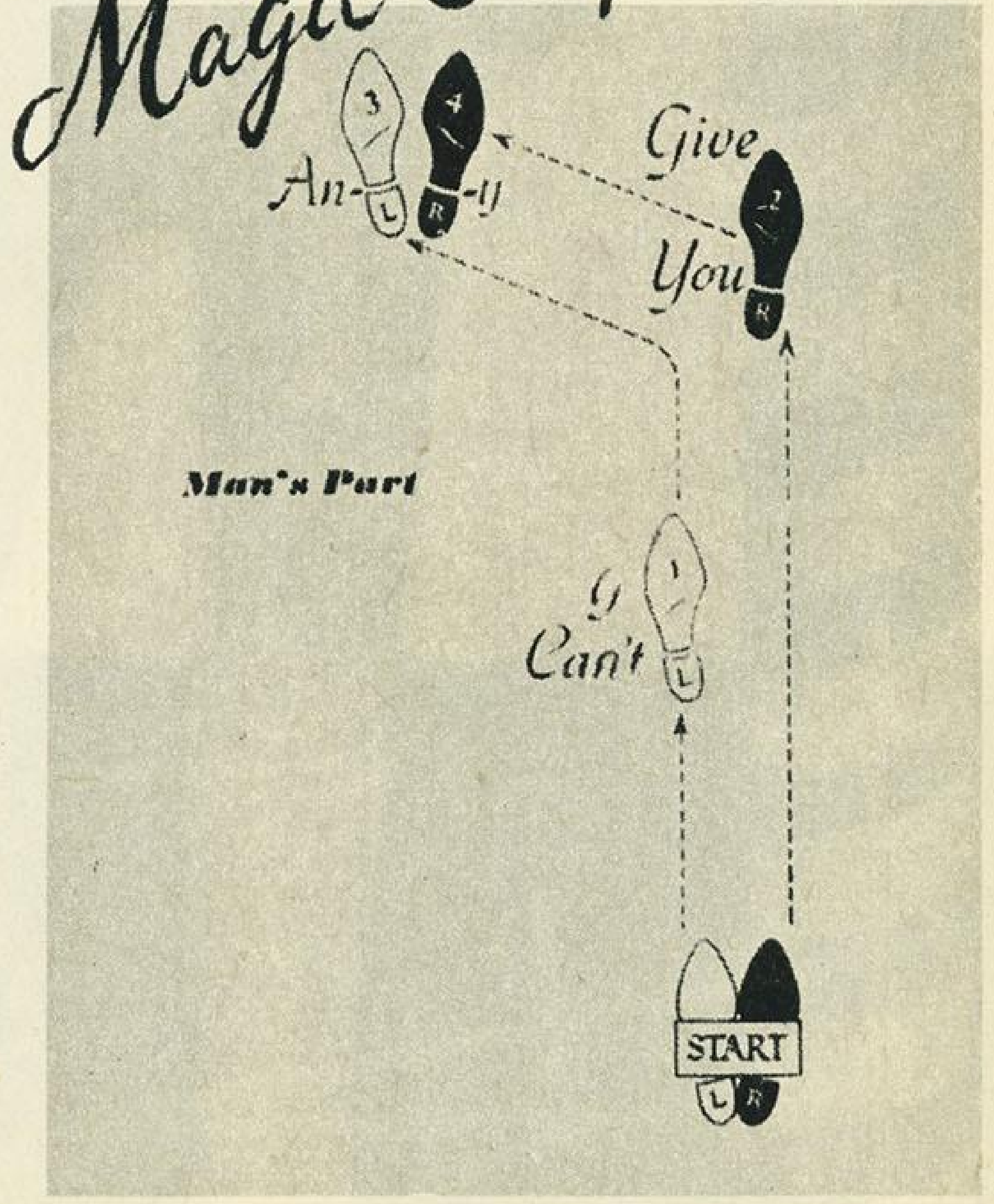
YOU MAY think *you* are shy. You may think *you* are a wallflower. You should have seen me when I was fifteen. Too tall and spindly for my age, I was the most miserably self-conscious boy you can imagine. I was always completely convinced that people were laughing at me, staring at me. I was petrified by girls. My inferiority complex was of such proportions that it seemed to seep into everything I did—like my school work, which nose-dived steadily. I was so unhappy, that I finally persuaded my parents to let me quit school for a while, but that was no solution either. During the next six months I was fired from ten jobs, which must certainly be some kind of record. In short, I was one sorry specimen, and at the not-too-advanced age of fifteen life struck me as being a pretty dreary proposition.

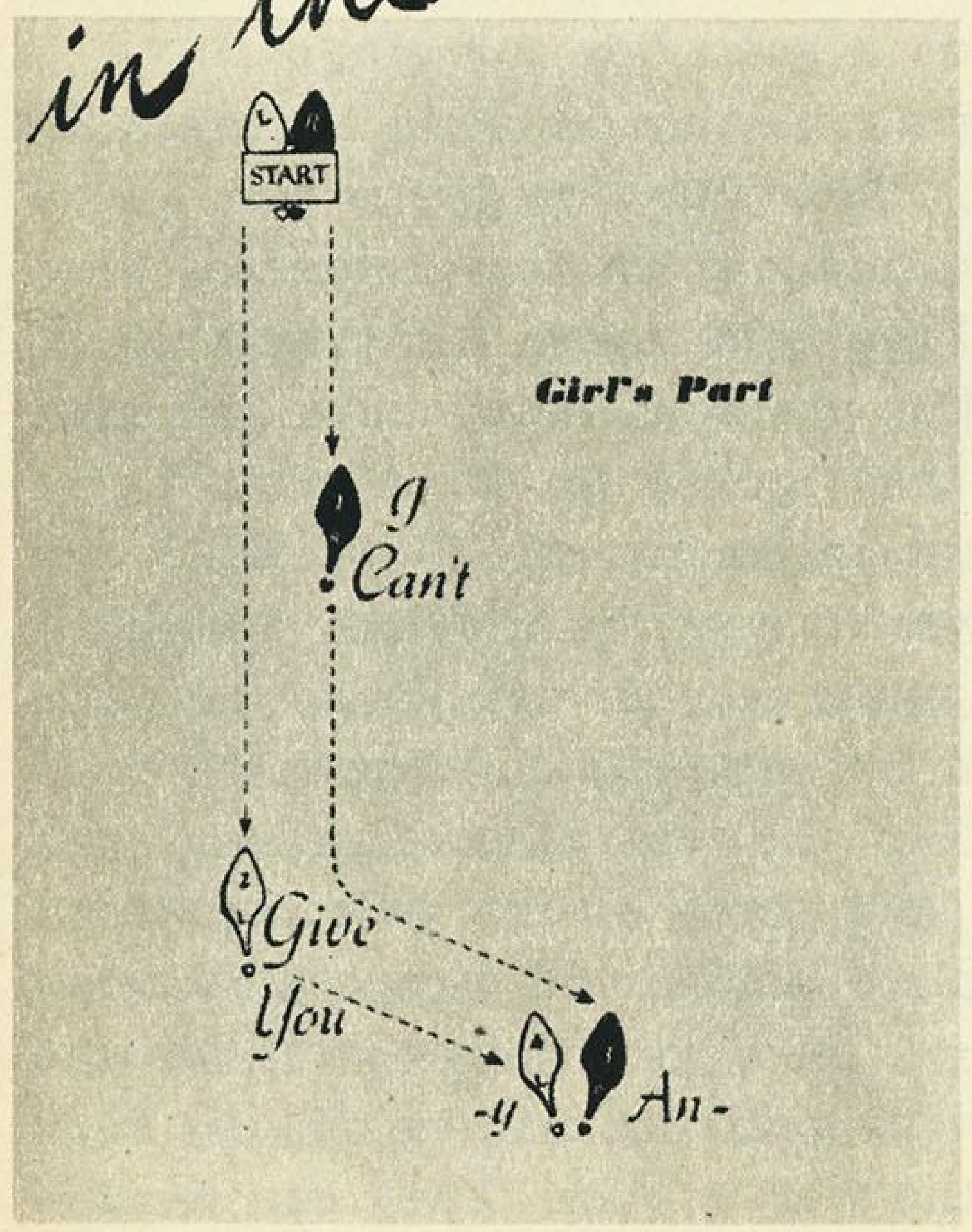
Then one evening when, as usual, I was skulking around the sidelines at a school dance, a girl I knew took pity on me and said she'd show me a few dance steps. She had a lot of patience. I had a lot of desperate determination. So between us we soon had me maneuvering around the floor with some degree of skill. Well, I guess most lives have a turning point, and that was certainly the turning point in mine. Dancing brought me out of myself and I suddenly stopped brooding over my supposed deficiencies. I actually began to feel sure of myself, more like other boys. The companionship of dancing made me realize that people weren't frightening at all. In fact, people were fun. And when I finally worked up the nerve to enter a dance contest—and won it—my self-assurance moved in for keeps. Anyone who has suffered the agonies of acute shyness, as I did, can imagine what it was like to be able to face the world without my knees knocking together.

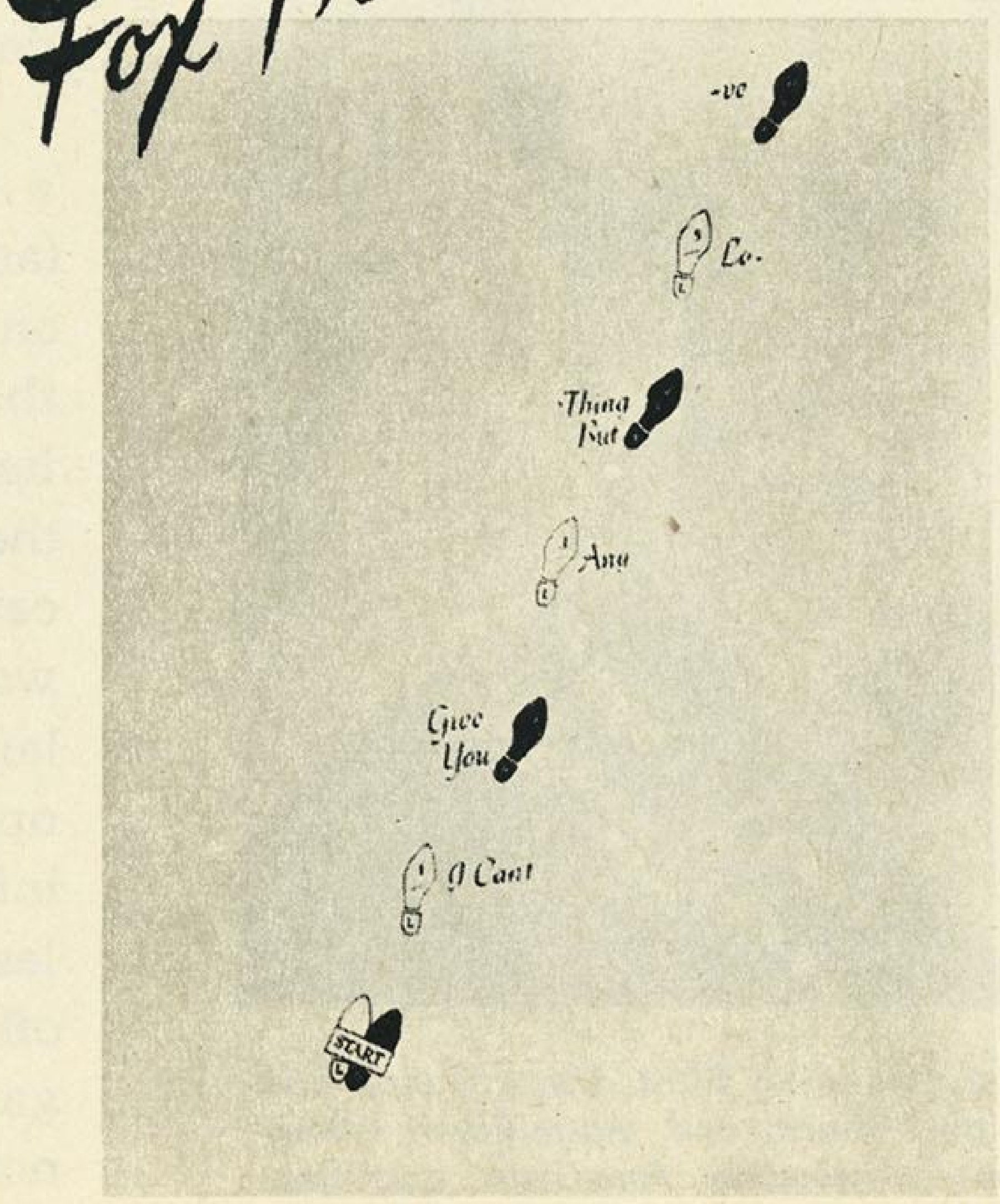
Just because dancing is my business, don't think I'm trying to tell you it is some fabulous kind of a cure-all. It isn't. But I have seen it work its magic so many times with shy and unpoised people—succeeding where theories and well-meant advice had failed. For these last are only surface remedies. Dancing is something that comes from within yourself.

Perhaps you are the way I was, terrified of being conspicuous. You are always trying to blend into a dark corner, wanting to join in but fearful you'll (*Continued on page* 62)

The Magic Step in the Fox Trot







SUBJECT:

American Youth

by Irene Dunne

AS TOLD TO JACK HOLLAND

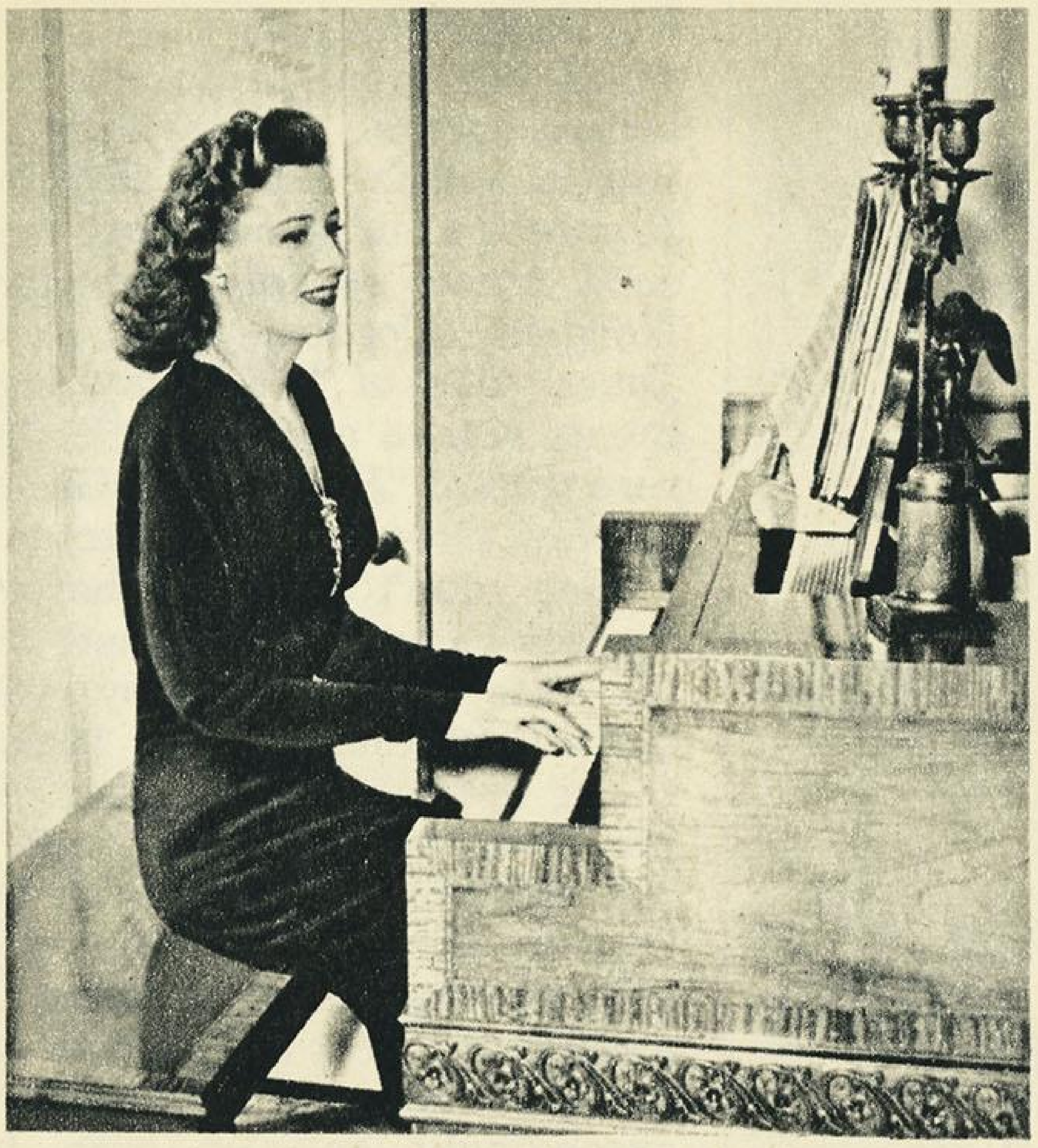
Here's a topic close to the star's heart—YOUTH . . . this "informal lecture" will inspire you to an awareness of your role in Tomorrow's World

Star of many of MGM's outstanding films, Irene Dunne has warmth and intelligence, plus charm and magnificent talent and typifies many of our wholesome American qualities.

I KNOW how dreary it must get to hear so many people telling you kids these days what is allegedly wrong with teen-agers. I don't think boys and girls today are much different from the boys and girls of any other day. It's only that conditions are different.

So, because I have such confidence in you, I want to have this little chat. And I hope I don't get on a soap box too often.

Teen-agers today are certainly not basically a wild lot. Their only trouble is due to the fact that so many of the fine influences they once had have been taken away because of the war. For example, many boys and girls had idols they looked up to. Maybe it was the physical instructor the boys liked because he was so good in athletics. Maybe it was some young teacher who spoke the same language as her students and respected their opinions. But the war removed many such influences, and some of the kids turned to less exemplary guides and temporarily went off the beam. It's a good thing that those who gave the right guidance will be coming back now that the war is over. They can resume



Miss Dunne is a brilliant musician and songstress and, if prompted, will tell you that her young daughter is musically talented, too. She is also a very proud mother.

THE Camp Fire Girls
of Los Angeles
Extend Best Wishes
to the Camp Fire Girls
of Greater New York
for the Success of
Third Annual

It was a proud moment for these Camp Fire Girls when Miss Dunne presented this scroll to them from the Los Angeles chapter. The star looks happy about it, too.

their job of rebuilding young lives once more.

It seems today that boys and girls are often best guided by people near their own age. Alert young instructors can usually do a better job than can bespectacled wiseacres who are past the age where they can share the enthusiasm of the young and understand their problems. No teen-ager is going to spend much time listening to an old fossil.

I've always felt teachers have been generally underpaid. Take the case of a woman instructor, for instance. If she's good at her job, she deserves enough money to keep herself well-dressed, well-fed, and have interesting leisure activities. With more money, she could buy better clothes and could go to beauty parlors more often so that teen-agers would find her attractive and would be inclined to want to listen to her good advice. I don't mean that she should be dripping with cosmetics, but teachers must be presentable enough to attract up-and-coming young people.

All of you are *(Continued on page* 68)

When not before the MGM movie camera, Miss Dunne turns her free time to her garden. It's grand fun and wholesome outdoor relaxation — and profitable, too!

Lead a CHARM ed life!

Sterling Silver CHARMS by JORDAN for music lovers, home-makers, athletes, Westerners, amateur mechanics. Wells that pump, bells that chime, wheels that turn and heaps of other movable charms at 59c and $1.00. You can get complete Charm Bracelets for as little as $1.00 and complete Charm Necklaces from $2.00.

Plus 20% Fed. Tax

See these and a wide selection of Sterling Silver Charms by Jordan at your favorite store — and add-a-charm for added charm.

*Charm School

*Send for our FREE pamphlet — "LESSONS ON CHARMS" — and enroll in our free "Charm School" that teaches you tricks to endear your charms!

CHARMS by Jordan

At leading stores or write:

R. M. JORDAN & CO.

377 Fifth Ave. • New York 16, N.Y.

MAID OF MUSIC

From page 10

director of the Metropolitan, and Maestro Pelletier, famous conductor, have placed their stamp of approval on her following a rare and special audition. Johnson's remark that "for her age Elaine has a wonderful voice" is enough encouragement to make any singer turn somersaults in sheer delight.

Little wonder that persistent talent scouts from Hollywood have gotten nowhere with Elaine. Lucrative offers from 20th Century, RKO, and Universal Pictures, discoverer of Deanna Durbin, have been turned down regularly.

For Elaine would much rather remain at home where she can brush up on new operatic scores, grind away at Italian and Spanish and play the piano than bask in the Hollywood sun. The tempting lure of fame, fortune and publicity means exactly nothing to this vivacious, dark-haired brunette from James Madison High School who has created so much interest in the musical world.

New York, that cruel town, first became aware of Elaine last year, when a performance at Town Hall attracted a throng of 1,500 persons gathered to hear a recital of 22 songs, including six encores. The youngest concertist ever to render a recital in New York, Elaine had to obtain special permission to sing, since she was under 16. But there was nothing cruel about the spontaneous reception the onlookers gave Elaine and her noted accompanist Coenraad Bos.

The music critics sang high praise of this new and glowing personality. Noel Straus reported that Elaine's work "left no doubt as to her possession of decided talents and innate musicality. She sang with more spontaneous feeling and sense of style than I had a right to expect of a girl in her teens."

Leonard Leibling's comment was even more enthusiastic. "Quite remarkable is Elaine Malbin. I do not know anything like it in vocal history except the early appearance of Adelaide Patti," he chronicled.

Immediately offers began pouring into the Malbin home in Flatbush. Not only from Hollywood, but from radio and theatrical agents. Before long she was a smash hit on Sigmund Romberg's air show, sang with such artists as John Brownlee, Norman Cordon and Allan Jones. One of her best assignments was to appear in the feature role of "Hansel and Gretel" in New Orleans at Christmas.

But don't think whatever success Elaine has attained thus far has come the easy way. School studies, voice lessons thrice a week with teacher Hilma Otto, piano lessons, not to say anything of dates with boy friends, keep Elaine hopping on and off the merry-go-round all week long. Yet she's a fine student, her marks averaging 85, exceedingly popular with her set and full of mischief and vigor.

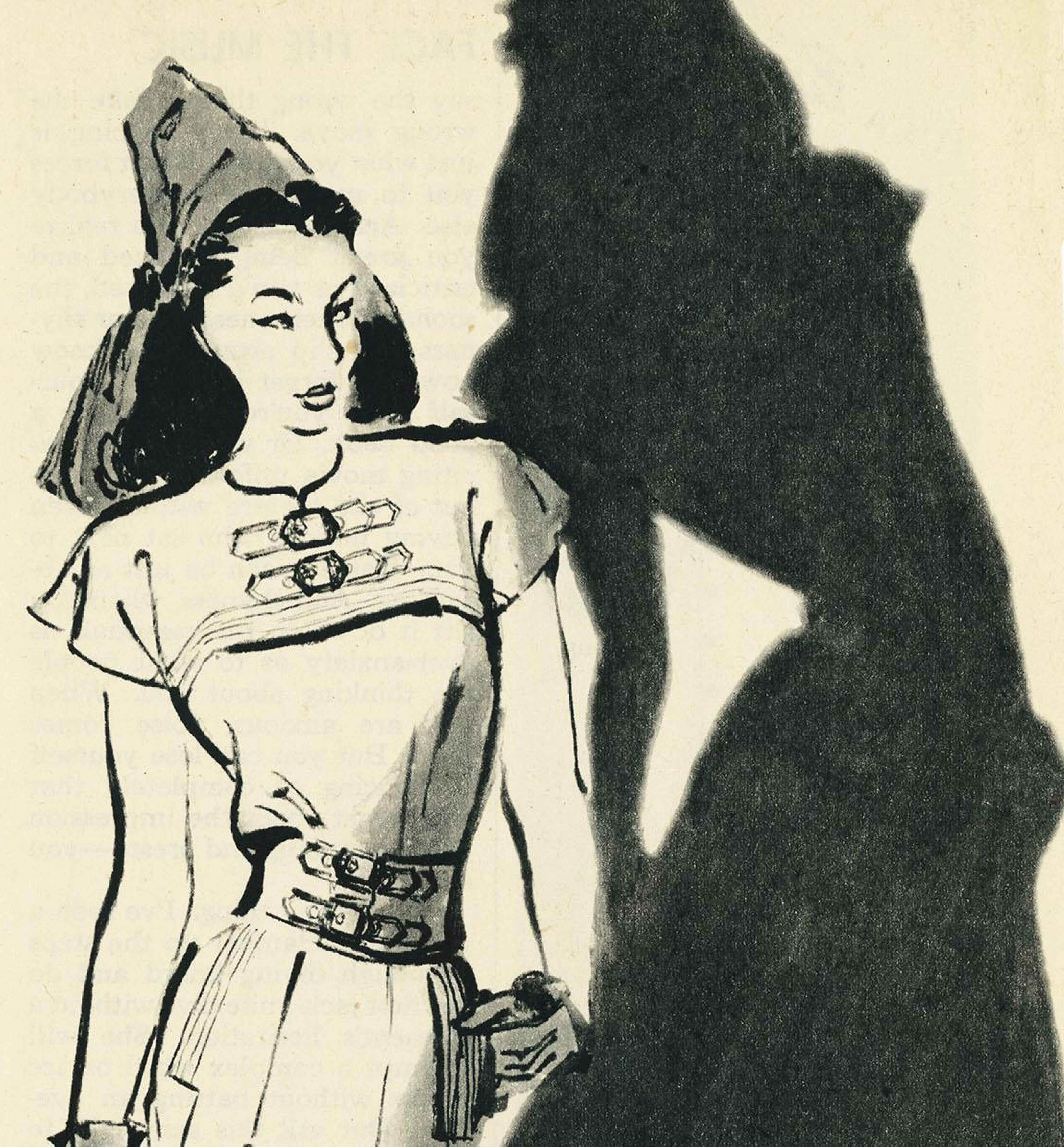
There was nothing unusual about Elaine's first stage appearance. A watchful teacher at Cunningham Junior High School selected her for the star role in the annual school show and this five-foot youngster made all the teachers sit up and take notice of her poise and matured voice. It wasn't long before these same teachers were urging the Malbins to train this most unusual vocalist.

Elaine's ability came as no surprise to Mrs. Malbin, who had done a bit of singing as a girl. Her dad, Irving T. Malbin, insists that "from two terribly poor voices came one good one," but he says it with a smile.

After high school's over, Elaine expects to go to college —co-ed preferred—and tour Europe. While she's too young for steady beaux, she definitely had a "crush" on Allan Jones after singing "Wanting You" with him. But that "feeling" has passed away and now it's Van Johnson she's keen about, as what girl isn't?

For one reason or another, most of the boys Elaine goes with seem to play musical instruments. Her brother is also an aspiring musician. She can't tolerate jive, boogie-woogie or hot music from any of them.

But Elaine's inconsistent. She loves to jitterbug.



Butter yellow gabardine

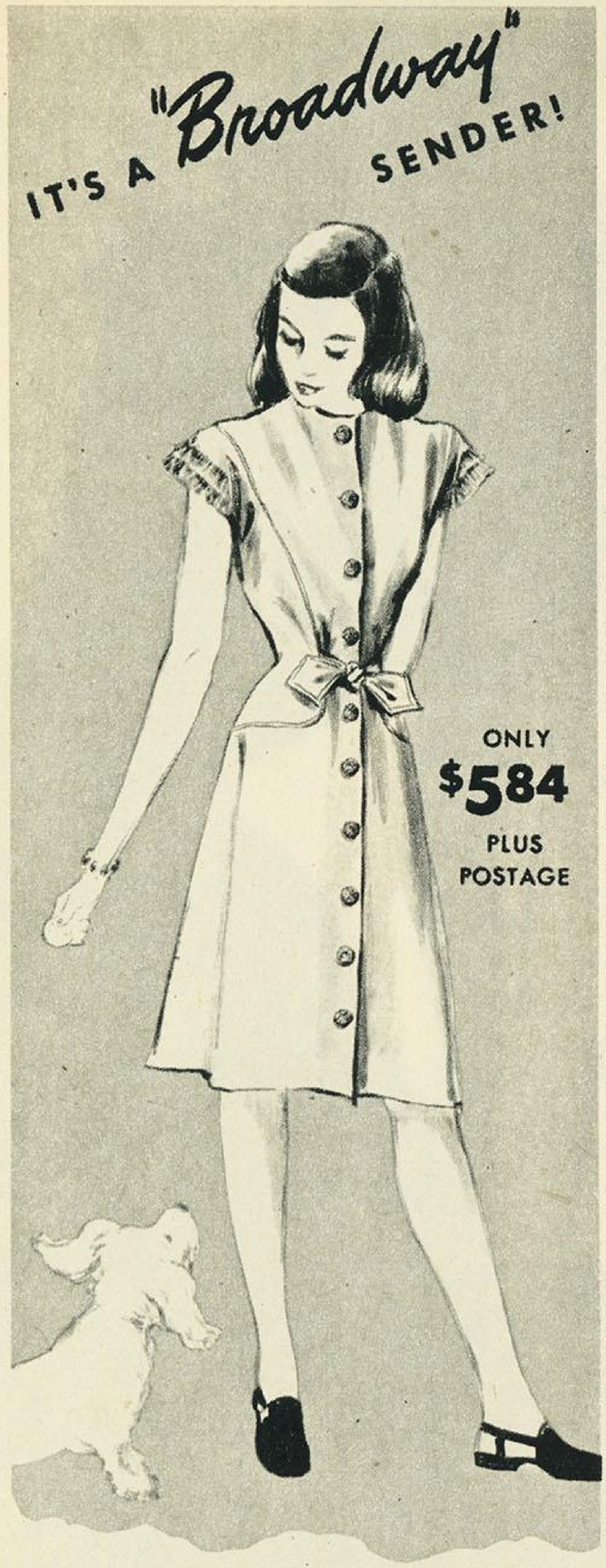
and mighty smooth

You'll cut a fine figure in this big-time tailored casual. The look of the sophisticates has been adapted for you here by Seventeen-for-the-Junior Teens. Jockey Club gabardine by FRANKLY FABRICS in butter yellow, coral or French blue. Sizes 7x to 13x, cut to fit perfectly girls 11 to 15 years old. About $13.

SEVENTEEN
FOR THE
JUNIOR TEENS

Featured at Kline's, St. Louis • Jordan Marsh Company, Boston • the Union Company, Columbus, Ohio • Oppenheim Collins, New York
Harvey's, Nashville • Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati • L. L. Berger, Buffalo • Hartley's, Miami • and Hill Brothers, Fond du Lac, Wis.

SEVENTEEN-FOR-THE-JUNIOR TEENS • 1307 WASHINGTON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



On the beam . . . straight from fashion's Main Stream! Look at that nipped-in bowed waist; the deep fringe on the smart cap sleeves; the expensive detail! Wear it and rate raves! In luxury rayon, metal-buttoned from cardigan neck to hem. Lime, melon, aqua. Sizes 10 to 16 . . . and NOW . . . ORDER IT at its unbelievably low price!

SEND NO MONEY — WE MAIL C. O. D.

Guarantee: Money back if you're not fully satisfied.

Broadway Fashions

BROADWAY FASHIONS Dept. F-A
1181 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me "BROADWAY" SENDER @ $5.84 plus postage.

1st color choice ....

2nd color choice ....

Size ....

My Name ....

My Address ....

City.......... Zone...... State..........

To save C. O. D. fee and speed delivery, send $6.00 by check, money order, or cash (securely wrapped) which includes mailing and handling.

FACE THE MUSIC

From page 57

say the wrong thing, make the wrong move. Then dancing is just what you need. For it forces you to mingle with everybody else. And the sooner you realize you aren't being watched and criticized as you'd imagined, the sooner the tenseness of your shyness will slip away. You know how you forget all about yourself when you're gobbling up a good book. Or watching an exciting movie unfold. You come out of the theatre without even having noticed who sat next to you. Dancing can be just as absorbing. And shyness, when you sift it down to the essentials, is over-anxiety as to what people are thinking about you. When you are anxious, poise comes hard. But you can lose yourself in dancing so completely that you forget about the impression you are making and presto—you are poised!

It's a funny thing. I've seen a young girl clamber up the steps of a high diving board and do her first jack-knife dive without a moment's hesitation. She will attempt a complex whirl on ice skates without batting an eyelash. But ask this same girl to dance — she turns pale, makes nervous excuses, anxiously edges away. Why? For certainly dancing is the most instinctive form of motion, and responding to rhythm is as natural as your heartbeat. It is absurd to surround it with a lot of hocus-pocus, as if it were something mysterious and intricate.

Maybe you get a little panicky about dancing because you feel that the minute you leave the safety of the sidelines, and step onto the dance floor, the room's attention is riveted on you measuring you with icy eyes. Don't flatter yourself. And stop worrying. For the good dancers are having far too fine a time to watch what you're doing. And the poor dancers are too involved with their own feet to look at yours.

Getting along with people is important, and dancing is a wonderful way of going about it. Whether you do a lindy or a waltz, it is a kind of partnership. It takes two people to make it successful. Of course, if you are going to follow expertly, you must master a few basic steps. From then on, *all dances are merely variations and combinations of these basics.* Don't fret, wondering what in the world your partner is going to do next. Anticipating future steps makes you stumble over the ones he's doing at the moment. Once you've developed a sense of dance rhythm, you'll know instinctively what to do next. And a good way to perk up this sense of rhythm is to pirouette around by yourself at home.

Dance floor etiquette calls for tact and courtesy, and these are pretty good habits to develop. They spill over into your daily life, making you become a more popular person. A point in dancing's favor is what it does for your appearance and right now I'm not thinking of the way it pares down extra curves. I'm thinking of the way good dancing demands good posture. When you carry yourself proudly, the dress you're wearing looks sensationally different from the way it does when you slump.

During my years of dancing I've accumulated a few hints which may be of help if you've just started dancing and are a little unsure of yourself....

If you can't talk and dance at the same time—dance.

When you are dancing with one boy, don't eye the others.

Don't lean heavily on your partner, and **DON'T** try to lead.

Don't bump, bounce, or jiggle. Good dancing is smooth as butter.

Don't dance for the benefit of the onlookers. Your partner is the one you're out to please.

But here is the biggest hint of all—*enjoy yourself!* Dancing is meant to be gay, full of responsiveness and that glad-to-be-alive feeling. Why approach it as if it were an algebra exam? You'll never know until you give it a really good try just how much poise and balance and self-confidence you'll gain from your whirls around a dance floor. I know. It happened to me.

"OUT OF THE MALE BOX"

From page 17

does a fade-out for the rest of the evening. He's either off horsing around with the other boys or else he figures the grass is greener around some other girl. Nobody prodded him into asking us in the first place, and before he begins tooting around on his own he should see we're nicely organized with some group ourselves. And while we don't want him to trail us like an FBI agent, we firmly believe it is part of his function as our date to check up at intervals to be sure we aren't languishing in a lonely corner. Nope, the now-you-see-him, and then-you-don't (ever again) variety is getting no bid to our party.

* * *

We curdle at the sight of the male to whom shampoo is an unknown quantity. His every strand of hair lives an oily life of its own. His tresses either straggle over his forehead or stick up wildly in all directions. He's usually the kind who is apparently afraid of haircuts too, and goes around looking as if he were in training for a costume picture. He inspects us coldly if *our* hair isn't looking delectable . . . so who does he think he is anyway?

* * *

We are worn to a nub by the wit who has to toss off everything with a quip. He thinks being sincere about anything is absolutely hysterical, and carrying on a sensible conversation for even five minutes is a project he can't cope with. We're as giddy as the next person, but if we bump into a subject that matters, why make a circus out of it? With him we always have the feeling that if we don't laugh like hyenas the entire time, he's being bored to extinction. His humor is too high pressure for our party.

* * *

We're a good little listener, if we do say so, and sit quiet as a mouse if somebody has something to say. But we congeal at the thought of the boy with the me-me-me complex. It takes two people to make a conversation, which is something he hasn't heard about, for he goes in strictly for monologues. To him his every activity is astounding, and he doesn't want you to miss a detail of His hobbies, His friends, His accomplishments, plans, possessions and other assorted items. If you feel the time has come to make some slight remark yourself, he stares at you impatiently, manufacturing his next autobiographical comments.

* * *

Then we mustn't forget not to ask the boy who is Bored With It All. He has some mistaken idea that if he never enthuses over anything, gives out with tired smiles and such, he is being sophisticated. He's always trying to wiggle himself into an older crowd, and if you're unwise enough to ask him to your wienie roast, he goes on and on about some fabulous night club he was at the week before. Personally, we think half of the things he says he does are products of a wishful imagination, but even if they aren't, to him we say—for Pete's sake relax, and be your age.

And we're not at all partial to the number who comes to call for us, and then is lethargic around the living room, mumbling rudely uncommunicative answers to parents' questions. We're out of the house in a flash anyway, so we don't see why he can't make an effort for the minutes he has to stick around. knowing he's falling flat with the family makes us jittery, and weirdly enough, makes us wonder if he's the prize we thought he was.

Please let's not invite the Un-Beau Brummell whose tie and shirt never seem to get together. The top button of his shirt is undone, with his tie drooping loosely. Either don't go in for ties at all, we say, or else make a more organized production out of it. And speaking of shirts. We avoid the oddity who thinks it's attractive to let his shirt tails flap wildly in the wind. Maybe he thinks it's sort of casual or something. We think it's corny and remarkably unbecoming.

PLAY
MATES

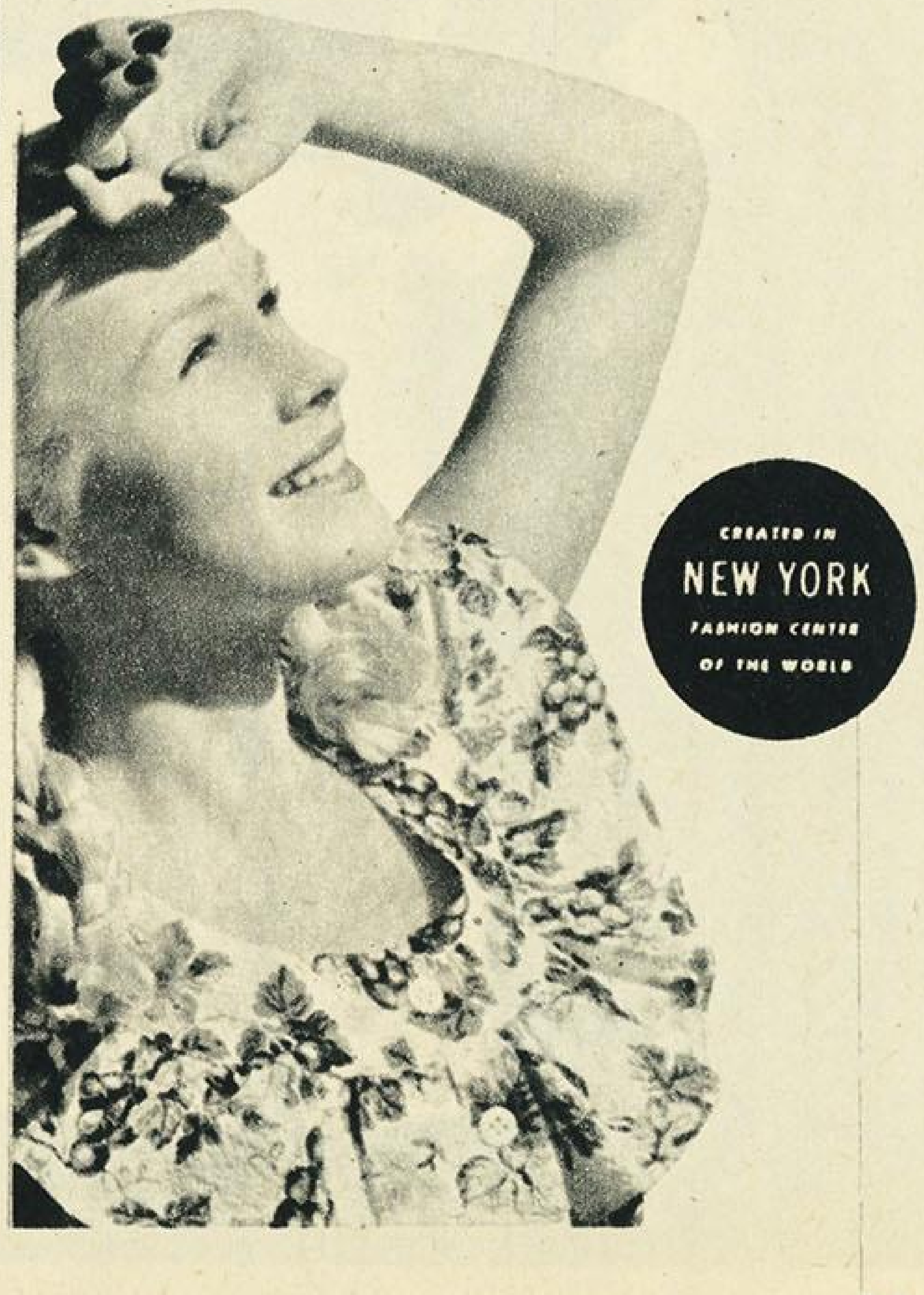
ANOTHER derby WINNER

Pleated shorts, if you please—and a backless midriff top. Derby's newest dream for a summer full o' fun boasts a grape cluster pattern in SPORTEASE, a washable crinkle crepe by Pacific. Sizes 10 to 16.

About $5.00

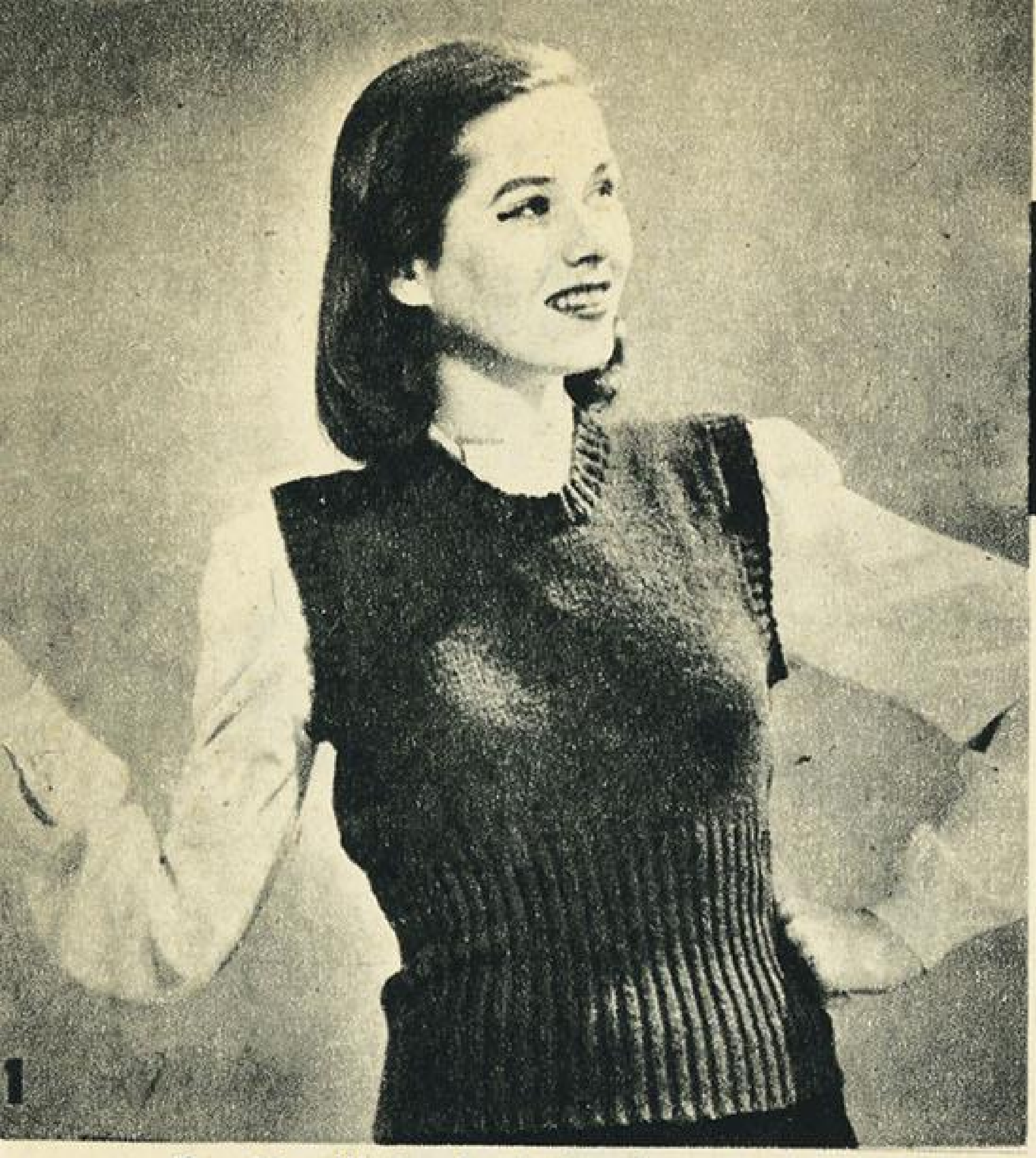
DERBY SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1333 Broadway, New York 18

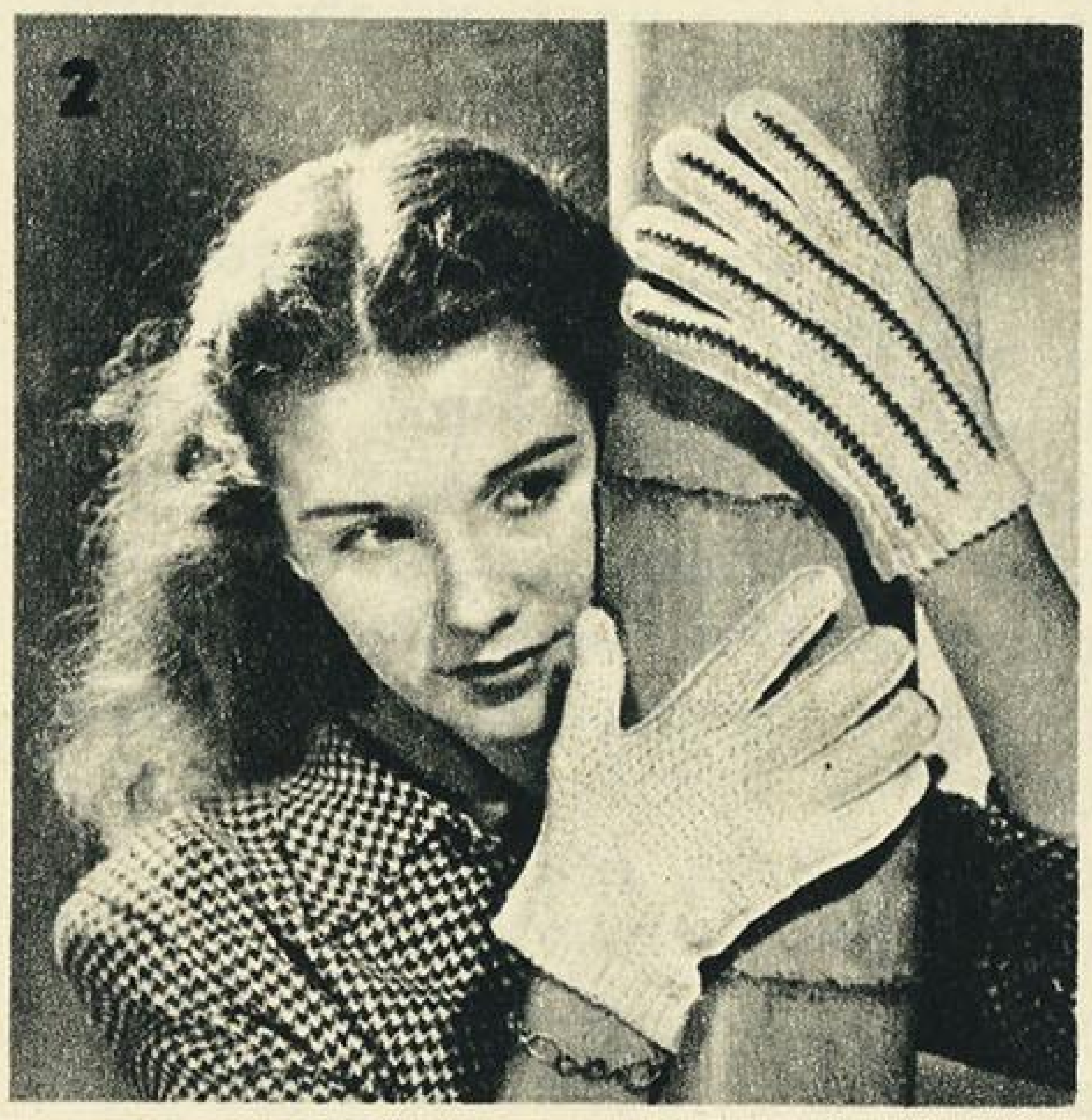
FACTAG PACIFIC COTTONS

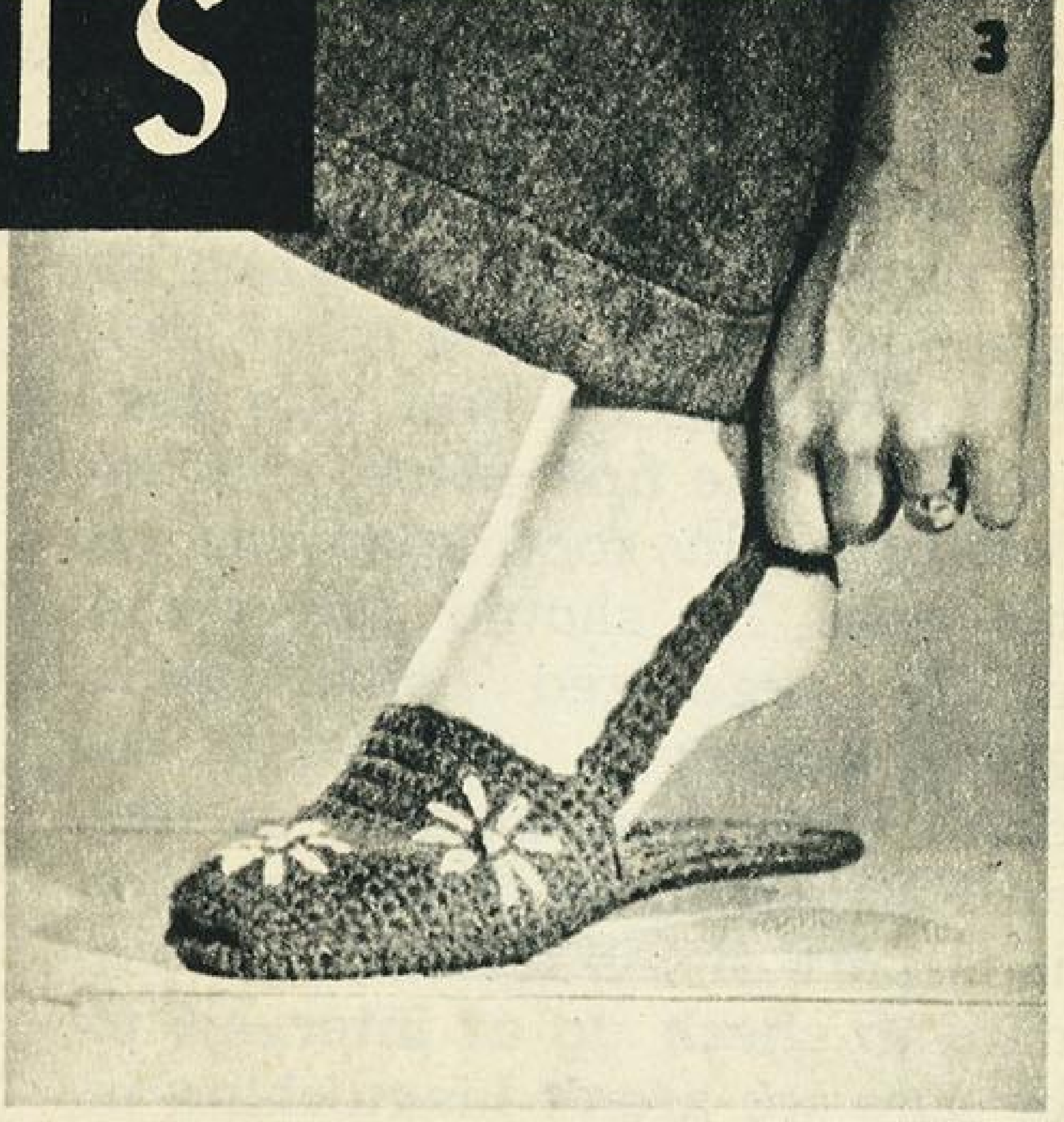


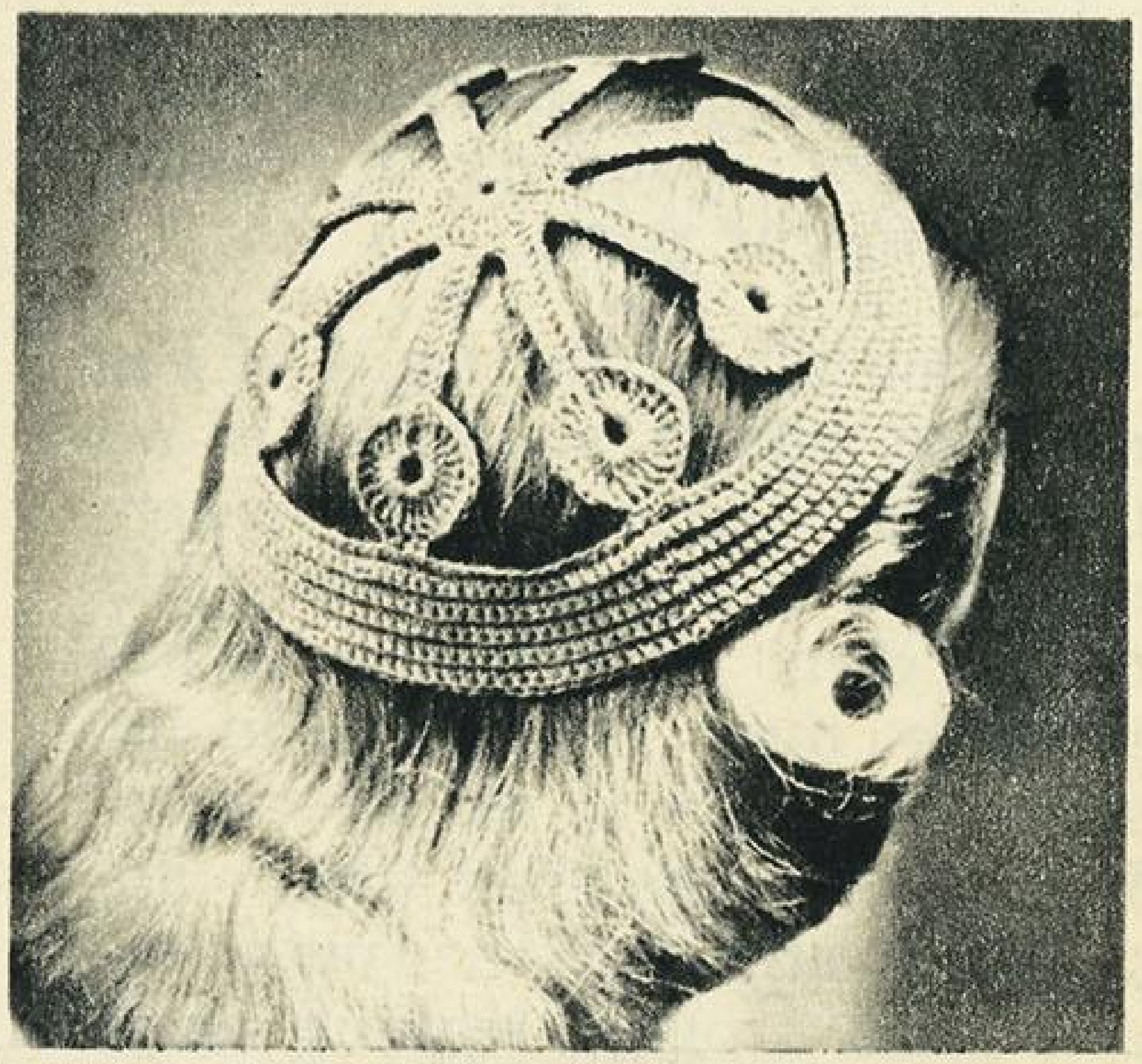
KNIT-WITS

Popular as your father's moustache ... are these winsome wearables ... A cinch to crochet, and nothin' to knit . . . So fashion-Hi, cost low, too!


1


2


3


4

1—You'll be WILD about this WOOLEY WEST-kit. . . . Easy-to-make in cheerful colors in America Thread . . . and perfect for cool evenings. Pull this wool(en) over eyes, send for pattern number 4201. . . .

2—Verra, verra handsome, these crocheted mitts for summer goin's-out. . . . Spic-and-span whites, or striped with a dash of color to match your favorite cotton prints. . . . Pattern number 4208. . . .

3—Prettied up with sunny daisies . . . this open-toe, bare-back crocheted slipper for hot weather days. . . . Nice to sling over your heel, and noted for comfort and softness. . . . Pattern number 4206. . . .

4—The crowning glory . . . for dress-up around town. . . . Crochet one to go places, do things for you . . . in all colors. . . . Send for pattern number 3508. . . .

***Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your free pattern to:**
MISS AMERICA Magazine—Dept. AT
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

Tattletale

A NEW MARKON SKIRT SUCCESS!

Oh, for a skirt that can hold its own with sweaters and blouses. Well, lookee-here! This wonderful, deep-pleated skirt will shine in the fanciest company! See, twin rows of saddle-stitching tell the world about the side-saddle pockets. The colors are a dream! Golden sunshine, peace blue, lime, rose, coral. Fine mercerized cotton. . . . . About $4— At better stores everywhere.

MARKON GARMENT CO., INC.
1350 Broadway • New York 18, N. Y.
In California:
833 Market St. • Room 515 • San Francisco

"OUT OF THE MALE BOX"

From page 63

Of course, there are a couple of girls we wouldn't ask either. Like the lassie who sulks if she isn't the belle of the ball every minute of the time. While she dances with one boy she is batting her eyelashes at another. Her delight in life is seeing how many other girls' beaux she can bag in an evening. She is pure poison. The type who is one minute off in a corner making catty remarks to Ann about Jean, and two seconds later giving Jean an earful about Ann. And the next day what she would have to say to everybody about our party would be murder. And another bit of bad news is the girl guest who takes over the shindig, hostessing it like mad, and rearranging the plans you'd made until you begin to wonder if you're in the wrong house. . . But enough of this penciling off people. We've rounded up all the Sad Sacks and disposed of them. Now for the friends we *will* have . . . like you, and you and you.

THE PUNCH IN JUDY

From page 21

she went to Celeste Rush's to study dialects and prepare herself for other roles.

"A Date With Judy" got started about four years ago as a summer replacement show for Bob Hope. Ann Gillis did the "Judy" role the first year, and the following summer, Joan Loring did it. Louise did the girl friend, "Mitzi" the first two summers. But the third summer, Louise herself drew the "name" role, and brought luck to the show. It was sold to a sponsor and went on the air as a regular program the following January. It's been on weekly for the past year and a half.

Louise also plays "Marjorie" in The Great Gildersleeve at NBC, "Emmy Lou" on Ozzie and Harriet, and "Mildred" on Corliss Archer. "It works out all right," she grins, "except it's a rat race sometimes. A couple of the shows are on Sunday, and I have to rush around like mad to make connections."

The "Judy" rehearsal takes an hour early in the week, and from noon to show time at 5:30 on Tuesdays. Of course, Louise's bugaboo—as with most radio stars—is the fear of being late to a show. She had to break her lackadaisical time habits when she went into radio business.

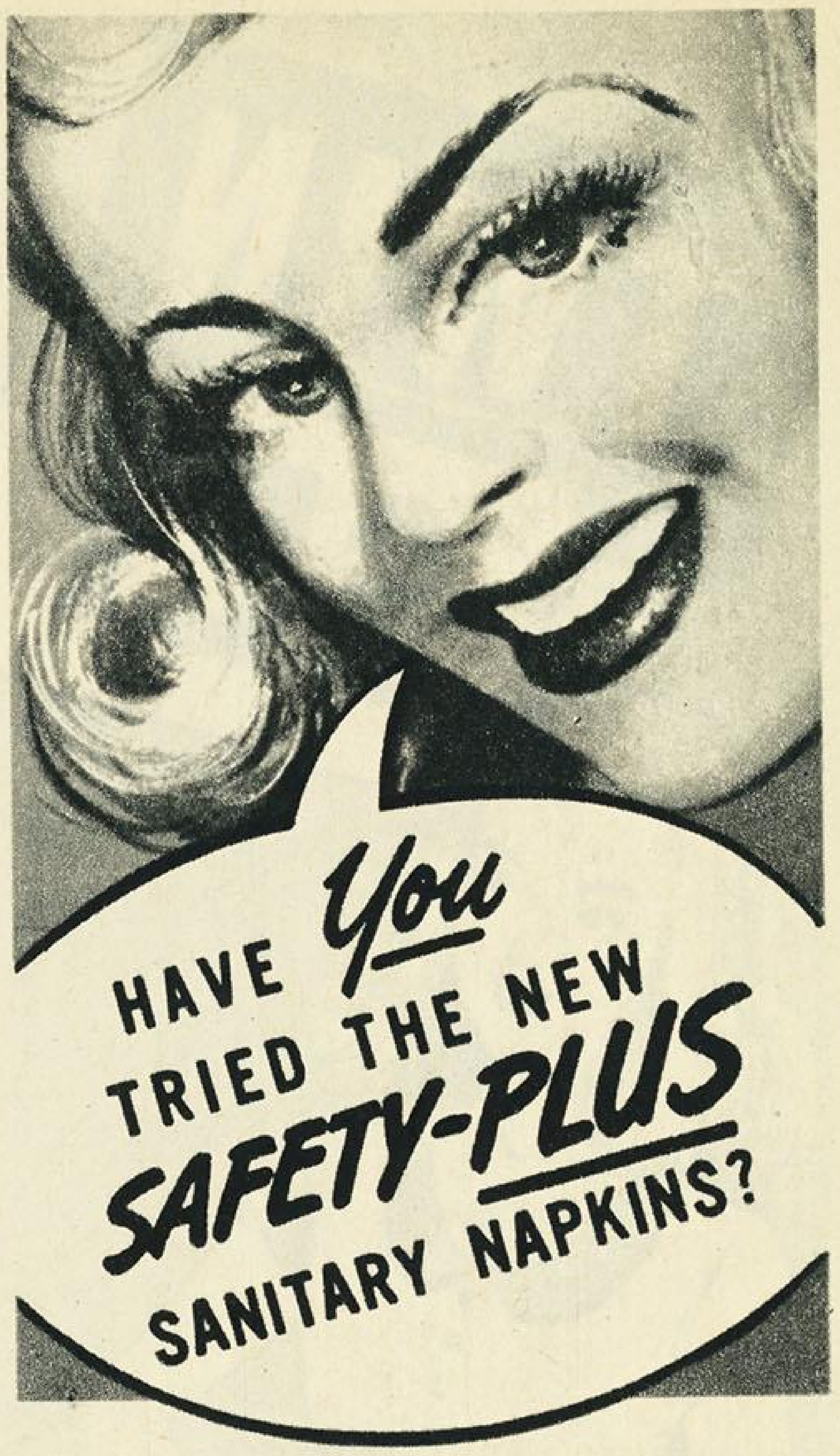
Her most horrible memory was arriving late at the Corliss Archer show. There was a two-hour break in rehearsal. Louise went to a beauty parlor some distance from the studio, to have her hair done. Her mother was to pick her up at 15 minutes of show time. However, something detained her mother, and at 2 minutes of 5, she dashed breathlessly by to collect Louise.

"I'm on page 3," Louise explains, "I come in with the phone ringing. I went running in with the script in my hand, and got there just as the phone was ringing. The 'mother' on the show was set to clown through my part. I was nervous for days afterwards! That's a waking nightmare, being late to your show!"

Louise has done some television and a picture, "Meet Miss Bobby Socks." "I'm not going to do any more pictures right away," she says. "I'd rather wait. I have plenty of time, and I'd rather not start out being typed as an adolescent. In a couple of years I'd like to do a New York play." (Right now, she'd settle for a two weeks' fun trip there.)

On "Judy," she occasionally offers her own ideas, usually from letters sent her by fans. They used one excellent suggestion, that of having "guest stars" and working them into the story. She had several different ones, Hedy Lamarr, Boyer, Joe Cotten—*and* Frankie!

She loves to hear from the girls. "I think I'm so lucky to be able to represent a teen-ager," she says. "I hate to keep repeating this, but please write to me and tell me what you want. Bawl



HAVE *You* TRIED THE NEW SAFETY-PLUS SANITARY NAPKINS?

They Give You

Triple-Protection

—and such wonderful comfort!

SANAPAK is shaped to fit *without bulk*—faced with soft cotton to give you the *greatest possible wearing comfort.* And they're made with three special layers, including the famous "Pink Back" to give you *triple protection!* Insist on SANAPAK—they cost no more than ordinary napkins!

SANAPAK SANITARY NAPKINS

Say SANAPAK and BE SAFE!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping · Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein

Scoldy Lox BOB PINS

NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

Scoldy Lox EXTRA FINE QUALITY BOB PINS

adorable *"Flower Pot"* bag and glove set

Complete in gift box. One perfect way to make some little girl extra happy! Wool felt bag with drawstring and ruffle top, contrasting accents. Matching gloves in fabric for smart little girls 7 to 12. Gold, aqua, dusty pink, powder blue, red, brown, and navy. A Nolan Original

Retail about $3.00

Bag subject to 20% Federal Tax

Nolan Glove Co., INC.
425 4th AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

me out and criticize me if you want. I can take it! But just write! I like it. I get all kinds of good ideas from your letters and that's the only way I can improve and please you—"

Louise graduated from Immaculate Heart High School, started to go to USC, and then changed to Occidental. She's majoring in English, psychology, and art. Costume designing is her favorite hobby and she designs her own clothes. She likes "versatile" clothes which you can change with a little ingenuity—like dressy blouses and plain good-looking skirts. "It makes you think you have more outfits when you can change color combinations around."

She wears little jewelry. Usually just her watch, and her very cute bracelet which reads "For Louise, from her fan, Harold Kemp." (Her "Judy" sponsor.) And pearls for dress-up at night.

She loves interior decorating, too. She fixed up her own suite at home, which consists of a dressing room, bedroom, and bath. And very cute it is. The walls and ceiling are light green, and the draperies are white trimmed with dark green. There's a white crocheted rug, and her dressing table skirt is white dimity trimmed in green. Three chairs are covered with dimity, too.

Louise has a victrola in her suite, and a lot of records, most of which are semi-classical and some pop. She loves pieces like "Dancing In the Dark" and "Clair de Lune," and adores Morton Gould. She's not a boogie fan, but likes it if it's good. She has so many favorites among the male actors and singers that she can't honestly name *one*, but Judy Garland is her favorite actress. She loves practically all show people, thinks they're wonderful.

Louise isn't serious about any boy-friend, plays the field, and only has time for dates about once a week. She likes to go to shows or dancing, and loves to eat. She can cook too—mostly fattening things like spaghetti, lemon meringue pie, and even wonderful bread. Her family consists of Pop, who owns a restaurant, Mom, and Johnny, her 14-year-old kid brother who is an excellent violinist. She claims she got her practice for her various parts with kid brothers right at home. She has a Sealyham, named Reginald, who is "white, shaggy, and spoiled—what a character!"

A numerologist once told her she'd never be a success with the name Louise Erickson, and she thought of changing it to Judy Erickson, but she hates to because so many of her friends and fans know her real name through the "Judy" program. From here it looks as if that numerologist needed a brush-up course.

LARAINE DAY'S DANDY DISH

Want a party dish that's easy to prepare in advance? Here's something VERY partyish . . .

BAKED APPLES DELUXE!

Core large red apples (leave on the skins), fill the holes with sugar and a dash of cinnamon. Put the apples in baking pan and cover the bottom of the pan with water (about ¼ inch) to keep the sugar and apples from sticking. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Remove from oven and fill the hole with chopped nuts and raisins, put a marshmallow or two on the top. Put back in the oven and bake until done, or about 15 minutes longer. Keep adding a little water so the apples won't stick. This makes positively the yummiest baked apple you ever tasted. You can make them in the morning and serve them that night with hot chocolate. If you prefer them hot, reheat them in a 350° (moderate) oven for fifteen minutes just before you are ready to serve.

That does it, girl friends. I just sold myself a dessert. I'm going to have baked apples deluxe for dinner, tonight, and I'm going to start making them now. Why don't you, too?

LOSERS ARE WEEPERS

From page 25

your things when laundry day comes around.

If you have never had things really organized before, you have probably collected two or three boxes of powder, several bottles of perfume, etc. Put all the extras in one box—perhaps placed on a low shelf in the closet. Then look before you buy!

Add any other idea that may occur to you. Then, when you are completely organized, remember that second part of the quotation: "Everything in its place." Keeping things in place as you go along takes less time in the long run. Remember: Being organized will work only if you work it!

JAM SESSION

From page 14

Johnny Mercer and Bing hot spotting together in New York to listen to 52nd street jazz. . . .

Watch for Allen 'Red' Roy's trio to rival the Nat 'King' Cole guys. The two outfits are very similar. . . . I had a good time at the birthday party Lionel Hampton gave for the sixth anniversary of "Flying Home," the song which spelled fame for the Hamp.

Johnny Desmond, the GI Sinatra, has signed contracts for a radio show with comedian Herb Shriner, also a returned vet. Johnny's Victor records are clicking. He will also be seen on the screen (for Warners).

"Watch her play this one," pianist Eggs Rover whispered to me as Adele Girard, the swing harpist, started 'I Know That You Know.' "It's almost impossible to play on a harp!" Sure enough, Adele moves her feet across the pedals as fast as she moves her fingers on the strings. She plays with hubby Joe Marsala's small band. No one can equal her on her instrument.

Stan Kenton will be "the band of 1946" according to a pool of music critics. . . . Ex-mayor LaGuardia's wartime motto, "Patience and Fortitude," has been made into a swing spiritual by Blackie Warren and Billie Moore.

Some thing new in a teenage shoe!
POLLY PARROT
Polly DEBS
WORKALONGS
WALKALONGS
WALTZALONGS
POLLY PARROT
Polly DEBS
ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • Div. International Shoe Company • St. Louis 3, Mo.

And speaking of new songs, Duke Ellington has a new one titled "Long, Strong and Consecutive." . . . While Vaughn Monroe and trumpeter Frank Ryerson have written "The Pleasure is All Mine." . . . Johnny Mercer will have the summer replacement radio show when Jack Benny goes on his vacation.

Idol Chatter: Tex Beneke has the honor of fronting the returned Glenn Miller orchestra, "the orchestra that Glenn wanted to bring back!" Tex was born Gordon Lee Beneke and hails from Fort Worth, Texas, a wonderful town. Tex took up saxophone about the same time that he donned long pants. By the time he was thirteen he was leading his own band in Fort Worth.

Gordon joined Glenn Miller very early in the band's career and was with the outfit until he went into the Navy. Glenn dubbed him 'Tex.' It was also in the Miller band that Tex, reluctantly, began to sing. His first song was "Ida." In the Navy, Tex was a bandleader at Norman, Oklahoma, Naval Training Base. He was discharged honorably in November of last year.

Immediately Tex went into action in fronting the new Miller band. Personally he is one of the finest bandleaders I know. He has the Texas relaxed manner of doing things, a pleasant speech, and sincerity of expression. He is modest about his own ability and quick to applaud the work of others. And he speaks with a slight drawl. . . . "Ah lak Tex and ah hope he all is maghty successful in his venture, ah do!"

Record raves: "You Won't Be Satisfied," by Les Brown, for which we predicted big things in last issue is currently at the top of Columbia's sales list. . . . And Vaughn Monroe's "Let It Snow," which we also recommend, has sold over a million copies and will probably outsell Vaughn's "There I've Said It Again."

Let's stick out our necks again . . . this time on Tommy Dorsey's "Chicago" and "Never Too Late to Pray." Tommy has a double winner on this record, first in the smart Si Oliver-styled

Stadium Girl

Bargain in Beauty

This graceful plastic compact — four inches in diameter — personalized with your initials or first name on the cover in gold **...and** large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in a convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container — your choice of a smart, flattering-to-your-lips shade... **both for only** $1.00 (tax and postage included)! . . . Enjoy the pride of owning this popular Stadium Girl combination. Tear out the coupon below and mail it with your dollar today!

Compact is guaranteed leakproof

Leading 10¢ stores carry Stadium Girl Lipstick...Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . Stadium Girl Compacts.

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 356
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing $1.00 (In Canada $1.10); which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The three initial letters (or first name) that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below:

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial ☐ or First name (PRINT)

Name__________________________________
Address________________________________
City__________________(__) State____________

My choice of color for my compact is:
- ☐ Red
- ☐ Blue
- ☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick shade is:
- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dark)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

arrangement of the old favorite, "Chicago" with lyrics by Si and the Sentimentalists, and second in the well-sung, well-played, well-written and scored rhythm spiritual, "Never Too Late to Pray."

Dinah Shore has excellent material, too, on "Pass That Peace Pipe," a double-talk Indian novelty, and "Everybody Knew But Me." This is one of Dinah's best records in months. Thanks Victor. . . . Cab Calloway kids "The Honeydripper" on Columbia and makes it worth a listen. "If This Isn't Love" is the pleasant ballad coupling. Cab shares vocals with Cab.

Bing Crosby does a nice job on "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" and "The Bells of St. Mary's" for Decca with John Scott Trotter trotting along with orchestral accompaniment. . . . And crooner Johnny Desmond, "Teentimer Show" singer, debuts on Victor with a listenable pairing of "The Eyes of My Irish Colleen" and "Do You Remember Me?"

Fran-Tone, a West Coast diskery, has recorded "Louise" and "Prelude to a Kiss" by an all star group with Herb Jeffries singing. Great!

HOLD ON TO YOUR WAR BONDS

AMERICAN YOUTH

From page 59

anxious to improve. Recently I had the honor of being the first movie star to speak on the Town Hall Meeting of the Air. After the broadcast, a good many boys and girls like you came up on the stage and asked me serious questions about how their lives could be improved. I found their questions stimulating and their enthusiasm encouraging, for they were looking ahead to the day when they would be the ones to settle the future of America.

It is in helping to keep America a strong and peaceful country by making yourselves informed on what is happening, and by creating your own responsible personalities, that you kids have your biggest job. Maybe you think that's a problem for your elders. You're more interested in having fun—which is as it should be, for you're only young once. But each of you looks ahead, subconsciously, to the day when you'll marry and have your own home. You have a job to do *now* to see to it that the home you will have is built on a firm basis. And that *you* lead a life you'll never have to apologize for to your wife, your husband—or your children.

Some teen-agers I've met seem to be able to talk only about the newest doings in "hep-cat" land. Or they spend their time trying to be funnier than some top radio comedian. Well, you don't want a nation of nothing but radio comedians, do you? If you fill your mind solely with jokes and spend your time hanging around a juke box, what will you amount to?

Now don't get me wrong. I like swing music as well as you. But it can never fill a person's whole life. In the same way, I'm not asking you to saddle yourself with too many responsibilities. That'll come soon enough when you're older. But you can see to it that you have something constructive in your life. You can keep in mind what you want to be in a career line—and work toward it. You can also willingly assume responsibilities in your home. After all, the war has changed the ideas of young people a lot. It has taught them that there must be discipline in life if it's to mean anything.

I think it's a good thing that so many young people today look up to a person like Van Johnson. I've seen Van in a good many places. Whether he's with a woman of fifty-five or a girl of eighteen, he's always charming, considerate, and gentlemanly. He has a lot of fun, but he doesn't feel he has to be overly "hep." He's able to adjust himself to anyone. A good many teen-agers are interested in no one but their own little group. They shut their eyes to all interests except those of their own closed corporation. They see no need for meeting all kinds of people. Yet, they should. And they shouldn't think it's not important to spend some time with the older generation. Whenever an adult spends any time with kids, he's doing them a favor.

In short, all this comes down to these few points: you should be considerate of and interested in everyone. You should avoid becoming selfish and thinking your own life and your own interests and desires are all that matter.

Some teen-agers have said, "Well, what is there specifically for us to do that will make us better people?" I may sound stuffy now. You may even laugh at me. But I assure you it's important. You can keep balanced and improve yourself if you'll find some really needy families in your neighborhood and try to help them. Give them some of your old clothes. Get up a club that will be devoted to giving such people comfort. You should also make it a point to go through some children's hospitals or similar institutions. You won't like what you see—and you won't like the smell of the hospital. But you won't forget the experience either. When you go home that night, you'll be very ashamed to say, "There's nothing I can do—my life is just one big bore."

When it comes to relaxation, which you all must have, there are many youth clubs being formed throughout the country that you can join. You'll find good fun there and you'll meet a lot of fine boys and girls. You can also form clubs in your own homes where you entertain your friends. But in this case, be sure that you don't form such a clique that some interesting boys and girls in your neighborhood are left out of the fun. Young people can be very cruel. They can form violent prejudices against others. So—be tolerant. Forget your first impression of a boy or girl. Look past the person and try to see what he's really like. Give him a break. Put yourself in his—or her—shoes. Would you like to be snubbed and left alone? Wouldn't you like other boys and girls to help you get over some complex you might have that keeps you apart? Remember, every so-called bad boy or girl is usually a lonely kid, a kid without love. You can help him get back on an even keel—or prevent him from ruining his life—by making him feel important and *wanted*.

The biggest obligation of all teen-agers is to have respect for parents and the home. It's only common decency to obey the wishes—I say *wishes* and not *dictates*—of your mother and father. I led a very strict life, when I was young. I had to be on time and dressed for each meal. I also had to be in bed at a certain time. I still don't think such rules are old-fashioned. They are merely a part of the disciplining that all youngsters need if they're to be good, solid citizens. You'll often think your parents are unreasonable, but there's usually a very good reason for their asking you to be home from a date at a certain time or for asking you not to associate with certain people.

Think I'd better sign off now. But let me add just this: be yourself at all times. Be an individualist. Get a good education. Don't think you know more than anyone else. The older you get, the more you'll find out how little you really know.

Good luck to you, the America of tomorrow!

Penny Purse
by Coro
Coro
TEENS

Carry your pennies or nickels and dimes under the twins' hats. They've got a secret little change pocket with a snap fastener to keep your money safe . . . look super on your suit or dress. They're about $1.00 each plus federal tax at your favorite store.

CORO INC., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

Shoot That Letter to Me!
Send Me With a Long Note!
I Sure Miss You!
Drop Me a Lion!
Swing Me a Little Dialogue
Get Hep With Your Pen!

Teen-Age STATIONERY that's SUPER!

Witty--New--Colorful--SHARP!

Why pay more? Now you can get Rite-A-Way SUPER Teen-Age Stationery for only 25c that's GUARANTEED to be the best value in the United States—regardless how much you pay for other Teen-Age Stationery! You get 24 attractive colored sheets of stationery (5½ x 8½ size) together with 12 matching envelopes. 12 sheets contain **different**, witty, clever, artistic illustrations—(samples shown to left and bottom) with 12 sheets plain. Fine quality bond writing paper in attractive, youthful colors! You'll love this stationery. So will your friends. But look what else you get!

Only **25¢** *PER PACKAGE

FREE! ONE EXTRA SET IF YOU ORDER FOUR SETS FOR $1.00

If you order four sets of Rite-A-Way Teen-Age Stationery for only $1.00 we'll send you a FIFTH set absolutely FREE of extra charge! Offer limited. Send money TODAY! Positive money-back guarantee. Makes wonderful gifts.

Western Stationery Co.
Dept. T-41-E Topeka, Kansas

OTHER BIG BARGAINS!

Personal Stationery! We will elegantly print anyone's name and address on 50 sheets crisp, new, crackly Stationery and on 25 matching envelopes—for only 35c. Or, three sets each with different name and address or three sets with one name and address for $1.00! **Correspondence Cards!** Your name and address printed on each card, 35 for 25c; 100 for 60c; 200 for $1.00! **Personal Name & Address Labels**, 200 for 25c, 500 for 50c! **Calling Cards**, imprinted with name, 100 for 25c. Order NOW!

BACKSTAGE MYSTERY

From page 53

She loved her duties and was proud of them.

She looked back through the small glass window which connected the front seat with the back of the ambulance. The young intern, Dr. Santander, was busying himself with the emergency bag. He smiled at her.

The girls in her class were all fond of Dr. Santander, but somehow Edith had a special warmth for him which the young doctor seemed to return. Only yesterday he had made a jesting remark about nurses. Edith had retorted that she was not a nurse yet, only a cadet. "Oh, well," he had answered, smiling, "I only look at the faces. I never notice whether a uniform is white or striped." And Edith had given him a little lecture about nurses' uniforms.

The ambulance came to a smooth stop in front of the stage entrance. The janitor showed them the way to Mrs. Gralson's dressing room.

"Looks like a case of poisoning to me," said the intern after a while, straightening up. "We'd better do a stomach lavage right here."

The theatre doctor nodded agreement. "I'll drive ahead to the hospital to arrange for the respirator," he said. "I'm sure I am leaving the patient in capable hands."

Dr. Santander and Edith worked over their patient with cool efficiency. Finally the young doctor stood up and wiped his forehead. The patient was breathing easier now, and some color had returned to her cheeks.

"I am going down to fix up the stretcher," he said. "It may take a little while because I have to attach an oxygen set. Stay with her . . . watch her pulse and respiration." Then he left.

Edith was alone with her patient. The actress began to murmur and sigh, and suddenly she blinked and opened her eyes. She looked at Edith, and recognized the uniform and the white cap. "What happened, child?" she asked feebly.

Edith explained. Then the actress whispered, "I know what it was . . . that glass of liquid I drank in the last act . . . it tasted strange tonight, not like the usual ginger ale at the rehearsals . . . poison maybe. . . . But who could have . . . ? And why . . . ?" Her eyes wandered around the room. They fell on the glittering jewels on the dresser.

"Maybe that's what they were after," she muttered. Suddenly she turned to Edith.

"You are a nurse, child. I have always trusted nurses. Take that jewelry. Hide it on you, until it is safe. You can give it back to me in the hospital. Hurry, child."

The older woman gave a sigh of relief. Then she lapsed back into deep unconsciousness.

At that moment a wall door at the far end of the spacious dressing room opened and a young woman peered stealthily into the room. Edith glanced up, startled. The nurse noted the intruder's stage costume, her theatrical make-up.

When the woman saw Edith and her patient still in the room, she took a step backward. "Oh, sorry," she stammered, "I thought everyone had gone . . . I . . . I thought you'd taken her to the ambulance. . . I heard the doctor leaving."

She cast a furtive glance at the dresser. Suddenly she stepped fully into the room. Her voice was a furious hiss now. "Where are those jewels? That necklace?"

With an instinctive gesture Edith felt for her blouse, but then she thought better and said nothing. But the woman had caught the gesture. She was trembling with rage now, "You've taken them, you little brat—you thief! You took them!"

She rushed across the room and moved her hands searchingly over Edith's uniform. "Here they are, you . . ."

"Frank," she called, "come here, quick."

A man with dark green glasses stepped into the dressing room. The woman whispered to him and pointed at the empty dresser and then at Edith. The man stepped forward.

"Listen, nursie," he said, "we've gone through lots of

Thrill Your Friends With Your
PERSONAL
PHOTO STAMPS
in your letters, greeting cards, etc.

Dear Bob
Your last letter was
so welcome. Everyone is O.K.
Notice your pin-up girl in the
Photo Sta

Made from Your Favorite PHOTO or SNAPSHOT

Slightly more than 1/2¢ each

A thrilling, new idea in personalization that has taken the country by storm. Your favorite photo reproduced on stamps—ready to paste on your letters, greeting cards, etc. Just imagine the thrill your friends and loved ones will get seeing YOU in every one of your letters.

Use PHOTO STAMPS on—
Stationery
Greeting Cards
Gift Cards
Announcements
Sheet Music
Applications
Match Books
•
As Bookplates
•
In Photo Albums
Autograph Books
•
Exchange them With Pen Pals

Many Other Clever Uses

PHOTO STAMPS have many other uses for personalization and identification. Large sized (1⅛" x 1½") and printed on high gloss gummed stock—simply moisten the back and apply. Individually cut with smooth edge. Adheres smoothly and evenly to any surface, giving the appearance of having actually been printed on.

SEND NO MONEY

Yes, for only $1.89 you can have 250 personal PHOTO STAMPS (minimum quantity). Send no money—just send photo (no negatives. When stamps arrive, pay postman $1.89 plus C.O.D. postage. If cash accompanies order, we ship postpaid. Original photo returned intact.

Money-Back Guarantee

The PHOTOPLATE Co., Dept. 206E
161 W. Harrison St. Chicago 5, Ill.

Genuine Leather
BOOK JACKET
Lizard or
Alligator (grain)

Bag your book for your dash to class or for any trip where you take a book along. It comes in red, green, black, brown or navy with handles, hand-stitching and Scotty bookmark in contrasting color. Fits the average size book. First name or initials sewed on free.

$3.75 Postpaid

Also available in luxurious capeskin leather.

LUCILLE DISTRIBUTING CO., Dept. 75
637 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I enclose check ☐ money order ☐ for the following:
(No. C.O.D.s) Name or Initials..............................
LEATHER: ☐ Lizard ☐ Alligator ☐ Capeskin
COLORS: ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Navy ☐ Green ☐ Red
Name..............................
Address..............................

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches — FREE — if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer.
Good only in the United States
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept.573, Des Moines 2, Iowa

trouble and preparations to get ready for this, and we won't let any thieving nurse spoil things for us."

Edith did not answer.

"Bad enough we didn't find this room empty," the man continued. "But it doesn't make any difference now. Hand over that stuff or I'll let you have it." He looked down ominously at his right hand where it held something in his coat pocket.

Edith retreated a step. She felt her heart beat faster. This was a situation that had not been mentioned in any of the manuals of instruction for cadet nurses. She opened her mouth to call for help, but before she could make a sound the man put his heavy hand over it.

"Get her into the other room before she yells and everybody comes in," said the woman.

Still covering her mouth the man tried to push Edith toward the door in the wall, but the girl grabbed a heavy chair and refused to let go.

The man called out to the actress, "Quick, take off your belt and tie her hands behind her back. I'll hold her."

After much struggling they succeeded and dragged her across the room.

Edith tried to wiggle her hands free, but the belt held securely. It was just then that she felt the familiar touch of metal in her back—her scissors. The good old bandage scissors which every cadet nurse wears tucked away in the back of her apron. An idea came to her desperate mind, and now she struggled and wiggled harder than ever.

At last the criminals succeeded in forcing Edith into the other room. They closed the door carefully behind them and tied a gag around the girl's mouth. Working quickly now the woman took the jewelry from her.

One thought kept running through Edith's mind now, like a continuous silent prayer. "Oh God," she thought, "I hope he remembers what sort of uniform a cadet nurse wears." It seemed like a rather strange thought to have under the circumstances.

Swingtie
Slave-Sandal

ORDER BY MAIL!
CALIFORNIA PLAYSHOES

Colorful all-occasion playshoes styled to flatter and to fit. Long wearing Gabardine. Full leather soles.
RED BLACK BROWN WHITE ROYAL BLUE
SIZES 4 to 9 $3.29 pr. Postpaid
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

WILLIAM JAYSON'S, Dept. L.
15 Spruce St., Paterson, N. J. ☐ SIZE
Please send me:
.......SLAVE SANDAL or........SWING TIE @ $3.29 pr.
Color........................ 2nd Color........................
NAME ....
ADDRESS..............................
CITY..............................ZONE............STATE..........
☐ CASH ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ C.O.D.

Good Student Body...
100% ALL WOOL
Mademoiselle
Fifth Ave.
Inc.

Practically guaranteed with this classic MADEMOISELLE 5th Ave. sweater. From classes and campus loafing, to heart-throb occasion, they keep you sweater-girl sure. Mademoiselle's perfect knit and fit see to that! A series of really lush colors to choose from too!

At fine stores everywhere, or write

MESSING KNITWEAR CO.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

YOU CAN NOW GET YOUR CLUB PINS

AND WITH SUITABLE GUARDS!

SPANISH
MUSIC
LATIN
DRAMA
ATHLETIC
SOCIAL

We have more than ten thousand designs for you to choose from or we will create your pin from your own original design. Write for complete information, *stating purpose or nature of your club* so that we may suggest suitable designs. Any style can be made with greek or english letters or club name. All pins and guards are made with the best safety catches.

Our products are fully guaranteed.

Nation's lowest prices for quality club jewelry

Write Dept. 51A for complete information.

J. A. Meyers & Co.
Manufacturers of College and School Jewelry
1031 W. 7th ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF.
Established more than one-third of a century

JITTERBUGGING IS EASY!

Just out—a new book that *really teaches* JITTERBUGGING. This book will teach you to Jitterbug AT HOME in just a FEW EVENINGS! You'll be surprised to see how quickly you learn this fascinating dance with this NEW, AMAZING method. Over 100 ILLUSTRATIONS clearly teach you the basic Jitterbug steps, TEN COMPLETE JITTERBUG TURNS, and the Boogie Woogie steps and variations. Don't sit on the sidelines when the music is hot. Get in on the fun now!

ORDER TODAY!

Send $1.00 together with this ad and we will mail you the latest edition of "JITTERBUGGING IS EASY" postpaid. Money back guarantee.

SEND NOW!

THE PETERS CO. Dept. A, 328 Adams St., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

TO KEEP WHAT YOU OWN...
Put a CASH'S WOVEN NAME on it!

And besides protecting your clothing and other possessions from loss, at camp, school or home, you'll find Cash's Woven Names just the thing for smart tricks like hair bows, wrist bands and others you'll think up. Ask your Dept. store for CASH'S, or write us. Service men want Cash's too, so please place orders EARLY.

CASH'S 426 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn. or 6213 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

PRICES THREE DOZEN $1.50 NINE DOZEN $2.50 SIX DOZEN $2.00 TWELVE DOZEN $3.00

Suddenly there were muffled steps on the stairs leading to the loft. The man listened sharply. "Is that you, dear?" he asked, in a low voice.

An indistinct voice whispered back, "Yes, coming . . ."

The man muttered. "Do you think it's safe now?"

"Perfectly safe," boomed a man's deep voice suddenly, "And even safer if you get your hands up—fast." A flashlight beamed in the trapped man's face.

Edith jumped to her feet. Someone switched on the ceiling light, and she saw two policemen snap handcuffs on the crook. Behind them stood the theatre director and Dr. Santander. In his hands he was holding a strange little bundle—pieces of a cadet nurse's uniform, obviously snipped off in a hurry.

A policeman untied Edith. "We got the woman, too," he said. "And Mrs. Gralson is safely on her way to the hospital."

Edith turned to the intern. "You found the pieces!"

"How could I have missed them—you left a track as clear as a jeep," he said.

"And so, you didn't forget my little lecture; you know, the one about uniforms . . ." she said.

"I never forget a lesson, because—I look at the face." He grinned broadly as he handed her her blue nurse's cape. "And right now I'd better not look anywhere else," he added, "especially not at your back."

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

From page 19

It was on one of these walks that she discovered Mr. McGregor's place, The Mansion. He had bought the old place, had transformed the big barn into a marvelous stable and imported a trainer and stableboys.

The trainer's name was Mike O'Neill, Stacy found out, introducing herself. But he would not say more. The townspeople said he was a terror. But nothing compared to old man McGregor himself. Rich as Croesus, with a shell like a walnut, and just as bitter. Why was he so bitter with all that money, and all those horses? And what was Mrs. McGregor like? Nobody had ever seen her. There was some kind of mystery at The Mansion. . . .

Stacy was remembering all that as she stooped to retrieve her purse. Suddenly she made up her mind. "I'm going out there again some day," she decided.

But it wasn't until Spring that she managed it. Then her Uncle Joe gave her a bicycle. It wasn't a horse, of course . . . but it was motion—wind in her hair—trees whizzing by—cloud racing . . .

She left her bicycle by the side of the road near the McGregor meadows. Lady was in the field, and three wobbly-legged colts were close to their mothers. At sight of them, she vaulted the fence and walked across the meadow toward the stable, stopping only to stroke Lady and make friends with the colts.

"Hello, Mike," she said. He looked around a bit nervously; the stable-boys stared.

"How—how'd you get in?"

She told them, and a slow, incredulous grin swept over Mike's lean face. "Hm, nothin' can keep *you* out, I see."

"D'you mind?" she asked.

"Not *me*," he answered, rather cryptically. She didn't want to ask him what he meant. "Now that you're here, look your fill," he said. She wandered over the stable for an ecstatic hour.

And Stacy and Mike became good friends. "It's a pleasure to talk to a knowin' lass! The dolts around here don't know a bit of good horseflesh when they see it, and care less." He clamped his unlit pipe between his teeth. "Them boys are no good at all—and Himself no satisfaction eyether. As for Herself—" he gave a shrug. "She's a lady I feel sorry for, I do that."

"Why, Mike?"

He said briskly, "Shure, and I've said too much already." He let Stacy help him curry the horses; let her lead them around the turf ring, and help doctor them. On her visits, under Mike's sympathetic prodding, she told him about the golden days when she had Mother and Dad . . . and her own Janey.

It was always hard to tear herself away. Other duties seemed so prosaic after that. "When may I come again?" she'd ask, and Mike would scratch his head.

Sometimes he'd ask her twice in a week; sometimes ten days would go by before he'd issue an invitation. One time there was a dreadful span of fourteen endless days. She couldn't stand it. Lady was going to foal, and she had had no news. She rode slowly past The Mansion. Someone raised a window, and called to her. She had a glimpse of a sad white face. Then the window was banged down with a crash and the shade was pulled. It puzzled her, but soon as she got to the stable she forgot it.

Mike was in a bad humor. One of the stable-boys said he was sick and the other was a good-for-nothing. "I'd fire them," he grumbled, "but boys are hard to get these days, and I'm too old to do all the work meself." Stacy said comfortingly, "I'll help, Mike. Tell me what to do."

"Damon's restless," Mike said. "Want to take him around a bit?"

"Oh, Mike!" Stacy breathed, afraid she had only dreamt it. "Oh, Mike, may I really?"

She leaped neatly onto Damon's bare back. Mike whistled appreciatively. He watched her gentling Damon, and then ride out into the sunshine. "You can ride, all right," he shouted at her. She laughed with joy. It was wonderful—the feel of a horse under her again, the wind in her face, the sense of freedom. . . .

She circled the field a dozen times. Then suddenly she saw a tall, stout man bearing down upon her, cane upraised. She drew to a halt, and he surged forward shaking the cane in her face. "You—you—what are you doing on one of my horses?"

She slid to the ground. "I'm sorry, Mr. McGregor—"

Mike came running up. "Mr. McGregor, sir—"

"Not a word out of you O'Neill! And you girl, get off this place and don't ever come here again! The brass, the nerve of you!" His face was apoplectic. "Well, what are you waiting for? Get out!"

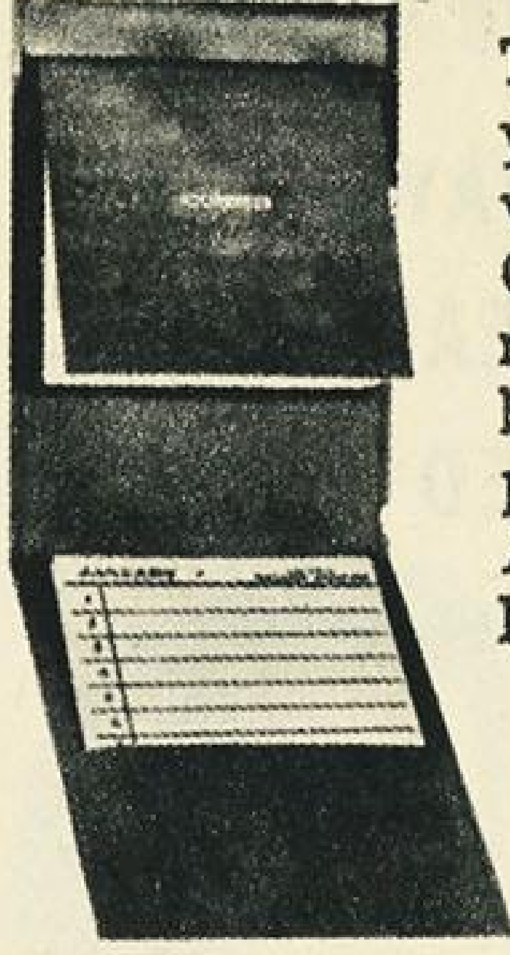
Stacy pedaled home furiously, the blood beating angrily in her ears. The hateful old man—hateful, hateful! Aunt Emma was horrified when she heard of the incident. "Don't you ever set foot on that place again—do you hear? That's what comes of meddling in other folks' business."

After that, the summer dragged by in an endless succession of monotonous days. The air was hot and sultry, and even swimming didn't make Stacy feel right. She cycled listlessly down the long road, one day after her swim, her thoughts ranging back to the past. Almost without volition she found herself turning off toward the McGregor place. It wouldn't hurt just to look over the fence would it? Stacy's eyes turned toward the stable, and her heart stopped. There was smoke curling from the roof . . . smoke on an August day.

Stacy grabbed her wet bathing suit from the bicycle basket and tied it over her nose and mouth, sprinted across the field. The high neighs of the frightened horses struck at her ears as she tore through the wide doors. The air was hazy with smoke and the acrid smell of it penetrated even the wet folds around her face. Where was Mike? She knew what must have happened—someone had dropped a match in the hayloft.

Which horse first? Oh, Lady, of course, Lady and her foal. In the special box stall she found them. Stacy flung a blanket over the horse's head, spoke to her soothingly, with one hand guiding her, with the other leading the stumbling little colt. Lady reared and whinnied, but Stacy's calm, urging voice forced her forward—into the blessed air. She tied them to the stake at the far end of the ring; otherwise, she knew, they would blindly have followed her back. She was after Damon next . . . a Damon wild-eyed with fear. The noise of the horses' frightened cries made the stable clamorous. If only someone

PERPETUAL
BIRTHDAY REMINDER



The best "Birthday Book" yet! Current month always on top. Twelve Cards, one for each month, on which to enter birthdays. 48-page alphabetized, detachable Address Book. Separate Horoscope Booklet.

De Luxe genuine leather, red, $2.00 postpaid. Beautiful simulated leather, red, $1.00 postpaid.

Order From Your Local Dealer or Direct
FREDERICK H. BEACH, Dept. MA
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Enclosed find. . . . . .for which send me . . . . Birthday Reminders at $1.00. . . . .at $2.00

NAME. . . . .

STREET. . . . .

CITY. . . . . .STATE. . . . .

PLAY THE PIANO
THE LEROY WAY
in 5 WEEKS

The famous radio teacher Le Roy will teach you to play popular tunes, semi-classical and even Boogie Woogie, or anything that you can hum, whistle or sing in just **FIVE WEEKS TIME.**

We bring you the sensational Le Roy 5-lesson 72-page course in easy book form with standard keyboard chart for $2. No extras, no additional lessons to buy; you don't even need a piano with our keyboard chart.

Amaze your friends—the man who put music into thousands of homes and into the fingers of thousands who, like yourself, thought they could never play by ear, is eager to bring this easy course to you. Don't delay, order today.

MORLOU COMPANY
Dept. L-476, 11 W. 42 St., New York 18, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed $2; you pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $2 plus postage.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

HOW TO TREAT
"TEEN-AGE"
SKIN

Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itch, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50¢, all druggists.

FREE: For convincing test Box, write, Poslam, Desk 5-A, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

POSLAM

BLEMISHES

TRY THIS TESTED WAY TO HELP RELIEVE BLACKHEADS AND EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES

Want a clear smooth complexion again? Then cleanse face with Cuticura Soap as directed, next smooth on creamy, pleasant Cuticura Ointment. Results may surprise you! Recommended by many nurses. At all druggists.

FRAGRANT·MILDLY MEDICATED

CUTICURA
SOAP & OINTMENT

A New Idea for MUSICAL TALENT and APPRECIATION

Members will receive their 8 keynotes for musical pleasure and opportunity. NEW RECORDS • SHEET MUSIC • WRITERS • ROYALTIES • RECORDING ARTISTS • CAREERS • ALBUMS • PHONOGRAPHS. WRITE now for our free bulletin containing complete information on this exciting idea!

Join song-of-the-month club Now

(affiliate ASCAP publisher-member)
79 WALL STREET, Dept. MA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

25¢ PERSONALIZED Charm Bracelet

I love you
John and Helen

NAMES ENGRAVED FREE

To get more customers, we offer this lovely exquisite bracelet with its graceful charms—tiny images of delight. Captures the heart as well as the imagination. Personalized Heart engraved with any names you want.

We Pay All Federal Taxes and Postage

Just mail 25c, which includes Federal Tax, and your Bracelet shipped immediately. Nothing more to pay! Money Back Guarantee. You'll be delighted!

International Diamond Co., 2435 Indiana, Dept. 2380, Chicago 16, Ill.

COMING . . . COMING . . . in your June MISS AMERICA! Merry Carr's exclusive interview with the nation's most popular songstress, Jo Stafford! Another helpful personality guidance article by Dr. Elias Lieberman! Brand new pointers by Maxine Shore on how to make memories on a "Home Town Vacation"! And performances, by your command, of more "Male Box" merriment, fashion forecasts, exciting stories, charm and good looks data—all in your joyful June MISS AMERICA Magazine!

would help! She could never get them all out in time.

One after the other, methodically . . . One more now . . . King, in the last stall. He reared as she entered, and neighed in shrill hysteria. The smoke was so thick she could scarcely see him. There were voices outside. "Good glory . . . who took them out? . . . Who's in there?

But she could not answer. She fell forward in the stall, and everything went black.

* * *

"It's that Mike O'Neill to see you," Aunt Emma said, her back stiff with disapproval. "I said he couldn't come in, but you could talk to him out the window."

Stacy laid her bandaged hands on the sill and leaned out.

"It's a wonderful gurrul you are, Miss Stacy, a wonderful gurrul! Mr. McGregor is after wantin' to come and see you as soon as ever he can, and Herself, too. And I was to tell you why he was such a curmudgeon that day and chased you off. It's like his own daughter you are, and she died these twelve years ago, a fine lass about your age."

So that was the mystery at the Mansion! Stacy's heart welled with pity for the McGregors.

"He was gone that day and I went to fetch him in the carriage," Mike said . . . "So the boys went gallivantin'. If you hadn't come along, I don't like to think—And now wait a minute; I've a present from Himself."

He disappeared around the house. When he came back Stacy cried out, "Oh, Mike! Not that darling colt for *me!*"

"And who else?" he demanded. "It's Lady's own. Look at them legs, and fine back. It's many a ribbon this one will be winning!"

A colt of her own! To love, care for and talk to! It couldn't be. . . . Her face fell. "There isn't room," she said. "The feed—"

"And who said anything about room and feed?" Mike asked belligerently. "You'll keep her at the stables, of course. Now, what will you be calling her?"

Stacy cried, "Why, Janey, of course!" The ranch and Mother and Daddy were close again, and she was happy as she hadn't been since she'd lost them.

THIS EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO Without Music!

NO LONG HOURS PRACTICING SCALES OR EXERCISES . . . PLAY SONGS FIRST DAY

SONG BOOK
PLAY THE NATURAL WAY . . . BY EAR

You May Play Any Song in 10 Days without being Able to Read a Note . . .

If you want to quickly learn how to play the piano . . . if you want to play song hits, waltzes, marches, hymns, two steps, red hot numbers and western songs, like "Don't Fence Me In" . . . here's amazing news. Now at last Mr. Dave Minor has perfected a wonderfully easy play-by-ear piano course that must teach you piano playing in only ten quick days or no cost. No scales, no long exercises. You start playing songs from the first lesson, and so soon it's amazing you're playing the piano surprisingly well. Mr. Minor's course is complete. It contains all the pictures, all the instruction, everything you need. The complete course sent for your inspection, trial and approval.

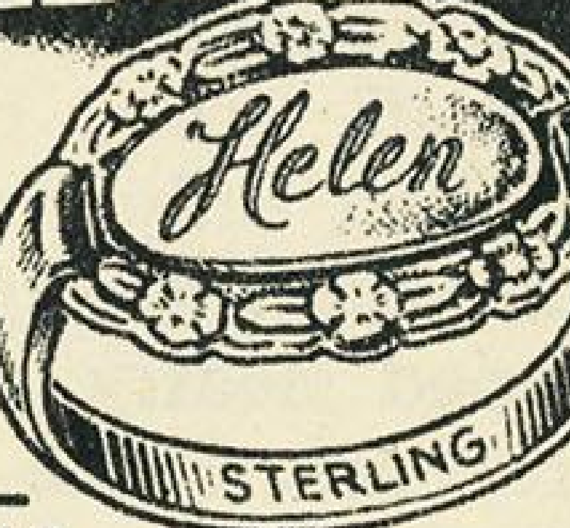
SEND NO MONEY
Make This Conclusive 10 Day Test

2 for 1 OFFER ONLY $1.49 COMPLETE

Just send your name and address today. On arrival deposit $1.49 plus postage through postman. There is nothing more to pay. Inspect course carefully, see how simple yet thorough it is. Follow it for 10 days. Then if you aren't actually playing the piano and playing it well, if you aren't entirely satisfied and delighted with your discovery, return the course and get your money back. Piano playing is more popular than ever. DON'T WAIT BUT WRITE TODAY! If you act now you will receive without extra cost the wonderful, big, 72-page Dave Minor piano song book of 50 songs. You quickly learn to play the songs the Dave Minor method or money back. Get in on this 2 FOR 1 offer NOW.

DAVE MINOR, Room 138E 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

NOW-the New "PERSONALITY" TRADE MARK RING



NAME Engraved FREE!
. . . any first name desired, his or yours. Or any initials.

$1.98
TAX and POSTAGE Included

100% SOLID STERLING SILVER

This Personality Ring is so wonderful and expensive looking it's amazing! The floral design hand-etched border is oxidized, emphasizing in glittering relief the fine engraving. **Sterling silver** . . . most attractive ring in the world, ever popular, ever cherished. State ring size . . . tell what free engraving you want and mail order now
Send only $1.98 cash or money order with your order and ring will be sent prepaid, tax and postage included. **Sorry, no C.O.D. orders.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money back Send order today sure! **UNITED STATES DIAMOND CO.,** Dept. 138-D, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

FREE! LIBRARY of PICTURES & PHOTO FOLDER with ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to get acquainted, we will send you a beautiful 7x5" professional enlargement made from your favorite snapshot, picture, print or negative—for only 3c! Further, by return mail we will send **FREE** a wonderful "Library of Pictures" containing four beautiful miniature pictures suitable for framing. We will also send **FREE** a photo folder to hold 8 snapshots. This is a genuine introductory offer. We have over a million customers but we want MORE! Offer limited so send **THIS AD** with any snapshot, picture or negative and 3c **now!** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

AMERICAN STUDIOS, Box 323, La Crosse, Wis.

dogwood 'n dirndls

Breeze through spring and summer in this new, captivating version of the dirndl! Dogwood-crisp eyelet accents the bowed skirt pockets and the snowy blouse. Available in a variety of multicolored chintzes, percales, piques, poplins, broadcloths and seersuckers.

Welcome, sweet Springtime!
Now charm is my passion—
I'll be smart, sweet and crisp
In my new Joan Lord Fashion!

Joan Lord
FASHIONS

in all teen sizes

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Imagine!

A SALON TYPE

COLD WAVE PERMANENT

in 2 to 3 hours at home

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair!

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Girls, you can know the joy of *natural looking* curls and waves by tonight. Think of it,——with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in *2 to 3 hours at home*. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving *Cold Waves costing up to* $15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

THE NEW

Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

NOW ONLY 98c PLUS 14c TAX

Charm-Kurl
SUPREME
COLD WAVE
HOME PERMANENT KIT

Each kit contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.

The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.

- PRICE IN CANADA $1.35 AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS. CANADIAN ADDRESS: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

HAVE *You* TRIED THE NEW
Gambit-DrOldschool
SANITARY SCANS?

They Give You

Triple-Protection

—and such wonderful comfort!